TRIBEBOOK:

Get of Fenris™

Paul Speller

The Weakness of Uli Brightjaws

There was once a son of Fenris who called himself weak.

His name was Uli Brightjaws, and it was not a name he'd earned from his brothers and sisters. The elders had given him the name Uli Brightjaws upon his proving-rite, for he had been bloodied and yet remained fair and unblemished of face.

Uli was a faithful warrior to his tribe and his sept. When battle came to threaten his home, Uli stood beside his brothers and sisters to crush the invaders. When the elders asked his pack to go hunt the bastard spawn of the Wyrm in their dark places, Uli was as fierce as any of his packmates. He fought many battles, and his claws ran with the poisonous blood of his foes. And in no battle were his enemies able to mar his face, for he took no wound there that did not heal without scarring. His packmates laughed at that, and said he was well-named, and they praised his skill.

But when he lay beside his wife at night, Uli Brightjaws remained awake as she slept, and he stared upward into the dark, and he said to himself, "I am weak."

This is what filled the days and nights of Uli Brightjaws. When his pack made a kill that brought them glory, Uli quietly went over the battle in his head, and decided that his part in the victory was the least part. When Uli's flesh was torn, he gritted his teeth at the pain, and he thought to himself that surely his packmates felt their own wounds less than he did. Every day, he saw something that made him more convinced that his strength was not what it should be, and every night he lay awake, wondering how much longer it would be before his weakness was the death of his pack, or even his entire sept.

Finally, Uli resolved himself to do something about it. He went before his Jarl, and he made proper deference, and he said, "Master, I am not as strong as Great Fenris demands of us. I feel in my heart that I will fail you when the need is greatest, and I cannot live with this knowledge. I beg of you to let me go into the spirit world, where I can confront myself and wrestle the weakness out of me."

The Jarl frowned at him. "Go into the Umbra, without your pack? Is this idea of your own making, Uli Brightjaws?"

"It is. With my pack I can depend on their strength, and my weakness will hide from me. With-

out my pack, it will become stronger and braver, and then I can face it and kill it."

The Jarl growled, and shifted on his seat, and then looked over at the wise old Godi that stood in attendance. The elder Crescent Moon hummed to herself, and rubbed the string of runestones that hung around her neck, and finally nodded. "So be it," rumbled the Jarl. "You have the turn of one moon to make this thing right within you, Uli Brightjaws, although I have only your word that you have as great a need as you say. Leave on the night of the new moon, tomorrow, and return before the moon is new again."

Uli knelt and bowed his head, and he returned home to his family. He ate with them, and he wrestled with his children, and he did not burden them with his news — that has never been the way of the Fenrir. In the night, he whispered in his wife's ear, "I must go again." And she did not reply with words, but instead said farewell to him as husband and wife do.

He made ready for his journey on the next day, selecting what few things he might need but would not find along the way, and binding them to his spirit-form. He ate a final meal with his family, and he stepped out the door, but his wife and children came after him.

"Husband, where is your pack?" his wife asked. "Why do they not meet you here."

Uli felt a pain in his heart, but he answered. "I go without my pack. I go into the spirit world."

"Why?" asked his wife in a whisper. "You have never done this thing before, and your pack is strong and healthy."

"I am sorry, wife of my heart, mother of my children, but I must leave because I am weak."

"Who said such a thing?" spat his wife. "Who would dare lie in such a way? Husband, you should catch the man who slanders you and tear his skin from his body!"

"It is no slander," Uli told his wife. "It is no lie. The weakness is real, and I feel it clutching at my insides by day and by night. I must go into the spirit world where all things are made solid, and if I am lucky I will find it there, and I can kill it. Then I will be able to come home again, and to be a husband you can take pride in."

Tears ran down the face of Uli's wife, and they melted the snow where they fell. She bit her lip until the blood ran, but she said nothing more, for it was not the place of Kin to question Fenrir, not even their own mates. Uli kissed his wife, and let her hot tears remain on his cheeks while he kissed his children goodbye, and then he turned and walked down the road without looking back.

• • •

Perhaps Uli Brightjaws knew exactly when he crossed over into the spirit world; perhaps he was lost in his thoughts and never saw the boundary. But under the light of the moonless sky, he leapt a stream and came down in the other world. He walked for a time in the spirit world, and then he stood on a hill and looked off into the soft reaches of forever, and he listened.

He heard nothing.

"I have a long way to go yet," said Uli Brightjaws, and he started down the hill.

Uli walked for several days, drinking from the pure streams of the spirit world — for his was a time when the pure was still strong and the polluted was not yet ascendant — and eating what game he could catch. The spirit animals nourished his spirit body, and he remained healthy. Sometimes he would stand under a tree, or on another hill, and he would listen. And still he heard nothing.

Then he came across a place where the paths forked. The path that ran off to the right was bright with Luna's light, which shone on every stone. The path that ran off to the left was darker, more shadowed, and it wound back and forth on into the gloom, and Uli could not tell where it would end.

And Uli Brightjaws chose the left path.

He knew he had made the right choice almost immediately. Soon he was out of sight of the fork in the path, with dimness before him and after him, and he said to himself, "Now surely my weakness will find me on this road." So he walked on, and he did not pause to listen quite so often.

But of course, one's inner flaws are not the only things to wait for a traveler on such a road.

As Uli walked farther along the path, the more the green seemed to leave the trees and bushes that dotted the stones around him. Many were dead — not dead of poison, or lightning strikes, but a dead from a low, gray death as though they had simply decided to stop living. That caught at Uli, and he felt doubt, for any Get of Fenris fears losing the love of life, and worse, dying uselessly.

And as Uli paused on his journey to look at one of these trees, and wonder if he would himself die in such a fashion, something came out from the darkness under its roots and tried to fasten itself on Uli Brightjaws.

It was a crawling thing, shivering and wet as if fresh from a polluted eggshell or beneath a rotten stone. It was a spite-grub that had yet to spin its cocoon and hatch again, stronger than before. It could not form

words — only a rattling shriek that was full of stolen grief and pain. Uli saw it and leapt back, and in that moment he knew it for what it was. It was here to feed upon the dread he felt when he looked at the trees. It was drawn to him.

Uli took on his war-skin, and he seized the thing in his claws, and he tore it in two pieces. Its death-shriek was choked with pain and threaded with a faint skein of victory and release. Uli dropped the halves of the thing and said to himself, "This puny thing cannot have been my weakness. This was one of the Enemy's parasites."

But even the lowliest, most petty of the Wyrm's servants can learn the virtues of traveling in packs.

They came from beneath shadows and between stones, leaping and slithering at Uli all at once. There was nothing of the human or the animal in their eyes, only a hunger that burned to consume Uli's suffering. They came seeking pain, misery, fear, hatred, all those things that feed their kind. And Uli knew that he could not outrun so many — but more, he felt a great revulsion for the wretched things, and knew he could not leave these things whole.

Uli Brightjaws carried no weapon with him; he had no family heirloom, and a mortal sword or axe would have been less use than his own good claws and teeth. But against so many, claws and teeth were less than effective. So he leapt off the path to where one of the dead trees stood, and calling on the might of Fenris, he tore the tree out of the ground. *Then* he was well and truly armed.

Each swing of Uli's new club dashed multiple winged-Banes to the ground; each downward strike smashed several ground-crawlers to jelly. He ran and leapt, the tree in his arms, swinging as he went. Before long, those that did not lay broken on the ground had fled. Uli took a great round stone and rolled it back and forth over the Banes that lay on the ground, and soon there was nothing left of them but bile and smoke. Then he walked down the path for a hammer's throw, and sat on a rock and rested.

And in the quiet, he listened, and he heard something. He heard the soft footfalls of something that walked perhaps on two legs, perhaps on four, and it was still a long way from him yet.

He walked on.

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The stones surrounding the path grew rougher and sharper as Uli continued on his journey, and

the trees and bushes became fewer and farther apart. Great clouds obscured the light of Luna, and Uli's way was lit not by silver, but by a deepening gray. But the path itself remained smooth — it was easy to walk, as it wound ever so slightly downward to the gloom beyond. Uli noted each landmark as he passed it, and slept lightly, but the crawling things that lived in the deepest shadows did not trouble him. And then, in the twilight between night and morning — or perhaps between evening and night — Uli came upon a great tree.

The tree grew from a stone the size of a ship, its roots burrowing deep into the gray rock. It would have been tall, had it stood straight — but it was bent and hunched, with not a leaf in its branches. And yet for all that, it seemed strong as any living oak, as if it had fed on the strength of the stone and made that strength its own.

In the branches of the tree sat two ravens, each as large as a dog. Uli knew the laws of the spirit world — this was no accident. So he walked under the tree, and nodded his head to the ravens in respect.

The raven on the left spoke, and its voice was like cracking icicles falling to stone. "Where are you going, Uli Brightjaws? You are far from home."

"I am seeking something," Uli replied.

The raven on the right spoke, and its voice was like brittle leaves on a cold wind. "What are you seeking, Uli Brightjaws? It must be something important."

Uli did not care for the tone of the ravens, but he remembered the old pacts between Fenris and Hrafn. And more, he knew that if he did not speak plainly with them, they would worry at him wherever he went until they were satisfied they knew his business — such is the raven's way.

"I am looking for my own weakness."

Both ravens shared a cackle. "No wonder you walk away from your tribe, then," said the one on the left. "For they walk away from their weakness and toward their strength."

"Still," said the one on the right, "perhaps you are doing the right thing. If you carried your weakness with you and could not set it down in the realm of flesh, perhaps here you can outrun it."

"I am not some jackal-wolf that would run from my weakness," Uli growled. "I intend to find it here and kill it."

Both ravens laughed like cracking bones. "Do you think it will be that easy?" cackled the raven on the left. "You are no stronger here than you were before."

"If you could defeat it with your strength," purred the raven on the right, "you would have done that long ago."

"You need another way to overcome yourself, Uli Brightjaws. You need wisdom."

"If you are willing, Uli Brightjaws, we will share our secrets with you." The ravens puffed out their coats and shifted from foot to foot on the branches.

But Uli looked at them, and the blood of Fenris shone in his gaze. "Why do you wait for my permission to advise me? Are you not children of Hrafn, who are free and generous with your secrets?"

The raven on the left muttered to itself. The raven on the right remained silent. Then they spoke, sharp and soft.

"There are rules."

"There is a price."

Uli said nothing.

"Hang yourself from this tree," said the raven on the left, its voice low and its eyes half-lidded. "Hang yourself here."

"We will sit above you and pull at your flesh," said the raven on the right, serpent-voiced, "and in return we will tell you many things."

"Things that will make you wise."

"Things that will make you strong."

A green light, cold as the bottom of a forgotten pond, glittered in their eyes. Uli Brightjaws growled, and the Rage rose within him. "You are no ravens," he said.

"Of course we are ravens," said the one on the left. "We bring wisdom."

"We must be ravens," said the one on the right. "We learn secrets from dead men."

"Wotan had creatures that he called ravens, too," said Uli, and his voice was low and grim. "I know you."

"I do not think you do," said the one on the left, and its eyes glittered like emeralds caught in ice.

"Perhaps instead you know our forefathers' names," said the one on the right, snapping its beak.

"We are their children."

"We are their heirs." And both ravens leaned forward in the tree, their feathers bunching outward, and they were nearly the size of the Hispo-wolf.

"You are abominations," growled Uli. "You are betrayers and corpse-splitters, the carrion-wings. You are the bastards cast out by Hrafn. You are the birds that pick at the Serpent's hide."

"We are what we are, Uli Brightjaws."

"We are your doom."

They came at him out of the tree, swift as arrows. Uli was in his war-skin as quick as an eyeblink, but they sliced open his pelt with rakes of their wings, each feather a razor blade. He snapped and clawed at them, but they were quick like no mortal bird, and his teeth and talons closed on empty air. They laughed their bone-laughs again as they circled above him, and they laughed as they dove at him a second time, and more blood ran down his arms and legs. They were still laughing as they dove a third time.

Then his hand closed around the neck of the first. It beat at him with its wings, more powerful than the hooves of a great horse, and its feathers sliced his flesh until the blood ran. But Uli did not let go. It tried to scream out to its sibling, but Uli's iron grasp strangled its cry in its throat, and it could do nothing.

The second raven dove down on Uli then like a thunderbolt falling on a mountain. But a thunderbolt cannot strike a mountain low, and the raven could not strike down a Get of Fenris. Its beak sank deep into the meat of Uli's shoulder, but Uli reached out with his other hand, and caught the second raven by the neck. It, too, beat at him with its powerful wings and slashed him with its dagger-sharp feathers, but Uli did not let go. He strode over to the stone that supported the ravens' tree, and he dashed both their heads against the rock, breaking their skulls open and spilling out their brains. Then he hung the bodies of the ravens in the tree, and he hastened from that place.

And although he saw nothing, he heard the soft pad of feet that followed him.

• • •

There were no more trees after that; there were no more bushes, no more animal-spirits, nothing left that lived. Uli drank sparingly from the streams that sometimes trickled among the rocks, but the taste was flat and wrong, as if it was trying to be bitter but lacked the strength. Still, he moved onward; he felt that if he turned and walked back, there was a chance that the thing that followed him would flee. Instead walked forward, in the hope that his pursuer could grow bolder.

Everything along the path had lost more and more color the farther Uli went. He was surprised, then, when he came to a pair of pillars that flanked the road, and saw that two black wolves with yellow eyes were sitting by the pillars. The two wolves stood and regarded Uli, neither raising their hackles nor crouching on their bellies. Uli first thought to placate them, being the stranger, but the memory of the two false ravens was fresh, and so he returned their stare without giving ground.

"No man, nor woman, nor wolf, nor spirit walks this path unless they seek their own destruction," said the wolves, speaking together, each word a soft, lonely howl. "Is that why you walk this path?"

"I seek my doom, yes," said Uli to the wolves. "But I do not intend to surrender to it. I walk this path so that my doom can catch up to me, and then we shall fight and see who is the stronger."

"Brave words," said the two. "Perhaps this path is not for you. Beyond these gateposts nothing waits but destruction, but the path back to the moonlit lands is not where you will find your doom. What you seek lies along the third path to lead from this place."

Uli looked to either side. "I see no third path."

"You would not," laughed the wolves, and there was the cry of the scavenger in their voices. "But we have walked the path ourselves, and we could show you the way quite easily. We would be honored to do so, Uli Brightjaws."

"Are you not bound to watch this path, and warn travelers?"

"The path will watch itself," they replied. "We were waiting for you."

Uli looked at the two a second time, and for a moment the sheen of their coats was almost the gray of the purest Fenrir blood — but then it was gone, devoured by the darkness of their pelts. And Uli knew them for what they were.

"There were gatekeepers who abandoned their posts before," he growled Uli. "There were Fenris-wolves who fell. "

The two wolves drew themselves up onto two legs, into the war-form. "You smell of the blood of our family, Uli Brightjaws. You left our sisters' bones scattered across the road, and you hung our brothers' corpses from their own tree. We will have payment for that."

Uli rose up into his war-skin, and snarled his challenge in reply.

The two struck as one. Perhaps they were truly brothers, or perhaps they had simply managed to learn discipline — but they fought well together. When Uli lunged at one, it jumped beyond his reach, while the other scored his back with its talons. Soon Uli's blood was running from many wounds, and the gatekeepers were laughing, and he knew he could not win the battle in this way.

So he leapt with all the strength he had, and he landed on the other side of the two. As they turned to chase him, Uli ran behind one of the pillars. One of the tainted werewolves ran around the pillar to the left,

and the other ran around the pillar to the right, in order that Uli would have nowhere to flee.

That was their mistake. Uli did not flee, but instead lowered himself and charged directly at the wolf that had come around to the right. By the time its brother had fully rounded the pillar, it was too late; Uli had torn its throat out. The black wolf screamed as it saw Uli over the corpse of its brother, and it leapt at him with froth-lined jaws snapping.

But now the fight was one maddened, tainted werewolf against one Get of Fenris. The gatekeeper marked Uli several times, but never down to the bone or the vitals. Then Uli took its lower jaw in one hand and its upper jaw in the other, and he pulled.

And with that done, Uli Brightjaws set the skull of each werewolf on the pillar it had guarded, and he limped on down the path.

And although it would not show itself, the thing that padded after him sounded ever closer.

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Uli Brightjaws' wounds had not yet healed when he reached the end of the path. The mist and shadow had grown ever deeper, until they shut out the light of Luna entirely. It was not utter blackness — it was utter gloom. The rocks and stones Uli walked across had no color; they were gray only because no other word came closer. And the only thing that was not this same dull shade was the rift in the fabric of the ground, of the spirit world itself, a chasm longer than the horizon and blacker than the spaces between the stars. Uli Brightjaws stood on the brink of the chasm that divides the spirit world, and he knew that he had reached the end of his journey.

In the Abyss, strength fails. In the Abyss, weakness and despair grow huge and can consume even the bravest Garou. Here, Uli Brightjaws' weakness would surely be at its most powerful. If it could show itself at all, it would do so here.

And as Uli Brightjaws looked into the blackness that dropped down below the heart of the spirit world, he heard the footfalls behind him, now close as a friend's arm. He heard the breath come from an unseen snout, and he knew it was his weakness come to catch him in this place. And although it was the hardest thing he had ever done, he straightened his back and turned to face it.

But it was Great Fenris who stood behind him.

In this world, in the spirit world, in any world there has never been a wolf as massive, as strong, as terrible as Great Fenris. When he opens his jaws to devour his foes, a tall man could ride a tall horse into his throat and never have to bow his head. His eyes are yellow as newborn suns, his coat gray as despair and as much stronger than iron as iron is stronger than glass. When he rakes the earth to mark his territory, his claws leave gouges as deep as a man's middle finger in the hardest stone. When Great Fenris howls his anger to the skies, the stars shake in the heavens and weep from fright. That is what he is. He is Rage, he is the First Wolf, he is the one who catches comets in his teeth and gnaws them until they bleed. And now he stood before Uli Brightjaws. When he spoke, his voice was like ice, each word bitten off by a snap of his terrible jaws.

"Why are you here, Uli?"

"Great Fenris, I am here because I fear my weakness. I came through these realms in search of it, to let it dog my heels and then to catch it and tear it apart, that I might be worthy of your favor once more."

Great Fenris stood there unmoving, but thunder rolled in his throat. "You know that I can see through false strength to the flaws beneath."

"I do, Great Fenris."

Again the great wolf rumbled. "Do you want me to show you where your weakness lives?"

Uli trembled with dread, but the words he spoke came from his soul. "I do, Great Fenris."

Great Fenris' eyes blazed, and his head struck forward, and Uli felt the pain of a thousand wounds erupt in his chest. His ribs snapped like matchsticks, and blood flew from his chest to water the stones of the Abyss. Great Fenris withdrew his muzzle, all slick with Uli's heartsblood, and spat something onto the ground. Though every muscle in his body begged him to fall and die to end the pain, Uli remained on his feet, and looked down at his own heart.

"THERE is your weakness. It lies in your heart, and it is a flaw I despise. Your weakness is Doubt — a flaw so enfeebling it drove you to question MY judgement, to presume that I would call a weakling my child. The flaw in your spirit has brought shame upon your sept, upon your family, and upon ME." Even in the dim light of the Abyss, Great Fenris' teeth gleamed bright as bloody swords. "What do you have to say for yourself, Uli Brightjaws?"

Though his heart lay on the ground before him and his chest was a ruin, Uli found words. "I... I am ashamed, Great Fenris."

Each breath brought fresh pain, but he continued. "I... I measured myself by my own fears... not by my pack... not by my tribe. I thought the worst... of myself... and so I thought the worst... of all those who called me strong. I... I did not have the... pride I should. I was not... proud of being Fenrir."

Great Fenris growled deep and low, and his eyes still burned with fury, but he did not bare his teeth. "Take up your heart, Uli Brightjaws. Eat it. Know yourself." And he turned, and he was gone, lost in the shadows of the Abyss.

His sight fading, Uli groped blindly on the ground in the warm wetness of his own blood. His fingers closed on his heart, still beating. He put it to its jaws, and the smell of his heartsblood made him both sick and ravenous. And he bit into his heart, and ate it in three bites, and then the strength was in him once more.

Uli returned to his sept on the evening of the new moon. He bowed before his Jarl and told the story of his shame, and of his newfound pride. He apologized to his pack for his lack of faith, and they beat him soundly, and he came away from it laughing. He went home to his wife, and he said nothing, but nothing needed to be said. The scar on his chest never left him, and he would have been shamed and dishonored to see it go.

Uli Scar-heart lived well as a warrior for the rest of his days, and died as well as any Fenrir could ask. One of his children bred true, and was a fine Skald and an honor to her people. When she walked among the Garou of other tribes, she was proud to say that no werewolf ever chosen by Great Fenris was ever weak — even if they were fool enough to think so once in a great while.

TRIBEBOOK:

Get of Fenris™

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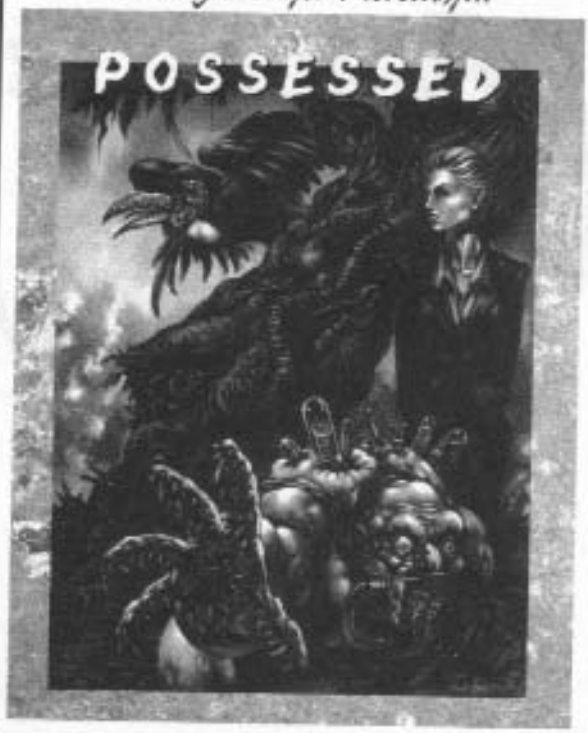

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Chapter One: Voices of Thunder

I call to mind the kin of Etins
Which long ago did give me life.
Nine worlds I know, the nine abodes
Of the glorious world-tree the ground beneath.
— Voluspá

There are stories, in the Northlands. There are stories of the making of the earth and the sky. Stories that sing of how the fathers of the gods slew the giant Ymir and created the earth from its remains. There are stories of the making of things, and tales of the ending of all things.

Only a religion born of the desert would imagine a world ending through fire and brimstone and sulfur and the very wrath of the heavens. In the northlands, cold and bleak, belonging to the night for half the year, they know, the world will end with ice, darkness and cold.

There are other stories, too. There are stories of gods and demons and men and witches. Old stories, disturbing tales of wonder, glory, woe and pain, a people's memory of sagas and oral accounts, distorted through the mists of time.

The humans tell that in the beginning, before the world of men and gods existed, a spring appeared in the great void, Ginnungagap. This spring, Hvergelmir, formed a mist that in turn changed into a frosty and glum realm known as Niflheim, which formed the primordial dark region of existence. From the spring of Hvergelmir in Niflheim arose eleven rivers, the Elivagar.

As time moved, water of the Elivagar ran across Niflheim and poured into the northern part of the Ginnungagap. The water froze, forming vast sheets of ice in the void. Hot air from a torrid, scorching realm known as Muspell melted some of the ice. The melt water that appeared formed a sea, and this is where the men of the North hold that life began.

The first being that came to life was the Frost Giant, Ymir. He was composed entirely of snow and ice. The humans claim that from his body were created Jotunn, god and man.

The Fenrir know better.

Honored as the mightiest of the thirteen tribes of the Garou, the Fenrir's history is a confusing issue. Many a homid Garou scholar finds herself in puzzled contemplation of how a tribe as proud and confident as the Fenrir traces its lineage from a great foe of

mankind, birthed by a half-god descending from a Jotunn, a servant of the Great Wyrm, and still boasts about it. But they fail to realize that the history of the Get of Fenris is so much more than simple human folktales and beliefs. And, more importantly, that there may be more to Great Fenris himself than the human tale of a destiny in chains before the Ragnarok, at which time he is destined to swallow Odin and be slain by Vidar. Much more.

Listen carefully, pups, as our sept's finest skalds tell you the history of our people.

The Telling of Fenris

As recounted by Krister Voice-Of-Alfar, Get of Fenris Galliard

Hear me, o children. I am Krister Voice-Of-Alfar, *Skald* of the Fenrir, and I now recount to thee the ancient history of the Get of Fenris, mightiest and strongest among the sixteen tribes of the Garou. For we are the true Warriors of Gaia, and protectors of the World, and our tale is not one of petty truces and submissions to quarrelsome gods. No, my pups, for it began so long ago that no bard remains with the exact account of how it came to be. No doubt you've heard several stories and legends on how our kind came to be, on how Mother Gaia created the Garou to protect the world. This is not the telling of the Garou. This is the telling of the Get of Fenris; a tale of glory and strength, of honor and valor, of adventure and conquest, of anguish and desolation. Let me tell you the tale of our tribe.

The Mythic Ages

You may think Great Fenris a mighty wolf-spirit, patron deity of our tribe, and mere servant of Gaia the Great Mother. That is not so. The exalted Wolf Father is none other than our own antecedent, the forefather of our proud lineage. He was one of the First, the sixteen man-wolf warriors created by Gaia to protect Her creation, to wage war on the forces of wanton Chaos and Destruction, and bring the Wyrm and its minions to an end. I see some of you, bright-eyed and inquisitive, with the scholar's look about your faces. Doubtlessly, you have heard this tale before, in different form. Know you that the tale as I tell it has been handed down, generation after generation, among the finest skalds of our tribe. Have you doubts to the authenticity of my tale, or intelligent questions about detail, perhaps one day after your Rite of Passage we shall meet and compare tales. Until then, sit idly by my side and do not interrupt my telling, for then my anger will be fierce.

Fenris: Wolf or Werewolf?

Obviously, not all Fenrir agree on whether or not Fenris was truly a Garou or "simply" the greatest progenitor-wolf of the tribe. The Fenrir, like all other tribes, have more than one tale of their beginning, but the tale of Great-Fenris-as-first-of-his-tribe arises fairly frequently. To some Fenrir, it is the most sensible explanation; to others, it devalues Great Fenris by trying to make him (unnecessarily) more accessible to his children by calling him "like" them. It's a point of contention among several Fenrir, but not a particularly divisive one; it hardly merits the label of heresy. Still, the Fenrir are notable for agreeing to settle disputes by physical means, and so this issue, like many others, has caused its fair share of brawls.

The simplest solution would appear to be to ask Great Fenris himself, but not even the mightiest Get of Fenris Theurge has done so. For one, spirits of such magnitude have a way of absorbing many lesser concepts into themselves. Great Fenris might well be "original war-totem" *and* "progenitor Garou" in one, just as Rat is a war totem, a fertility goddess, a spirit of disease and a spirit of survival among other things. If he is both, why waste his time asking if it's otherwise? For another, as a Tribal Totem and Incarna, Great Fenris is likely now more powerful than he ever was when he walked the earth freely, and asking after his "weaker" self might be... insulting. Finally, most Fenrir Theurge elders achieved their high rank by focusing on the immediate problems at hand — genealogical mysteries might be interesting, but if you were going to go to the trouble to ask something of Great Fenris, it'd be foolish to ask him for something trivial. After all, if it *really* mattered, Great Fenris would surely have settled the issue himself some time back.

Of Man and Wolf

Great Fenris lived for the hunt, battle, and service to Gaia. These were tasks that he held in the highest regard. For although no Garou was ever as filled with Rage as Great Fenris, none that lived thereafter was as honorable as he. As he was the strongest warrior among those of the First Pack, he could pick any mate he wanted from flocks of both humans and wolves, and none would dispute his leadership in combat with the forces of the Wyrm, the Jotunn. He fought with ferocity unmatched, skill unimaginable, and strength that is as legendary as his name alone. The other Garou of the First Pack

acknowledged him as leader of the Garou in those times; it was much later that the Silver Fangs should rise to become leaders of our nation. Many great battles did the First Pack engage in against the growing armies of the Wyrm, and many spawned new Garou to fight alongside them. But not Great Fenris. As the other members of the First Pack chose mates and bred as they pleased, Great Fenris, although free to choose whichever mate he pleased, felt that a female companion worthy of him did not exist. He held strength and honor most dearly in his heart, as his love for the Great Mother, and he found the humans he protected to be weak and puny, and the wolves to be too sly and dishonorable for his predilection. He longed for a female so strong in will and body and so pure of heart that she would glow so with the radiance of the heavens that he would spot her among a hundred of her kind.

Many years passed with Great Fenris living in solitude, and he perfected his will and his strength in his loneliness, while the other Garou of the First Pack shaped tribes of their offspring indiscriminately. He had but given up the hope of finding a mate, a like, that he had devoted all his time to tuning his spirit and the flesh to the arts of combat. His heart wept, but his mind denied the pain that grew within his chest, for he knew that sadness over petty matters such as longing for love would cause him to grow weak and pitiful. He made up his mind to not be bothered with the pain, to shut it away and accept that he would forever be lonely. Yet still it came to pass, in one of the most glorious battles against the Jotunn, that Great Fenris caught a glimpse of an unnatural beauty leading a group in a flank attack on the Jotunn. She shone out like a star amongst hundreds of her kin; she fought with a ferocity he had never before seen. She wielded a massive axe with double heads as if it were the flexible trunk of a spring sapling; yet her strong arms held it firm as stone. She fended off hordes of beasts and monsters with resolute swings of the axe. Her long, wild, bright hair danced in the wind of the battle, and her soft, fair skin shone unlike anything Great Fenris had seen before. He almost forgot his place in the battle, and

The Jotunn

Who were they, these infamous creatures we remember as the spawn of giants and wretched monstrosities? The truth is, that no human quite knows. They do not remember. The Get of Fenris, on the other hand, do not forget:

"The Jotunn were an underground people, who made their homes in vast mountain halls. They are spoken of as chaotic creatures that wore a plethora of shapes and sizes, with a cruel nature and an appetite for anything they could sink their teeth into. They often came down from the mountains to raid villages and steal women, and they were at war with the Aesir. Not all Jotunn were hideous; some were beautiful, and had the powers to charm others. Many humans with Jotunn blood lived and many still live, half-breeds like Loki Sky-Walker. But no Fenrir has ever been allowed live with the blood of a Jotunn in his veins.

"When we first came to the Northlands, we learned that the Jotunn had already migrated there; after all, Great Fenris brought down their wretched Utgard. They settled in the mountains that divided the west and the east coast of the Scandinavian Peninsula, and these mountains were forever named the Jotunnheim.

"How the Jotunn are linked to the Wyrm, we do not know; the legends call them Forces of Chaos, which is somewhat of a paradox considering that the Wyrm is not the chaotic aspect of the Triat. However, they prospered on wanton destruction and decay, and wreaked havoc in the name of the Wyrm, often bearing symbols associated with the Father of Corruption. Skalds among the Fianna claim that the Jotunn also found their way to the Isles, though they call them by a different name, one that you will surely come to recognize: Fomorians. There is a link, somehow, between the Wyrm-spawn we call fomori and the Jotunn, but what exactly it is, remains a well-hidden secret. Only the Darkness knows for certain.

"Some among us hold the Jotunn to be as essential a part of Creation as birth and growth, for through their destructive ways they still demonstrated at least a basic understanding for maintaining a balance in nature through decay and regrowth. Sometimes they even showed signs of at least understanding honor. This was probably why our people did not try to eradicate them at once. More than likely, they descend from some Wyrm-spawn of the first ages. But our ancestors let them live. Our first big mistake — one we will not make again."

—Stefan-Jallarhorn-Blower, Get of Fenris Galliard

was near wounded by a Jotunn spearman, but regained his wits and slew his foe. After that he lost sight of the unnatural beauty, and saw her not again that day.

For weeks Great Fenris ran as wolf in sullen desperate search for this female. He had to test her; were she as honorable as she was fair she would be the mate he had longed for all his life. Four long years he searched, before tracking her to her homeland. At this time most humans lived at the center of the Earth, but Great Fenris had to go far from the cradle of humanity to find her, almost to the ends of the world. To a great, frozen land he came, where the frost lay on the ground all year and the winds blew harsh and biting cold. Here he found her, a queen of her people, whom we remember as the Vanir. He was granted an audience and bowed before her. He praised her and pleaded his love for her, and asked her to be his mate. The queen, Sigun, was captivated by this great warrior, but said that she was betrothed to a lord of her people, another great warrior. Great Fenris was infuriated, and said that he would meet this lord in combat over the love for Sigun. The queen agreed to wed the victor — *if* the lord would take Fenris' challenge. The lord's messengers bore back word that he accepted, and the attendants began their preparations for the duel. Fenris was momentarily startled on the day of his fight, for the lord he had challenged was a giant, an old giant of the frost itself. But Great Fenris summoned up all his strength and courage and might, and he fought until near death against the giant lord. Long and hard was the fight, the hardest challenge Great Fenris had hitherto faced. But Great Fenris was not named the greatest warrior alive in vain, and so he broke the giant's neck although his own, massive arms could not even reach around the whole of it. However, the fight had taken its toll on Great Fenris as well, and after proving himself victorious he fell into unconsciousness.

When he awoke, he found himself being nursed by Sigun herself. At first he was angered, because he did not wish to be nursed like some lowly human child. Sigun explained to him that he had saved her from a life with a brutal giant as her mate, a giant she detested, and that his show of might and unmatched combat skill had won her heart and that she loved him now. Even so, Great Fenris tested Sigun, with three tests still used by our greatest elders today to test those seeking renown, but privy to only a select few of the leaders of our tribe. He had to be certain that she was truly worthy. And as he had guessed from the moment he first saw her, she was much more than worthy. She was ideal. His heart rejoiced, for he had found his mate.

Great Fenris lived with his queen for many years before returning to his brothers and sisters in the First Pack, and had three sons with his mate: Rábjórn, Garm and Frode. Each of the three possessed unmatched talents: Rábjórn inherited his father's battle prowess, Garm was an unrivalled skald, and Frode was more wise and just than any other. And so it was that the lineage of Fenris commenced with three sons with the three traits most important in a good warrior: Strength, honor and the bard's tongue. Why the bard's tongue? Why, to tell the tales of our people, you daft pup!

The Impergium

Eventually Fenris and his sons returned to the First Pack and their descendants, and the sons and daughters of Fenris spawned their own offspring, and the Fenrir became a tribe. About this time the humans started expanding their settlements, which our people had been guarding and watching near the center of the world. But the world was changing, and this I do not only mean socially, but geographically. This led to humans traveling away from their cradle, and exploring and settling other places of the world. This made it hard for the Garou to guard them, because outside the center of the earth there were many dangers, in many different shapes and guises. So I take it you have already heard of the Impergium? No? It was rule instituted by the Garou in order to cull and protect the humans, both from the outside harm, but also from themselves. By so doing, we forced them back to their villages, and made ourselves their masters. We chose freely from their peoples and cultivated pools of worthy breeding stock, and killed those who opposed us, and enslaved the rest.

Now, the Garou of other tribes may try to tell you otherwise, but the Fenrir did not support the Impergium at first. As did our father, we believed that a mate had to be worthy and equal; they may tell you about our ancestors descending on a human settlement for regular bouts of slaughter and rape, but that is senseless talk. Leaving aside that such things open one's heart to the Enemy, no true Fenrir wants his sons raised by a victim. He wants his sons raised by his *mate*. Of course, because our standards were so high, we were not as numerous as the other tribes. Yes, any one of us was worth two equally ranked Garou of other tribes, but there you have it.

So. The other tribes created the Impergium to carefully maintain and control their selected breeding stock. Of course, it is not right to only blame the others; once we condoned it, the Fenrir took as much advantage of it as everyone else did. We were just as abusive as the rest, and you can see how the world has turned out for it. The humans we scarred have decided to cut their own scars in the Mother's flesh for revenge. Now there is no room left for recriminations and words of sorrow — now there is only the battle against the evils that have come of our ancient deeds.

The War of Rage

There is another black stain on our history; the War of Rage. If you do not know of it, it was the war our kind waged on the other Changing Breeds, the other werefolk, if you must. For we Garou are not the only, or *were* not the only Changing children of the Mother. Today very few, if any, remain of the Fera, the other Changing Breeds. One of the reasons for this, apart from the plain fact that they were not as strong as we were, is that the Fera disagreed with the fact that the Garou were meant to lead them. We were the Protectors of Gaia; Her safety was in our hands, and we needed absolute loyalty to be able to defend Her properly. The Fera refused to follow us on our campaigns, and constantly went behind our backs with their actions, for Gaia knows what reasons. This angered us, of course, and though we may not have been within our rights to force them into submission, we chose to do just that. It should be pointed out that they could have responded to us differently than they did, but in their arrogance, and in every other Fera's own ambition to be ruler of all, they chose to oppose us. War was a necessity.

And we were the strongest, of course, and we ripped them apart. We killed so many Fera that we don't even have any notion of how many there may have been. Of course, our own ranks were greatly thinned out, but nothing compared to those we eradicated.

We can only bow our heads in shame for our ancestors' worst excesses, and hope the surviving Fera do the same. It is not just to say we were the only ones to blame, neither are we blameless. It was not honorable to disperse the ranks of our allies. It weakened us in our battle against the Wyrm, which is why he is growing so strong today — because they would not follow, and we chose the wrong way to lead.

Conquest of the North

You think the large caerns of Europe and the Americas are impressive? They are nothing; nothing at all, compared to Heimhalla. This place, this magnificent and radiating gateway to the Umbra, nestled, in

a valley high in the mountains that separate Siberia from the lands towards the seas, and Asia from Europe. Great Fenris led his people from the center of the Earth to the northern lands of snow and ice whence his beloved Sigun hailed, but where the Jotunn now reigned. There he found that the Jotunn had destroyed his mate's long-lost kingdom — and Great Fenris responded in kind. He crushed the Jotunn kingdom of Utgard and scattered their forces, and on the site of his victory he built a great caern, Heimhalla, and made it the home of his Get.

Heimhalla — greatest of caerns, the truest caern of war that ever was. It was so remote and so well protected that even Loki Sky-Walker himself could not find it. It housed our *entire* tribe in those days; not just a group descending from Tarjei Hardrule or Órjan Gothslayer or other famed Fenrir, but every last one of us. Heimhalla was our *home*. Our *Tribal Home*. Many an adventurer has set forth with hopes of finding this ancient citadel, but none have succeeded. The spiritual energies alone should make it easy to track, but alas. Some reformist werewolves claim that Heimhalla has never been anything but a hoax, an insubstantial legend. But when you have been part of the Great Tribal Moot in Uppsala in Sweden, and you see how the spirit of Great Fenris himself enters the body of every single Garou, be they from Montreal or Barcelona or Copenhagen, at the opening of the moot, you know. As we stand as one and sing our praises to Great Fenris, we know.

Alas, great Heimhalla fell beneath the feet of Fenris' death-enemy. In the North, they called him Odin, in the South Wotan. He was the Gallows-God of the Aesir, the gods of the Norse, who the great human skald Snorri Sturluson tells came from Asia. A likely parable, as our people too wandered from Africa through Asia to Siberia. After the fall of Heimhalla, Great Fenris mainly resided in the Umbral aspect of Heimhalla, but was often called upon by the Mother to do Her secret bidding deep in the spirit world. He was often away for years at a time, sometimes bringing his most favored warriors with him, returning to us with news and commandments. After Fenris disappeared into the Umbra on a mission to capture and destroy Wotan, our people migrated westwards, to modern-day Scandinavia. Friendlier, though still harsh climates were better suited for us, as were the vast woods and the many mountains. We made those lands our new home.

The Fall of Heimhalla

So. You want to hear of the fall, do you?

Many a skald has told of Great Fenris' many great deeds. He was the first warrior; he was the *greatest* warrior. All other warriors since are but echoes. But things were ill for our father. He had many enemies, none of which could single-handedly beat him, nor could they in unison, for they could not crush Fenris and his Get in battle — the greatest horde the world has ever seen.

But his worst enemies were still strong. Of them, the greatest were Odin One-Eye, the Great Trickster Loki, and Utgard-Loki, lord of the Jotunn. Odin was the Dark King of Valhalla and was at war with Utgard-Loki and his people. Loki, for all his worthlessness, was the living embodiment of the Ragabash, and played both sides against each other, always poking at the weaknesses of allies and enemies alike. A corrupt bastard to the core — his beloved ideals venerated power and might at the end of a puppet-string. A ruler must rule with his clenched fist, not with his fingertips. Loki was blood brother to the All-Father of Valhalla, and he was of the kin of Utgard-Loki, and thus free to enter both camps. But he was not allowed in Heimhalla, for he had earned the enmity of the Fenrir with his deceitful ways. From his fortress on the Top of Weather mere days' march from Heimhalla he spun his spider webs of deceit and treason. He wanted revenge on Great Fenris and his brood, and he wanted the power to rule both Utgard and Valhalla. With that power he could easily rule the entire world, for even though the true power of Utgard had been broken, the kingdom of Utgard-Loki was a strong one, scattered across the world. United, Utgard could field terrible hordes of Jotunn, ready to bring agony to the world.

So Loki took flight to his blood brother, Odin of the Aesir, and requested an audience with the ruler of the kings of men. He told him a lie of how the Fenrir were planning to conquer both Asgard and Utgard. The tales of men tell how Odin had his memory and thought invested in his familiar ravens, Hugin and Munin. The truth our skalds tell is that he kept his reason and memories separate so that even if he was destroyed, he could live on in a new body. But he did have familiars, and these birds (if true birds they were) flew all over the world and saw and knew everything they encountered, on behalf of their master. And yet the news of the Fenrir's coming invasion was something he had not seen. But you see, Loki knew some sorcerous tricks, and showed Odin a fat-sight of Fenris planning his campaign with his sons. This image was, of course, wrought by Loki, and not at all true; the Fenrir had little to gain in trying to conquer their neighbors.

Odin was livid with anger. He struck down on his throne, and legend says that he broke a huge chunk of stone loose so that it fell down and killed one of his servants instantly. He got up from his seat and strode forth through his ancient halls, Loki False-Sayer at his heels. He gathered all his bravest warriors before him, and he told them they were marching for Heimhalla. He would attack the sacred home of the Fenrir while they battled the Jotunn.

That part of his plan was easy enough to enact. The Fenrir and Utgard were always at war, the Jotunn being servants of the Wyrm and the Fenrir servants of Gaia. Odin did not have to wait long before the Fenrir and Jotunn were going to war once more. And indeed it was a glorious battle, and many a Fenrir-Wolf proved his worth that night.

But in their home of Heimhalla, Odin Glad-Of-War's forces had advanced and besieged the fortress. Though Loki did not know of its location, Odin certainly did, as his thought and memory could go anywhere. And as to how he gained entry…

Two strong Garou, Freke and Gere, were the protectors of the caern, and had been disallowed to join the fight against the Jotunn, as protectors of the caern were needed there at all times. They found this task unfair and tedious — this was their failing. Even the hardiest warrior knows that there are some times when you have to stand guard instead of fighting, and that it is, indeed, an important and honorable task.

An emissary from Odin's campaign approached them, as was honorable, and told them to surrender. At first they were unwilling, but the emissary, who was in fact Loki in disguise, persuaded them to join Odin's forces instead. And even though Freke and Gere would see penalty by death for their actions, it is well known that even the hardiest warrior could fall prey to Loki's terrible charms.

So it became that Freke and Gere joined the service of Odin, whose campaign brought down the walls of Heimhalla, raped and slaughtered the Kin of the Fenrir. Great Fenris' mate, Sigun, fought and killed more attackers than all others combined, but fell prey to Odin's might. For all of his cowardice, he was still a god of war. For this Odin became the death-enemy of Fenris. The besiegers tried to locate the Center of the Caern, but they could not find it; it was too well hidden. But the chaos and destruction they wrought caused the entire mountain to collapse, killing many, many men in Odin's army, and burying Heimhalla beneath it. Great was the sorrow of the Fenrir, and

especially our father, and he swore that if he had to pursue him all the way to Ragnarok — the Apocalypse — he would swallow Odin and devour him alive for his cowardly actions.

Paw Prints Across a Continent

When we lost the heart of our home, we spread across the European continent. With us came the nomadic Germanic people, the humans that accounted for most of our Kinfolk. Or maybe you could say that we traveled with them; it makes little difference. We spread across the continent and took many territories for our own, and we held them. In particular, the bitter North of Scandinavia became almost exclusively our own — for almost no other Garou were hardy and determined enough to call such a place home. You want to know why the others say that the heart of our tribe is in Scandinavia? Because there was never any other force, whether mortal, werewolf, Fera or even the damnable Wyrmspawn, that was able to wrest even a portion of those lands from us.

Many of the human tribes eventually settled there with us, of course; we are no Talons, and care nothing for mating with wolves alone. They had to work very hard to make the most of the land there, but they found that the soil was very fertile, as it had been locked under the ice for many an age. Our forefathers let them work to make the land support them more than it would naturally — a failing, perhaps, as this gave some power to the Weaver even there. But it would take many years for our kind to discover how those seeds would grow.

We aided in the creation of great caerns, and we formed powerful septs. The most famed of our septs were the Sept of the Blood Fist in Schwarzwald, Germany, at the place where Great Fenris himself spent his last days on Earth before departing into the Umbra, and the Sept of the Fimbul Winter Night, our Tribal Caern in Uppsala, Sweden. Many of our holdings were later lost, and new ones established, but the Sept of the Blood Fist remains still — though it is under siege.

The Germanic Peoples

This is not meant to be a history lesson, nor a treatise on the history of the Germanic peoples. However, there are some points of human history that require highlighting. The most popular view is to closely associate the Get of Fenris with the Norse, the tribes of Germanics that lived in Scandinavia. But the Fenrir are more accurately broadly associated with the Germanic people as a whole, not just one small branch of a larger tree. Tribes of Germanics migrated into Northern Europe about nine thousand years ago, around the end of the last Ice Age, together with their Fenrir guardians and Kin. As the ice slowly retreated from those hitherto ice-covered lands of Scandinavia, it revealed fertile ground and plenty of game and fish, and as the art of cultivation reached the nomadic tribes, they settled, mainly on the Scandinavian Peninsula, around the Baltic Sea and Denmark, and modern day Northern Germany. It is also vital to note that since the Fenrir are not necessarily associated with every tribe of Germanic peoples, there is no point in explaining the spread of the all the Germanic tribes and their subsequent history. In order to avoid having to name every people in every relevant sentence, those tribes associated with the Fenrir will be referred to as Germanics, as a simple nominator. (And, of course, in the modern day the Get of Fenris have no real allegiance to any ethnic group as a whole.)

The reason we bring this up is to both explain that the Fenrir are more than "Viking werewolves," but also to clarify that going into great depth on peoples that we know very little about is a slippery affair. There were simply too many of them. The Germanic tribes were responsible for the population of much of Europe, and later evolved as quite different peoples, becoming your modern day French, Spaniard, Czech or, of course, German. As tribes migrated south to Europe around 700 BCE, the Germanic people as a group split into three smaller factions; the North-Germanics, and the East- and West-Germanics. Further schisms spawned many tribes, most of which differed, at first, mainly in deity worship. Common for most is an equivalent of the pantheon found in Norse mythology (which is the best known), with different names as the languages evolved away from each other. If the student of history finds one or two of his favorite tribes missing from this book, he needn't worry about it. Maybe the Fenrir never bothered with the tribe; maybe they did. Most likely, they just didn't bother to keep track of all the names of their human relatives, any more than they've kept careful genealogical records of their wolf Kin that stretch back to the dawn of time. It's really not that important in the grand scheme of things.

Legendry of the Humans

Wherever we went we set our mark on those lands, the humans that followed us caught one or two tales of our tribe's former days, and thus religion was born. Sadly, much was lost between what little of the truth the humans heard and what they wound up telling their children. That much you can already gather from the tales I told you of Odin and Loki. For one, they held that Loki, who was some sort of sorcerer or the like, birthed Great Fenris. *Ha!* As if his Mother Gaia would have lain with such a snake! Maybe the humans derived their little story from the tale I told you of how the Gallows-God was tricked by a false image of Fenris that Loki created. Maybe they just thought that wolves were things of evil, and therefore *must* be of Loki. If those bloody humans could keep a story straight, maybe the world wouldn't be in the state it is today.

The Return of Wotan

What I am about to tell you now is briefly hinted at in human history. The human chronicler Snorri says that Odin came from his realm in the East after letting his two brothers, Ve and Vilje, have control of Asgard. He brought with him many sons, and together they first conquered Saxia, the north of Germany, and then Svitjod, Scythia, which is the current-day Ukraine, where our Kinfolk already had kingdoms.

He left his sons to rule his new kingdoms, and went north, to an island in Denmark where he built a castle. He sent spies to the settlements in Sweden, and made arrangements with the Jotunn. If he knew that we were there, we do not know, but if he did he can't have been as wise as they say.

One thing is certain. Odin had become very powerful over those thousands of years that had passed. He could make earth or stone open, he could bring to life the corpses of hanged men, which he brought with him, and he could change the physical conditions of both dead items and living beings. He gathered many earthly goods, and he amassed a group of twelve disciples, former chieftains, that followed him and to whom he taught his arts. He had given up one of his eyes for his powers, or so legends tell, and he was immortal, and would come back to life if he were killed. He conquered many lands on the continent and in Russia, and instituted regimes in his name while he roamed the earth in search for more knowledge and greater powers.

When the Tribal council in Uppsala got word of what was going on, we immediately responded. The

first thing they did was to try and send word to Great Fenris, who was away searching for Odin in the spirit worlds. First we brought down the Aesir-kingdom in Saxia. The Sons of Great Fenris were the ruling pack of our tribe when Great Fenris was away. Do not be fooled by the name; they were not all male. At any rate, they went and crushed the stone citadel of the Aesir by one massive blow with each of their fists. The earth shook, and the terrified Aesir that survived flew like the cowards they were. No honor had they. The Sons of Great Fenris then instituted Fenrir-rule for the time being, and they returned to Uppsala, while we marched on Scythia, where we fought a bloody war with the sons of Odin. Many a Fenrir warrior proved his worth that night, and we brought their reign to a swift end.

Odin, returning from travels, was infuriated, and immediately launched an attack on the Sept of the Fimbul Winter Night. His army of hanged men and sorcerers came across the sea in a great ship called Skibladner, and Wotan himself aback of Sleipnir, his sorcerer-born steed, a giant horse with eight legs.

Great was the battle that raged that night, and many are the tales of brave warriors who met an honorable death at the hands of a mighty opponent. Odin Glad-of-War was renowned for never losing a battle; in fact, many believed supernatural forces aided him. No mortal man was ever as strong as he was, I know that much. But he had not expected to take on the full mass of the Fenris-tribe, especially when we were all thirsting for revenge after what he did to our fathers.

As I already told you, it was not possible to beat Odin's army in battle. Although we destroyed them, he made them come back to life, and he also called upon more forces that came out of the spirit world — unspeakable monsters he had made deals with, but also more men coming from another world, presumably Odin's own realm. We, too, called upon guardians and friendly spirits, and we even attempted to call on the spirit of Great Fenris himself.

What happened next, words cannot say.

The legendary Sons of Great Fenris, our rulers, combined their strengths, and physically merged into an image of Great Fenris himself. They became as colossal and powerful as our father was, infused with his immortal spirit, and they walked as one towards Odin. The cowardly One-Eye tried to flee, but they struck down his flying mount, and threw Odin to the ground. Badly mangled, he called upon all of his powers, and seemed to draw energies from the land itself, and rose with an aura of might and force. Long was the *holmgang* between them, and hard was the fight, but the Sons of Great Fenris arose victorious over the lifeless corpse of Odin. We quickly destroyed the corpse to keep him from reviving, and then the many-that-were-One separated, and were themselves again. But the battle had taken its toll, and several of them died from injuries and poisoned wounds inflicted by Odin that could not be healed.

The names of those that fell will forever be recalled; they were Aegir-Quick-To-Rage, homid Modi; Vendel-Wise-Of-Many, homid Forseti; Tove-Slays-Jotunn-With-Vengeance, lupus Modi; and Tord-Horned-Skald-With-Voice-Of-Gaia, metis Skald. May their names forever be sung and praised, because they were glorious warriors and One with Great Fenris before they died. Hail the Sons of Great Fenris!

The forces of Odin dispersed in fear, for the one that held the army together was gone, and they never rose to power again. But his legacy remained through the Germanic lands, and the humans worshipped Odin and his sons as gods. This we did not tolerate at first, but when it later became clear that we needed to hide ourselves from the eyes of the humans, it became a good myth to uphold the Veil.

Of the many warriors who proved themselves most worthy in the Battle for Uppsala, was a young wolf named Beowulf, and he was made Jarl of Saxia. You may have heard a human tale of how a man named Beowulf slew a beast called Grendel, and maybe other tales that may or may not be true. But there *was* a Fenrir called Beowulf. He was a great warrior, and an honorable Jarl.

Another great warrior of that battle was Brynhilde-Wings-of-Fury. She led an all-female pack, the Valkyries, or Death-Bringers. They later traveled with the Ostrogoths to Eastern Europe, and ruled our tribe in those lands for a while, before disappearing out of our chronicles. Too bad; they were some of our best and most legendary warriors. I once heard a tale of how they joined the Black Furies. I do not know if this is true, but if so, that would explain how the Furies have become such great warriors; the Valkyries were almost as renowned as the Sons of Great Fenris were.

Roman Invasions

As recounted by Markus Silver-Mane, Get of Fenris Galliard:

Huh! The Roman Empire. What a bunch of stuck up, no-good, cowardly bastards. I say they are to blame for how this world has turned out, how politics and money have become the reason for humans to live. I spit on their graves! And the Silver Fangs and those wretched Warders of Men, who now call themselves Glass Walkers, they endorsed it.

Our Kin among the Visigoth and Vandal peoples had moved southeast, and they were the first to encounter the Romans. They came with their fancy machines and advanced weapons, and still they were no match for us. We showed them that we did not acknowledge them, by sacking Rome itself. This angered the Silver Fangs to no end, and we laughed at them.

They tried to subdue our Kinfolk as "punishment." First they went after the Langobards, and they fooled a tribe of Kinfolk and Fenrir called the Cherusci to aid them. A Rotagar called Herman-Far-Runner, went hither and thither to confuse and bewilder the Romans, and he came upon these Cherusci in the Teutoburger forest. He taught them a valuable lesson about selling out their own to the enemy. They saw their faults, and asked what they could do to atone and rectify the situation. Herman took to him all Garou pups that had not yet fulfilled their Rites of Passage, and led them and the Kinfolk to victory against the Romans, destroying three legions, and marking the beginning of a Germanic revolt against the Romans. Herman-Far-Runner was known to the Romans as Arminius, and earned the enmity of the Empire, much to his satisfaction.

In the third century of our time the Romans extended invitations to the many Germanic peoples to settle within the Empire. The catch was that they had to serve the Romans as legions. However, many human tribes accepted the offer, as did many Fenrir Kinfolk, and this led to the first true great schism within the tribe. Most Fenrir saw this as the clever plot of the Silver Fangs that it was — a plot to subdue us. By creating a schism, they believed they could keep us in check by having us fight each other. Many Fenrir came to serve as generals in the Western Empire, and in fact, the bulk of the Roman Army in those lands consisted of Germanics. However, this did not go exactly as the Fangs had planned, and they failed to prevent several invasions of Rome.

Spreading the Tribe

Who were they, these nasty bastards who came like a wind from the east on their tiny horses? In 372 the Huns crossed the Volga and conquered and enslaved the Ostrogoths. Our tribe immediately saw the danger in this mad people with the Wyrm in their trousers, and when the Silver Fangs asked us for help to fight them, we agreed. Some of us ran alongside the Visigoths, hiding among their number; they crossed

the Danube River and settled as allies inside the Empire. However, the bastards cheated us, and they mistreated our Kinfolk. This was the tip of the iceberg. The Silver Fangs and their puny allies, the Warders of Men, had gone too far, and it was time to show them what stuff the Sons and Daughters of Fenris were made of. We went on a rampage, and destroyed every Roman legion we could find.

The puny Eastern Roman emperor Valens tried to stop us, and his successor found head of Valens on a pole, and his army vanquished. The Battle of Adrianople, one of the greatest battles in the history, completely destroyed the illusion of the Roman Empire's invincibility, and caused more than one hundred and fifty years of chaos and disorder for Rome. Hah!

A great Fenrir Kinfolk, Alaric, took command and lead his Visigoths on a campaign of plunder and pillage across the Empire, and sacked Rome in 410. The Empire tried to cut a deal and gave him Gaul, or France, as a peace offering. Alaric took it, but also invaded and conquered Spain without the frightened Romans daring to protest. But Alaric's attack on Italy had been more than just a ruse: The Romans brought everything they had down to Italy to protect Rome from Alaric, to no avail, and as a result the unguarded frontiers were flooded with Germanic tribes. Our Kinfolk and their tribesmen literally populated the continent, and the Romans could never shake them after this.

The most important shifts in the human population for our tribe were Franks settling Gaul, and the Angles, Saxons and Jutes invading Britain. Also, the Vandals moved through Gaul to Spain and tried to settle in Africa, and the Burgundians settled the Rhone Valley. And where these humans went, we would go as well, seeing what they saw.

Africa

A rogue Roman general, Bonifacius, made a pact with the Fenrir warlord Baderic, and his brothers, the Vandal Guntheric and Gaiseric, to create a new domain on the coast of Africa. The brothers Guntheric and Gaiseric gathered as many Vandals as they could, and massed the largest sea-borne expedition ever seen. More than 80,000 barbarians set out for Africa, with a collection of Baderic's Garou following in their wake. Baderic left on a sacred quest into the Umbra along the way, and his brother Guntheric died at sea, but Gaiseric, who was one of the strongest and ablest humans in history, remained a superb leader to the expedition.

The Barbarian horde met little opposition, and Carthage was the only real threat to the Vandal nation, but constant reinforcements by Spaniards and also Moors held the nation together. When Carthage fell, the Vandal nation was supreme, and struck terror through the Western Mediterranean. The culmination was the sacking of Rome in 455. The Vandal nation remained for almost eighty years, before Emperot Justinian managed to destroy it completely and utterly. It seemed a barbarian horde with the only goal being to loot and pillage could not hold a nation together.

Our tribe never managed to get a foothold in Africa. It was too warm, too dry, too wrong. If we were meant to be in Africa, we would have stayed there in the beginning. Still, some Fenrir made deals with the Silent Striders, and there were Fenrir on the coast of Africa for more than a hundred years. No proper sept was ever founded, though the caerns we found were brought under mutual control of Fenrir and Strider forces. It was a strange union, and not a lasting one. When we left Africa, the Strider-Fenrir ties just faded away. Still, many of our ancestors are buried in Africa, and we would do well to remember that they died there in the name of the good fight.

Britain

Our British conquest was one of the most important territorial expansions in our history. Though the Anglo-Saxon Germanics failed to survive to this day, the British Fenrir certainly did, and to this day they remain one of the strongest portions of the tribe.

Our Kinfolk and a few of our tribe first hit Britain in 407, but we clashed with the Silver Fangs and Warders of Men that occupied it, and no good came out of this first expedition. In response to the hostility of the Romans, we went along with a series of raids from 410 on, and we pretty much showed them a thing or two about strength. The Britons, or Romans as they were, received no help from the Empire, but they were too many for us to overthrow alone. Now, we had dealings with the Fianna in the past; they had faced the Romans the same ways that we had on the continent, and those of that tribe that called themselves the Hounds of the Horned One had fought alongside us against Rome before. But the Fianna of Britain seemed unwilling to cooperate with us for any reasons at all. We were interested in exploring and settling in Britain, it was a beautiful, lush land with many powerful caerns, and it cried out for worthy protectors.

As I told you earlier, the Romans invited Germanics to serve in their army. The same was true for the British, and when King Vortigern, who had declared independence from the Roman Empire, invited Saxon mercenaries to come and settle as mercenaries in his army, we decided to take the offer. A great Fenrir hero,

Hengest, led a portion of men and settled in Thanet. Hengest served Vortigern well, protected him against the marauding Picts, and helped against the threats of British rivals and Imperial invasion.

But Hengest did not trust Vortigern, for he was a weak leader and likely to betray them, and the British were weak and cowardly soldiers. He would rather the Saxons rule Britain, because they were able warriors and could protect the lands. He sent to Angeln and invited more mercenaries, because the lands were fine and the British weak. From Jutland, Angeln, Sweden, Norway, the Baltics and Saxony came more men. The Germanics had come to stay.

Vortigern, Vortimer and Ambrosius

So the Saxons held a great feast, and Hengest offered Vortigern plenty to drink. And Vortigern took a great fancy to Hengest's beautiful daughter, Rowena, and he asked for permission to marry her. Hengest did not like the sound of such a match, but he knew that if a grandson of his came out of the union, and Vortigern's rivals were disposed of, the Saxon control of Britain would be likely. So it was that Vortigern asked Hengest to name a price for his daughter, and Hengest claimed Kent, where there lay a powerful caern. Vortigern agreed, married Rowena, and gave Hengest the lands of Kent.

However, Vortigern's son Vortimer, who was not as weak and dim-witted as his father, immediately saw that his position as heir was threatened. He therefore overthrew his pitiful father, and seized power. He disbanded all agreements with the Saxons, and tried to drive the Saxons out of Britain. After a few years of his misrule, his stepmother Rowena managed to slay him, and Vortigern could again claim the throne. Vortigern, that soft, weak man, could not give his Saxon and Fenrir allies any food or clothing, for Vortimer had spent the treasury on wars against the Visigoths in Gaul, and the Elders agreed that this misrule had continued long enough. We ravaged the country for a while, until Hengest eventually declared peace, and called for a meeting between Saxons and Britons on the Salisbury Plain.

To show them exactly what we thought of their petty games for power and foolish politicking, Hengest's party slew all three hundred of Vortigern's soldiers. Vortigern was captured, and held for ransom for the lands of Essex and Sussex, where caerns also lay and Hengest knew to claim and protect them.

Vortigern abdicated and tried to establish a stronghold in Gwynnedd in Wales. However, his men could not manage to build the castle, for every morning what they had built fell down again. Vortigern consulted many sorcerers, and was told to seek a boy with no father raised by Fair Folk. Eventually Vortigern's men found a boy called Myrddin Emrys, who showed Vortigern that the reason the castle could not be built was because there were two fighting dragons, one red and one white, representing the Britons and the Saxons, underneath it. The white one was winning, and this scared Vortigern so badly that he fled.

This display of his utter lack of courage resulted in the Britons rebelling against their king, and a nasty piece of work called Ambrosius Aurelius seized power. Now the Romans were back in charge, and a clear enemy was before us. We raided the Roman Britons, and managed to inspire the Angles to revolt with us against the Britons. For this, the Fianna showed an interest in us, and together we managed to drive most of the Britons over the Channel, where they settled in Brittany. Still, Myrddin showed Ambrosius the site of the castle Vortigern had been building, and he took this as his citadel. He rallied his Britons, and gradually pushed the Saxons back. The thread of our tribe's involvement in this affair drops out of the tale shortly thereafter, but that should be no real surprise. About this time, something had started to smell awfully funny up in the northern portion of the Isles.

The Sixteenth Tribe Falls

Some of the wolves of other tribes scorn us — they fight alongside us, but they disdain the Law of Fenris, that only the strong can be trusted to fight Gaia. They preach their own virtues rather than strength — secret knowledge, passion, even compassion — and they say we're fools for being so "simple." But there isn't a one of them who doesn't wish that the White Howlers had been a little more like us.

The White Howlers were, in their own way, like their Fianna cousins, only more so. Their passions blazed higher, their love of war and revelry was greater, their songs were louder and more terrifying — and their wills were even weaker. When the Wyrm came to their doorstep and tunneled under the stones of their homeland, they leapt into battle quicker than any other tribe, even our own, would have done. They challenged the Enemy in its dens — and they weren't prepared for how strong it was there. They didn't have the wisdom to foresee that they weren't up to the task, and they didn't have the strength to so much as die cleanly when they were overrun.

Sometimes you hear the other tribes singing about the tragedy of losing the White Howlers, of the fall of "Lion's noble tribe." You won't hear us sing those same songs. The only tragedy was that Gaia let those weaklings prosper for as long as She did. If the others want

to mourn the loss of a noble tribe, they should spend more time lamenting the loss of the Croatan, who had the strength to die well and honorably, and for all the right reasons. Crying for the White Howlers while they're still murdering and raping their way across Gaia's face is not just pointless, it's a damned insult to every single fallen ancestor who was twice the Garou the Howlers ever were.

The Viking Era

As recounted by Martin-Cry-Of-The-Last, Get of Fenris Galliard

Ha! Well, now, my pups, I see that Markus has clearly bored you with his lectures on the Roman Empire? Well, never fear. Now we move onto one of the more interesting parts of our history, and I am the lucky Skald who has been chosen to tell you these glorious tales....

It was a time of turmoil in Europe. Several wars raged between the Anglo-Saxons and the Britons, before eventually it all became a mixture of peoples in small kingdoms. The Roman Empire was dead at the hands of its own politicians. The relatively stable situation in England changed dramatically, though, when a new scourge came like the fires of Hell through the Northern lands of Britain as hordes of angry Vikings and Fenrir tore at the Earth and slew those fool enough to oppose them! The Scandinavians had decided to expand, like their continental brothers had done, and not without a righteous arse-kicking!

We of the Fenrir had more or less drawn ourselves out of human affairs for a while, and started focusing solely on the war against the steadily growing forces of the Wyrm. As Markus pointed out, a new, dark tribe had arisen, and it left the blighted touch of Wyrm-taint in its footsteps. Although most thought of it as a myth, those of us in Britain knew it to be all too true. They were the Fallen Ones, who had danced the Nine Spirals of the Wyrm, and they named themselves the Black Spiral Dancers; they were Fallen Garou, warriors that had marched straight into utter corruption at the hands of the Wyrm! Since the last of the wars against the Jotunn, we Fenrir had had few opponents worthy of our attention — now at last we stared again into the faces of the sort of foes we were born to fight, bastards as cunning and nearly as strong as ourselves. So we kept out of the human politics of the time — but

where our Kin went, we went as well. We had a new reason to go hunting in new lands.

A Holy War?

It was not altogether wise to stay out of human ways; the English, as they properly were now, grew weak and soft, and embraced the new religion; that of the legions of White Christ and their crosses. When we returned, we found them casting off the old, healthy pagan ways and worshipping a new, false god that made men feeble and women pious. We were infuriated! We didn't want our Kinfolk to be pathetically devout; we wanted them to be strong and able, ready and willing to strike down their enemies rather than "turning the other cheek!"

Maybe that was why the still-pagan Scandinavians came down with fists of fury, and sacked that monastery on the Holy Isle of Lindisfarne in 793, sparking off a new era in Northern Europe in its wake; the Viking Era.

Almost four hundred years of terror from the Wolves of the Sea sent the pitiful Christians fleeing in terror and shaking in their robes! Europe trembled as the Vikings expanded their kingdoms to England, Scotland, Normandy, Germany, Iceland, Italy, the Baltics and Russia, and all the way to fabled Miklagard, Constantinople. And among their ranks stood proud Fenrir warriors, leading and guiding them.

It was time to take back the night.

To Britain Once Again

I read a book once, called the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, and it describes the coming of the Vikings. It reads,

793. In this year terrible portents appeared over Northumbria, which sorely affrighted the inhabitants: there were exceptional flashes of lightning, and fiery dragons were seen flying through the air. A great famine followed hard upon these signs; and a little later in that same year, on the 8th June, the harrying of the heathen miserably destroyed God's church by rapine and slaughter.

Quite apocalyptic, don't you think, my pups? Hah! This was the Wrath of the Fenrir! Our Kinfolk had fallen to Christianity. It was bad enough that they worshipped that false god Wotan, blood-enemy of our tribe, but at least that gave them the respect they should have and taught them about strength and honor. Where is the honor in the Crusades, I ask you? Where is the honor in stealing money from the poor so that they may have "absolution?" There is no glory in that, only greed. And greed, my pups, is not a virtue that we Get of Fenris, approve of.

But this was not just a time of revenge against White Christ; it was also a troubled time for the unity of our tribe! You see, pups, about this time the Fianna had started naming the Anglo-Saxon Fenrir, those that had invaded Britain over the last few hundred years, the Get of Fenris, as a derogatory term. The savage Garou from the North they still referred to as Fenrir. The Anglo-Saxons approved of this name, for they said that it was better to be the least favored get of Fenris than a pampered princeling of a weaker totem. Yet the Fenrir of the North did not care to acknowledge a name given to their cousins by any outsider, least of all the Fianna.

For a time, they took the names fairly seriously — those of our tribe who lived in Scandinavia and Northern Britain refused to answer to anything but "Fenrir," while those who lived farther south were happy with "Get of Fenris." They were almost like two rival camps. The Fenrir blamed the Get for letting the populace become Christianized, and the Get blamed the Fenrir for invading their domains. The Danish Fenrir who formed the Danelaw in the south of England sided with the Get, while the Norwegian and Swedish Fenrir, who came to the islands in the north and to Scotland, had different views. They arrived in Ireland, and saw how the Kinfolk of the Fianna had also turned to the White Christ, and took from them a powerful caern, and founded a city for their human allies. Dublhinn they called it, and the Irish called it Baile Atha Cliath, the town at the fence at the ditch.

This was the not the first time the Fianna and the Fenrir went to war against each other. We had fought before, on the continent, and when we aided Vortigern, but these Northern Fenrir were not at all interested in being reminded of wars they had not been part of it. In fact, they called a truce with the Fianna, asking them to share the lands. After all, they reasoned, the Fianna had sided with the Romans in ridding Britain of the Picts, the Kinfolk of the White Howlers, and had seen their faults in this. Now was the time for rebuilding pacts, and for Garou to cooperate with Garou!

For a while the Fianna seemed to accept this, and the Fenrir and the Tribe of Stag lived peacefully with trade agreements.

Scandinavian Kingdoms

Oh, in these days Scandinavia did not have any clear nations, but was a land of many tribes were led by chieftains that had a sort of agreement. Once a year they would meet at a huge convocation in Uppsala, not far from where we hold our Tribal Moot. Many chieftains had dreams of becoming kings, and some of the kingdoms in question were important to our tribe.

The Viking Era Game

This is just a little introduction to the Viking Era through the eyes of the Get of Fenris, for those who just can't resist those dragon-prowed longships. If the inquiring reader wishes to know more about early medieval Scandinavia and the Vikings in the World of Darkness, we suggest **Wolves of the Sea** for **Vampire: The Dark Ages**; the focus is on vampires, but it's useful for supernatural Vikings of all stripes. Also, for the Europeans among us, the Swedish role-playing game *Viking* might come in handy for those who really want to load the longboats and sail to glory.

The Kingdom of Norway

One of the chieftains I mentioned was a chieftain called Harald. He swore not to cut his hair or beard before he had united Norway under him, and for that he was named Harald-Fair-Hair. Harald fought bravely and fiercely, and realized his dream. He was Kin to a Fenrir called Haakon-Silver-Claw-Rakes-At-The-Wyrm, who was a member of the Sons of Fenris. However, Harald received no aid from his brother, nor any other Garou, in assembling his Norwegian nation. Yet he earned a place as loyal and worthy Kinfolk for his efforts, he proved himself a more than able warrior and reigned as a just king with a clenched fist, as a proper ruler should!

The Kingdom of Sweden

The Kingdom of Svea, or Sweden, was also founded during the Viking Era, though the Svea-folk were more interested in trading than the raiding and pillaging of the Norwegians. They traded in furs and slaves to Russia, Byzantium and the Arab caliphate at Baghdad. However, that is not to say that the Svea-Fenrir did not revel in the glory of battle or were weaklings! Absolutely not. They were renowned for their combat skills, and that is why Czar Vladimir of Russia chose the Svear to constitute the Varangian Guard of Miklagard that the Emperor Basil II of Constantinople received as a gift from the Czar in 988. This force of 6000 Swedish-Russian Vikings and Fenrir Kin scared the living hell out of many an enemy of the Emperor, I can tell you that.

The Kingdom of Gardar

In parts of present-day Russia and the Ukraine lay the Norse kingdom Gardarike, in which the chieftain Rurik ruled. The Garda kingdom was settled in the mid-9th century, and descendants thereof ruled Russia until 1600. The cities Novgorod and Kiev were the key stops en route to Persia and Byzantium. The Fenrir involved with the Gardar had quite a few difficulties with the Silver Fangs, and gradually left to pursue more important matters. Those that remained became loyal guardians of the Russian Empire, and were among the proudest of our tribe until the revolution.

The Kingdom of Denmark

The Danish Kingdom was unified some time in the 700s. It was constantly pressured by the Frankish empire, but as that started to decline the Danes managed to develop a stable nation covering most of what is known as Danish territory today. Harald Bluetooth, son of Garm the Old, completed the unification in the ninth century, but was also responsible for Christianizing Denmark. The Danes also ruled a large portion of Britain, known as the Danelaw, a power that was not entirely crushed until 1066.

Dubhlinn

We founded the city-state Dublin to protect a caern from the Wyrm, and we fought many a battle to protect it from our brothers the Fianna, who thought we had come to conquer them. For three centuries, we tended to that caern, a caern our storytellers say was built from the bones of an Alfar princess of an age before, taken from the Northlands by the fae of Ireland.

No Fenrir would suffer to have any intruder sully that place. But we were defeated, driven forth not by the Wyrm, nor the Fianna, but by an Irish mortal robber king. Despite what you might have heard, Brian Boru was little other than an empire-building thug. His knights set fire to our caern, and cast us out. We were too few. The Norse kingdom of Dublin fell on that day, and the pride of the Get fell also. Drunken Irish knights cast our treasures aside, and the bones of that Alfar princess were cracked and broken and driven into the muddy earth.

The Frankish Empire

Clovis was the name of a Frank said to descend from the mythical hero Merovech. It has been suggested that Merovech was none other than the Fenrir hero Mervek-Golden-Jaw who was the son of Arminius, but this contradicts other legends about him. Look it up if you wish. Clovis was the first absolute ruler of the Germanic kingdom of the Franks. If Clovis was really the descendant of Mervek, he dishonored his ancestor, for he fell to White Christ and Christianized the Franks.

In 752 the Frankish king Charlemagne conquered Lombardy and Saxony, and established his authority in Italy. He conquered present-day France, Holland,

Belgium, and Luxembourg, parts of Spain, Germany and Austria, and was crowned emperor in 800. The First Reich was born. Despite its Christian character, the Get of Fenris supported the Reich at first, as it was a Germanic empire, and counted many Kinfolk and several Fenrir territories under its flag. However, as soon as the Warders of Men and the Silver Fangs showed an interest, we stopped our support and turned somewhat hostile to it. They were sure to foul it up.

After a period of glorious battles and wars, an agreement called the Treaty of Verdun, a damned Warder achievement, restored the peace and the Empire was shared between three sons. The Western Frankish Kingdom later became France, and the Eastern became Germany and Austria, and the Middle Kingdom, constituted most of the lands between France and Germany, and parts of both those future nations. The seat of power, however, mainly depended on the Middle Kingdom. Our tribe egged local lords in the Eastern Kingdom to claim more power, and this resulted in the appearance of small provisional kingdoms in Franconia, Saxony, Bavaria, Swabia and Lorraine. These duchies gained more and more strength, and resulted in the extinction of Charlemagne's Carolinian line.

Otto the Great was the next interesting ruler. We say Otto was of Fenrir blood, though the Silver Fangs also claim him as one of their Kin. He was a hard ruler, and cracked down on other territorial dukes that opposed his rule. He expanded the territories under his crown into the Slavic territories of Poland and Bohemia, and he stopped the Magyar expansion at the Battle of Lechfeld in 955. The Magyars were a people who emigrated from Asia. Where exactly they came from, we do not know, but we do know they had dealings with the Leeches, and were thus our enemies. Otto gained control of the Middle Kingdom as well, and was crowned the formal king of the Romans, a title that would later be Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire.

The Duchy of Normandy

The most interesting thing to note about the Duchy of Normandy is that it had nothing to do with the Get of Fenris — anymore. True enough, our Kinfolk, led by Gange-Hrolf, had been given that land by Charles the Simple as a reward for guarding France from other Vikings. Hrolf converted to Christianity and dubbed himself Rollo (can you believe that?!), and his silly little duchy held no interest to us, so we left it alone. However, the Silver Fangs saw a golden opportunity for some reason, and started breeding with the Normans themselves. So it was, that when William the Bastard of Normandy invaded Britain in 1066, any werewolves along for the ride were probably Silver Fangs, not Fenrir.

To The High Seas...

According to the tales of our Skalds, the first major expedition by exiled Norwegians and Swedes arrived on the banks of Iceland in 874. Oh, it was a grand expedition, and they numbered some four hundred souls, and there were a few Fenrir Kinfolk among them. A system of free villages centered around elected chiefs was instituted, with the highest authority being the Allthing, where every free man could speak his mind. Iceland remained a free, true democracy without the meddling of anyone, be they Garou or Leech or man! Sadly, they too, eventually chose a single peacemaker god over the path of warfare and strength. Later, many Fenrir traveled to the unspoiled, beautiful lands of Iceland, but the barren lands had no trees, and saddened the adventurer soul of the Fenrir.

...And Across the Atlantic

You probably know that Columbus was not the first European to sail to America; the Vikings held that honor. As fate would have it, there were a few of our own among their number — and a few of the Bone Gnawers as well. Odd though it may seem, in those days they had not become as dependent on human cities as they are today; they offered their services to stronger Garou in exchange for protection. We were glad to take them up on the offer; though they were never strong and unyielding to the high standard of Great Fenris, they were faithful and loyal, and their cleverness was a great asset. So sometimes a Fenrir warrior would travel to war with a Bone Gnawer to carry his shield, flush out his foes, and generally act as a scout or even squire.

So it was that when a Fenrir warrior and his Gnawer scout happened to be on the right boat at the right time, both werewolves were surprised to find themselves part of a greater story than they'd expected.

The Green Land

In 960 the chieftain Erik the Red was banished from Norway for several violent crimes he had committed in anger. We like to say he had a bit of the Rage in him, human though he was, and could not control it. He set sail for Iceland, a free country, and many Norse exiles followed to start new lives. Alas, Erik still could not tame the beast within, and he killed again, and was convicted to three years in banishment from Iceland. Based on sailor's tales and legends about a land to the west, Erik and his crew once again set sail in search of new lands to settle. He

discovered a land that was very much like Iceland and Norway, with large fjords and fertile green valleys. Erik fell in love with this beautiful country, and he returned to Iceland and spoke about this land, which he called "the green land." He was granted permission to lead an expedition to Greenland in 986, and with him came 25 ships with 500 men and women on board. Many Fenrir traveled with him, as our longing for adventure was always great. The 14 ships that survived the voyage founded a colony and named it Brattahlid, and soon built two villages they named Vestbygdi and Austbygdi. The lands were perfect for the grazing of sheep, though there was not a tree as far as any man could see, as on Iceland.

The colony eventually grew quite large, and over three thousand farms existed at one time, before the colony somehow disappeared without a trace some 500 years later. What happened? We don't know. Our wise ones have suggested theories ranging from Wyrm-corruption to Alfar raiders, even a brief return of the Jotunn. There'd be great Renown for the one who untangled that mystery.

A New Continent

Erik's son Leif continued the adventurous life after his father. Leif was the son of Erik and Thjódhildur-Captures-The-Bane, a Fenrir *Forseti*; a shame the blood didn't run stronger in him. Leif was nearly disowned for being Christian, and even established a church on Greenland, in the name of his late mother, who was a proud Garou of many merits.

Another Kinfolk, Bjarni Herjolfsson, was sent up the coast of Greenland to see if there was more ice-free land to the northwest, but his expedition strayed off course, and before turning back on the right course to Greenland he saw a vast and lush land in the horizon. But he never could make land, for angry natives chased them off, and there were Garou among them, and Bjarni knew better than to take on werewolves.

As he returned, he told his tale to Leif. Well, that was when Leif decided he'd lead an expedition to this new, green land, Vinland as they called it, meaning lush and fertile land in the Norse tongue. Well, after hearing Bjarni's story, we weren't about to let Leif go on this trip alone — and so a few Fenrir and some of their most trusted Kin made their way into Leif's crew.

Now, some people say that Leif made war on the natives there, but the way I heard it he made peace with them — some of them. The Skald who taught me told me that the Fenrir in Leif's band made their first contact with the Croatan, who were strong of body, mind and spirit. Strong enough to hold their own lands, so we saw no need to interfere. They agreed that the Fenrir would be allowed to establish three colonies, Helluland, Markland and Vinland. The ruler instituted was Thorfinn Karlsefni, and only a few Fenrir remained to watch over the colony; most of us had to go back to Norway and Iceland to fight against the ever-growing power of the Weaver.

Thorfinn's domain was good and prosperous; the natives brought furs and gold, and we gave them wine and weapons. But the natives were nomadic, and after a while they moved on. Still, Thorfinn's settlement grew very rich, and he patiently awaited the return of his Fenrir patrons, but we were occupied for a long time, and he became weary with the rule. He announced another to rule in his place, and came back to Greenland.

On his way back he died at sea, and when we came back to investigate our colony, it was nowhere to be found. This angered us, and as we investigated we came across another tribe of Garou — a hostile tribe of filthy savages called the Wendigo. Brutal where the Croatan were gentle, reckless where the Croatan were wise, they were no good cousins of ours. We understood that those dishonorable bastards had destroyed our domain and killed our Kinfolk, unprovoked. We never forgave them for that, and fought them for a while, but they were too sly and dishonorable, so the conflict led nowhere.

Norumbega

Many explorers in later centuries searched for the legendary city of Norumbega. Verrazano and Champlain were but two that plied the fjords of New England where it was rumored to have lain. It was an infamous place of great riches, and a natural goal for any explorer worth his greed in those days. However, no one knew quite where it lay; the only directions to the legendary city consisted of hearsay and invented maps. They went up Hudson River to the Penobscot with no luck, though all with knowledge agreed with the old legends and tales that put it somewhere up the Charles River from Boston Harbor.

Norumbega would, of course, be the remains of the Vinland colonies: three villages, whereof one was discovered in the 1960s. Two remain uncovered, one of them being Norumbega, where the caern of the Fenrir domain lay. The riches the legends speak of were most likely fetishes and other artifacts, as well as the obligatory gold. However, no one knows what befell it, nor where it lay, and whether or not anything of worth still remains.

We left the Pure Lands, and did not return for many centuries. But we remembered.

The Pure Ones

Now despite our history with the Croatan and Wendigo, the first "Pure One" tribe we encountered was the Uktena. We met some of them among the nomadic Inui's of Greenland, and after a few initial meetings and sorting out who was who, we could live in peace, trading with them and exchanging stories and legends. They taught us many wise things about those lands and the spirits that lived there, and we taught them some arts of war, and told them the tales and wisdom of our ancestors.

Some of them even came in later years to live among the Sami and Finn-folk of the North. Though they were much weaker than we were, they often came to offer aid to us in our skirmishes with those strange Leeches that enslave whole villages of Sami, but disappear as soon as we come near them. The Uktena are a strange lot, they all speak like the Ragabash, in riddles. Don't trust them too far out of your reach, because you never know what they plan, but treat them well and feed them, and you have a valuable ally.

The Croatan of North America we encountered when coming ashore in Vinland, and they were a great warrior people, not like the cowardly Wendigo, who slaughtered innocent humans for no apparent reason. We've always greatly honored the memory of the Croatan, who committed the ultimate sacrifice against the Eater-Of-Souls. Hail the Croatan, for they are worthy of the praise of the Fenrir.

The Wendigo provided much of the reason for our falling-out with the peaceful Uktena. They claim we came to their lands to pillage and murder, but that is not true. We are far too honorable for actions like that, actions they in fact performed upon our colonies. We harbor a mutual dislike for them, and they seem to stand fast by their lies. Curse them; they are not worthy protectors of Gaia.

They are also very racist. As you know, it is a lie that we Fenrir see people differently based on skin-color. Any warrior is accepted if he or she is worthy of the three great disciplines of honor, the bard's tongue, and most importantly, strength. The Wendigo, on the other hand, hate all white and black people, acknowledging only those "Pure Ones" that they claim to be. Pah!

Britain Again, The End of an Era

It is told that the glorious Viking Era ended with the two-fold invasion of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom in 1066. King Harold Goodwinson of England received news of an invading force of Vikings lead by the Norwegian king Harald Hardrada, and marched to surprise-attack and destroy Hardrada's vast army at the infamous Battle of Stamford Bridge. In his hubris of almost utterly destroying the Viking army, he was "ambushed" by the invasion of William the Bastard of Normandy, and at the Battle of Hastings met his defeat. Needless to say, our tribe did not participate in this battle, or the outcome would have been

Fenrir and The White Christ

Hate the Christians?

Not as much as we once did. To be certain, there are elders who still harbor a grudge against the religion for turning people away from the old ways of respecting the spirits of land and sky. But there are also Fenrir in the tribe these days who were raised going to Christian churches, and they are no less children of Fenris. If they were the sort to harbor muddle-headed ideas like "anyone not worshipping Christ is going to burn in hell forever" or "it is never right to kill," that gets beat out of them during their Rites of Passage.

In the old days — yes, our ancestors hated White Christ and his priests quite a bit. When some uppity humans come to your lands and start telling your Kin that everything they're doing is wrong, do you laugh about it and agree? Of course not. And worse still was their hypocrisy. They called Crusades to "teach heathens the proper ways," they persecuted Jews, and who was it that owned most of the lands and became the richest of state institutions? The Church, of course. We did not approve much of White Christ and his bloody religion. Our ancestors saw that hatred, greed and bigotry were the true Stations of the Cross.

Still, we never waged an all-out war on the Christians. Why, you say? That is a good question. It's because our ancestors were wise enough to see that for every bloody-handed or adulterous hypocrite, there was another Christian who refused to harm others, who loved his family and didn't make war on his neighbor. Those that did fight fought for all the wrong reasons, and those that didn't fight *should* have — but it wasn't worth making war on them. They were a thorn in our side, and many of our ancestors took personal revenge on them, but they were never as bad as the true Enemy was.

different. We were busy elsewhere, both with territorial disputes and the forces of the Wyrm. That bastard Harald Hardrada, though a magnificent warrior, had fallen to White Christ, and we were only too glad to be rid of him.

The Dark Ages

As recounted by Gawain-Moon-Song-Glory, Get of Fenris Galliard

Then a time of darkness fell upon Europe. Plagues scathed it, nations toppled, tyrants rose and fell, and people starved. To the nations of Scandinavia it meant unity, and though the people of Norway suffered from it, Sweden and Denmark prospered. Germany grew stronger in the guise of the corrupt Holy Roman Empire, the people of Britain were cast under the yoke of a ruling class of different breed, and men began to look across the sea for better times and places. In all of these places, we were there. We saw and remembered.

And worst of all, Great Fenris returned and was bound until Ragnarok.

The Binding of Great Fenris

For so it was, that in his quest for that unholy and vile bastard Wotan, Great Fenris returned to Earth. It was a great relief for our tribe, for we were constantly arguing and fighting each other. We knew that the Mother had rewarded his courage and valor long ago by raising him to the rank of Incarna, but imagine what it was like to see him walking the earth! With Great Fenris manifesting before us, and granting us new powers in our battle against evil, we were united as never before, and cast aside the forced shackles of nationality. After all, why should we heed human borders? In the Garou Nation there should be no borders, especially not within a tribe.

Great Fenris told us of his journey through the worlds, to a terrible place where he found Wotan's dread castle. However, Wotan was not there, for as you know he was slain by the Sons of Great Fenris. But Great Fenris told us that Wotan had not been killed that day, even though we had destroyed his corpse and scattered the remains to the four corners of the known world. For Wotan knew the powers of rising from the grave, and that he had done. Once he stood again on legs that had been rebuilt with sorcery, he fled.

The first time he crossed paths with our tribe, Wotan was a bastard, but he wasn't a direct thrall of the Wyrm. But this time everything was different — Wotan had damned himself for the promise of more power, and woe to those who stood in his path. His skill in arms and necromantic arts were tripled, boosted by the dark energy of the Wyrm. But the Wolf-Father was not afraid. He alone could destroy that wretched being and send him to Malfeas where he belonged.

Great Fenris and his sons traveled all over the world, a vast army of Garou, the largest since the Mythic Ages, lead by one so magnificent he had been exalted by Gaia Herself! So great was Fenris that the earth truly trembled under his feet and he created entire valleys and river streams when he dug into the Earth.

But the crusade did finally find Wotan, though it was a long and tedious journey. It was a journey well worth it for any that ran alongside our forefather, for Great Fenris taught us many things, but it was a long, arduous undertaking. It was deep in the Ural Mountains, at the place of our original caern, that we found Glad-of-War, having gathered an army of dead men and monsters from Beyond. He had raised up this army in the hopes that it would give him a real chance against Fenris — and he was almost right. With him he had the dark souls of the Betrayers, Freke and Gere, and many Black Spiral Dancers, and some Fenrir that he had managed to corrupt. Chief among them was Tyr, famed as a loyal and honorable warrior until he was seduced by the enemy. It made some of the young ones sick to think that even one as great as Tyr could fall so low — but even they were true children of Fenris, and they did not back down.

When the two forces clashed, we let slip our war cries and our fury and rage rained over them like acid fires from the heavens. In fact, the battle was over so quickly that we could not even believe it. Great Fenris tore at the ground, and growled at Wotan with such a resonance that the mountains did quake and grind, and avalanches and landslides crashed down all around him. Wotan sat upon his black steed, the eight-footed fable-beast Sleipnir, and smiled. As Great Fenris realized the trap, he picked up a boulder as large as a mead hall, and hurled it at Wotan with such immense strength that he was completely crushed against the side of a mountain, his blood and bone splashed against the wall. But it was too late! Wotan's compatriots sprung their trap, and a sorcerous whirlwind picked up the gargantuan form of Great Fenris, and pulled him to the other side of the Gauntlet.

Every one of us that could stepped sideways at once, and emerged on the other side to find Freke, Gere and Tyr having wound Great Fenris in a gigantic chain of silver! As soon as we passed through, a host of Banes attacked us! But only the Wyrm himself is the one possible match for the entire Fenrir-tribe. Many great warriors died that night, but at last we completely eradicated the army of Wotan.

The Blood Lake

One tale the Skalds do not repeat is the black saga of the Blood Lake. Our Theurges claim that the lands of Europe's Northern Plains are tainted and haunted and the very soil is stained with blood. Shamans claim such things, and the old are wise enough to listen to magicians a little and ignore a lot. However, in the fourteenth century that sickness of the earth was found to be spreading. A human sorcerer found some magical place sacred to the pagans of the Baltic lands, and remade it in his own image, even as the Wyrm remade him in its image.

The stench of the Wyrm could be scented upon the winds even far to the west. And we of the Fenrir called for a Grand Moot to prepare for battle against such an atrocity. Princes of the Silver Fangs and the Shadow Lords offered their support and spoke out, calling for action.

Fenrir from Russia, Sweden, Great Britain, Poland, Hungary and Germany traveled to the Baltic Lands; young warriors from the Fianna, and the Silver Fangs and the Shadow Lords followed us into this great battle.

None returned.

But there is more. In the aftermath, no word was heard from the great Silver Fang ranges of Russia, or the Shadow Lord heartland. They closed their borders to outsiders, claiming their retreat was to defend against the Wyrm.

Do you know what I think happened? I think our betters conspired to purge us from their lands. I think our betters sent the finest Get of their generation to their deaths at the hands of the enemy. I think they let this atrocity happen.

—*Gawain-Moon-Song-Glory, Get of Fenris Galliard*

Freke and Gere were quickly disposed of; they were mockeries of their old selves, and could not fight against so many. Tyr, on the other hand... Tyr lay whimpering at the side of Great Fenris. He had lost his right arm in the struggle to chain Fenris; the magic used to bind our forefather could not protect everyone who raised the spell from his wrath. He cried out in shame, exclaiming that he been controlled by Wotan's terrible powers, and had acted against his own will. The wisest of our Forseti saw the truth in his words — but they also saw the weakness that had allowed Wotan into Tyr's heart.

Tyr demanded that his life be taken in punishment, but Great Fenris refused. No, instead he declared that Tyr would live with the knowledge of his treachery, and that those that followed him from that day pay the price of Tyr's folly. Forever known as the Hand of Tyr, the camp that was founded that day comprises some of the most aggressive and savage Garou of our tribe.

But the damage had been done. Great Fenris was bound in chains made of the strongest and rarest things to be found in the spirit world. Though the chain could not restrain him completely, it served two purposes. It prevented him from entering the physical world in his full glory — only his avatar may do so, and then only for a short time and through great sacrifice — and it prevented him from walking the Near Realms. You see, Wotan wanted to keep Great Fenris from the two places where the final battles of Ragnarok would be most likely to be fought — the physical world, and the Battleground Realm. Without Great Fenris to fight on Gaia's side, the Wyrm is that much more likely to triumph.

So it was that it became the saddest of days for our tribe. We all returned to our own septs and caerns, and every Great Moot at the Sept of the Fimbul Winter Night we call upon Great Fenris' spirit and pay tribute to him, delivered by the Hand of Tyr.

But let me tell you this: The story is not completely ended yet. Wotan was smashed to jelly by Great Fenris in that battle, and yet the necromancer's soul escaped. It will be reborn again, if it has not already. And if Wotan's death was incomplete — then so, too, may be the Binding of Fenris. Some say that when Wotan sets foot in the physical world or a Near Realm again, then Fenris' chain will snap, and the two will fight for a third and final time. And I have also heard that no chain is without flaw — that if Fenris' children are clever enough, they can find the weakness in the spell that binds Fenris, and so free him to lead us to victory in the final battle.

There is yet hope. There is always hope, while one of the Get of Fenris draws breath.

Fenrir in the Middle-Ages

By now we were greatly united. The Binding of Fenris and Slaying of Wotan had brought us together, and we had realized we had to cast aside our petty differences based on nationalities. The lupus of our tribe were relieved to discover this, as they had always shaken their heads at the pathetic bickering the homids had just for living on two sides of an imaginary border.

This unification of our tribe served to focus us on more important matters. Many of us fought as mercenaries or warbands, many of us were explorers still, and

many walked the low road in search of adventure. Common to all was that we had but one purpose: To root out the forces of the Wyrm wherever they may be.

The Holy Roman Empire

We have spoken much of homelands, but not much of the central portion of Europe that we also called ours. Today our fellow tribes, like so many shortsighted humans, remember that we have lived in the land now called Germany for ages, and yet they cannot remember a Germany before the wars of the 20th century. But we do. We remember when Germany, Bohemia, and many other lands were all part of the so-called Holy Roman Empire.

It was not "holy," even from the viewpoint of the worshippers of the White Christ; the lords of that realm were not as loyal subjects of their great Church as they might have been. It was not "Roman"; these were the descendants of the tribes that sacked Rome — and rightfully, at that — not too long ago. Now they lived in larger houses and used better weapons, but they were still Germanics. And it was not an "empire," at least not one worthy of the name; the lords did as they pleased, for they had little fear of their weak emperor putting a stop to their various feuds and battles.

It was a good place for us. A good time. The woods stretched out so far, the game was plentiful, and the humans knew to fear us. We did as we pleased, and the *märchen* sprang up in our wake — the so-called "fairy tales" that have less to do with fairies than with blood, sorcery, cruelty and fright. Ah yes… and wolves. Our greatest rivals there were the Leeches, and they knew better than to leave their tiny torchlit cities and wander our woods. Our closest neighbors were the Red Talons and the Shadow Lords, and one could do worse.

The northlands suited us because only the strong could flourish there. But these lands have always been ours as well. You would do well to remember that; our roots go deep there, and they tap into the strength of the land.

Speeding Toward Ragnarok

As recounted by Martin-Cry-Of-The-Last

Back To America

When the Europeans started colonizing the "New World," our sense of adventure led us with them onto their ships. It had been more than 500 years since we last had been to that continent, and many had heard tales from our lore keepers about the paradise that was Vinland. But as we arrived, we saw to our horror that the Wyrm had also come along, on the ships of the Spanish and Portuguese. The natives, the so-called "Pure Ones", held all European Garou responsible, and called us "Wyrmbringers." I spit at this; it is all Wendigo propaganda! Those rotten, filthy savages blame us, while the only real reason was that they had been growing so weak that they could not defend themselves. The Uktena, however, bound many great Banes and held those that would not die there for generations. The Croatan, praise their memory, gave their lives to stop the Eater-Of-Souls. But the Wendigo? Pah! All they did was moan and bitch and kill white people because of their skin color.

We mainly settled along the coast of New England at first, trying to find our lost colony, with no luck. As the settlers of the New World decided to rebel against the yoke of the British, a great many of us sided with our Kinfolk and entered the conflict. This was the beginning of a new divergence within our tribe. Many years had passed since the Great Reunification, and relationships were again tense. Those of us in Europe were angry because with an independent New World it would be more difficult to combat the Wyrm as one unit, but the New Worlders wouldn't hear of it. They claimed the Europeans only objected because they were losing control and couldn't oppress the colonists anymore. The European Garou finally decided to stay out of the conflict, however, and thus the relationship remained intact, though tense, for the time being.

You all know the outcome of the American Revolution, and you know of the Civil War. The Civil War was the catalyst for the Divergence. Confederate Get fought Yankee Get, and when the war was over, a group of Confederate Get who had become too colored in their views thanks to fighting the Wendigo and listening to General Lee and his crap. They established a new camp, and called it the Swords of Heimdall. The Swords carried the subtle stench of the Wyrm in their words and ideals, and for many of us they would become our own worst enemy, an enemy with our blood, especially nearly a hundred years later, in World War II.

The West

Some skalds don't like to talk about the American West. It's been a taboo topic in some circles for almost a century. What crap! How in the name of Great Fenris are we supposed to learn from our mistakes if the elders don't tell the young ones what our mistakes *were*?

You can probably guess what it was like back then, just from the movies. Everyone was fighting everyone. Whites against Indians, North against South, Mexico against America, sheep ranchers against cattle ranchers — it's a wonder there was anyone left at the end of

it all! And yes, the tribes were fighting as well. And it wasn't always the good kind of fight; warriors killed warriors out of hatred and revenge, rather than just beating the hell out of each other to claim a debt of blood and then going after the *real* enemy. It took a beast the size of the Storm Eater to make everyone wake up and realize that they had bigger things to do.

I'm not saying that we weren't justified in fighting. And I'm not apologizing for the deaths of any of the weaklings who were leeching off Gaia more than they were defending Her. But we didn't always pick our fights well, and we let the damn Fianna and Wendigo bait us too many times, when we should have recognized them as beneath our notice.

There is a moral to all this. The Storm Eater had to be laid to rest though sacrifice. Each of the thirteen tribes who had a stake in the West — yes, even the damned Stargazers were making their presence known back then — had to give up the life of one of their greatest elders. Some of them whined and wailed and kept looking for other options up until the very end. Our chosen elder, Luther Fear-Eater, stepped forward at once, never a second thought in his mind. And thanks to his sacrifice — and the sacrifice of the other twelve elders — the Storm Eater was bound.

The other tribes call us "eager to die." I say that we are the only ones who know what is at stake, and are truly willing to do something about it.

The Great War

Despite the rumormongering of lesser werewolves, our great tribe had nothing to do with either of the World Wars. Why would we influence the humans to attack each other? We are not a tribe that profits on war; we do not believe in wars where gaining money and power are the only purposes. It is not honorable, and there is no glory in such warfare. The tribes that endorse such are called the Silver Fangs, the Shadow Lords and the Glass Walkers. If any tribe of Garou were involved in the resulting war, it would have been one of them. War should not be dictated by economic or political profit, it is a means of standing up for what is right, and fighting back against evil. World War I was fought by sides that were equally bad, and politics was the force that unleashed it in the first place. But nothing is ever simple.

We Garou had to pay a heavy price for the folly of the humans as well. Our forests burned, our lands were scarred, our sacred places desecrated and our Kinfolk were slaughtered. This angered us.

The blatant destruction strengthened the Wyrm and its minions. The Black Spiral Dancers involved themselves — I personally believe that mustard gas was one of their little additions. Have you ever heard of such a cowardly and revolting way of waging war? When we decided that it had gone far enough, we got involved. We are Garou. We fight a holy war. There is glory in battle if you fight a worthy enemy and your cause is just. Our cause was now just, because our enemy had a face and it was looking at us. We rushed from the mountains and the forests and brought mayhem to those that dared to oppose our right to do so.

One Nation, Many Nationalities

Since our tribal territories covered countries on both sides of the conflict, we decided that we would not fight a war for the humans — only against the Wyrm, no matter where its forces would emerge. However, it was never that easy, and running with human troops on the heels of the Wyrm seemed a good idea to many. This led to much confusion and frustration, and Get attacked Get when locals were, as they often are, accidentally hurt. Our American brothers in particular were attacked for having involved themselves with one side and not the other toward the end of the war. This unfortunate tragedy weakened the unity of our tribe, and though our elders made great efforts to strengthen our ties again, the War to End All Wars took its toll on the tolerance and unity of the Get as a tribe. We had become too different, too proud and too nationalistic in favor of our native human lands over the last millennium, and now the consequences of that diversity would weaken us.

In my youth I met one or two Fenrir who fought in the Great War, even though my own homeland of Sweden remained neutral in the war. Together with our brothers in Norway and Finland we used our strength to keep the Wyrm and its forces out instead weakening the defense of our lands. The Get in the lands involved respected this, because we did not choose a side, as the Americans did. Still, many of us did involve ourselves in guerrilla attacks on the Wyrm, just not in any human battles. Anyway, I cannot think of any war that can scar a good warrior like the Great War did. Humans fought as if the Wyrm led them — spraying acid and gas and shrapnel around them like a monstrosity from Malfeas. A troop of human soldiers was as strong a Bane, and could do as much damage. Where is the pride in fighting against a pack of crazed humans who just don't know the damage they are inflicting? They practically invited the Wyrm to enter their homes, and even though it was finally pushed back, it was too little. I am sure we can all agree that for the Wyrm to wait a mere twenty years before another equally great opportunity appeared is a trifle as opposed to having waited ten thousand years.

The Wyrm had found its way into the hearts of the humans, manifested in hatred. Our proud Germany was made scapegoat for a crime that needed a sinner to punish. Germany wanted revenge for this obvious political shortcut, and one man arose to lead the nation into prosperity.

The Second World War

As told by Markus Silvermane:

We had never believed that humans could be as evil and monstrous as the agents of the Wyrm. But Get who fought on the side of the Nazis in WWII claimed that Adolph Hitler was no fomori, and no Leech. He was a mere human. How can that race be so incredibly ignorant? How *dare* they claim our stories for their murderous crusades?

As far as I know, the Holocaust and the persecution and attempted genocide on many of the minorities of Europe, can be attributed to human prejudice. None of us have ever heard anything different. But lying underneath the war, feeding on it, was something else entirely.

Hitler's rise to power was welcomed by a secret church called the Thule Gesellschaft — Thule Society — a coven of Wotanists. They believed that a race called the Übermensch — the superhumans — dwelled in the North before civilization. They convinced themselves that the Germanic peoples descended from them. They were half-right. Do you recall how I told you of Great Fenris' mate, Sigun, the Queen of a fair warrior people high in the Northlands? *They* were the Übermensch the cultists believed in. Hitler claimed these "supermen" for his own propaganda. However it was the *Fenrir* who descended from Sigun, not the "Aryans." Sigun's people interbred with us, to spawn more Fenrir, not more humans. Worse, these wretched cultists stole the whole laughable concept from the mad philosopher Nietzsche, and even got his ideas all wrong.

Unfortunately, many Fenrir listened to Hitler's ravings. They felt that the time had come for our ancestors to be worshipped and acknowledged. *They* were the descendants of the Übermensch, after all. Thus they sided with Hitler. The rest of us rejected the Nazi ideologies, and refused such blasphemy. It is our Garou legacy that we should worship, and pay our homage to Gaia. Sigun's people are long gone, and they were never meant to fight against the Wyrm. We are. We are Garou.

Heinrich Himmler was an insignificant amateur occultist. But Himmler was also the director of the Gestapo, so his fantasies were indulged. Himmler believed himself chosen by "greater powers" to re-create the "Vril magic of Atlantis."

You cannot imagine the evils created by such an ignorant human. You cannot picture the things he was capable of. He had *no idea* what it was that he served; he never once made contact with the other side. But the tortures, the atrocities inflicted on his subjects in an attempt to breed a superior race gave the Wyrm a feast such as no Black Spiral Hive could ever match.

Nazi scientists and German "sorcerers" took Jewish camp prisoners and willing German volunteers, and... changed them. The best German science worked to make strong brood mares for the Supermen. German occultists tattooed ritual symbols on the women's wombs. From the first crude, halting steps of modern bioscience, they made the women strong enough to give birth to the next race. From the vilest false necromancy and would-be black magic, they tried to draw the "Vril spirits" from beyond.

"Be proud. You are dying for the Reich," the scientists said. They refused to offer any mercy. Morphine would disrupt the experiments, you see. *Imagine*.

For ten years, these atrocities continued, under Himmler's guidance. The sorcerers and traitorous Fenrir who believed in the project erected mystical defenses against the Fenrir Theurges and Kabalistic magicians who strove against them.

In March 1945, British bombs broke down the defenses. The Get of Fenris did the rest.

Our treasonous brothers fought for the Nazis until the end, oblivious to the fact that the Wyrm was using them. They fought for what they thought was right, and even though it is impossible to ever forgive what they did, we can understand their conviction, though not their beliefs. But the Nazi Fenrir were made to *pay* for their treason.

The Second World War began in evil and hatred, and it is an honor to hunt down evil. Unlike the Great War, the entire tribe came together to help fight the Nazis and the Black Spirals. The war revealed that the Spirals, who had come back during the First World War, had used the two decades between the two great wars to infiltrate Europe, and Hives were located and exterminated all across the Continent.

Oh, and by the way, if any of this ever happens upon ears not belonging to a Get of Fenris, I will personally flay the skin off the back of the rat responsible, and trash him into bloody pulp from which he will not recover in a flash. This is *our* tribe's burden, *our* shame.

The Modern Age

As recounted by Gawain-Moon-Song-Glory, Get of Fenris Galliard

Now, my pups, the modern age is upon us. So what has our tribe been up to the last fifty years? Well, the situation is dire, for so weak were we from the terrible blows we took during the Worst War.

1945 to 2001, from the Munich Confession to Glory Regained.

The Munich Confession.

In the bleak aftermath of the Second World War, the Fenrir were divided and broken. Despite the heroism and sacrifice of a generation of Fenrir warriors, the horrific extremes of the few who supported the Nazis blackened the Tribe's name, and besmirched its honor.

In the grand councils of the Garou, elders of the Fianna, the Bone Gnawers, the Silver Fangs and the Shadow Lords looked away as Fenrir entered. Fenrir achievements were ignored. Fenrir fallen were left, unmourned. Some pointed to the Fenrir's ancient tribal symbol, the glyph of wolf-descended-from-wolf and said: These curs sided with the Nazis.

In the private councils of the tribe, the Fenrir were riven by shame, and doubt. The Black spiral Dancers had returned to Europe... and the Get of Fenris were in no position to stop them. Few Get packs hunted the Wyrm's minions. The burned heart of Germany festered with Banes and other, worse things. The Get could do nothing. Great Fenrir heroes walked into certain deaths. Vengeful warriors of other tribes murdered others. It was as if a state of tribal Harano had set in.

In 1946, a British Fenrir Ahroun, Gordon Kent stood before a British moot and said: "The honor of our tribe has been blackened by a few. You name us Nazi. You name us as eaters of babes and murderers of innocents. You name us among those who would murder whole races. No more. I swear that I shall reclaim the glory of my tribe. Give me your blessing, brothers, and I will hunt those traitors of my tribe to the ends of the earth and beyond."

Grudgingly, the sept agreed. Kent's pack set off on its quest later that very night.

The pack's quest lasted close to 15 years. They roamed the world, from Europe to the Americas, and into the depths of Asia. And one by one, they found the remaining Fenrir traitors. These they put to the rigors of Garou justice.

With each trial, ordeal and execution, the Get of Fenris recovered something of their lost pride, and their lost glory. Across Europe, Galliards of other tribes wrote praises of the Get's determination to root out the Wyrm. At first these praises were quiet, but as time passed, these tributes were enough for the Get of Fenris to again be invited to European moots, and to resume many of their old roles, and reclaim much of their old renown.

Unlikely Alliances

Of the original six Garou who set out from Manchester in 1946, only two remained. Others had been recruited, and not merely Fenrir; Kinfolk sorcerers, Garou from other tribes. Kent's network of agents numbered about 200. Not all knew of the true nature of the mission. Some believed that they were merely aiding British Intelligence in the hunt for Nazi escapees. But all understood the mission's importance.

In 1961, the pack captured Gustav Kriegs, a Fenrir Philodox that had been instrumental in the work of the Übermensch project. Of all the traitors, only Kriegs comported himself as a Fenrir. He had been expecting the Fenrir to find him. He showed no fear. He had spent his last days writing a testament. He greeted Kent as a brother, and presented him with the testament. Then Kriegs took an old revolver loaded with silver bullets, placed it in his mouth and blew his own brains out.

Kent read the Testament, and what he read drove him to frenzy.

The exact nature of the text remains secret, but in 1991, a small portion turned up on a German university bulletin board. Despite the best efforts of the Fenrir, this portion has been used to further blacken the name of the tribe. Even now, when a cub undergoes his First Change, many a more experienced Garou will whisper that the Get of Fenris are fascists, with a racial bias.

The Testament, the public portion read as follows:

"All True Sons of Fenris must strive to ensure that the mortals are of the purest breeding stock. All those of lesser races must be discarded, and killed, to ensure that our true breed, our true lineage of Fenris may be maintained."

Scourging Out the Monsters

You have been lectured at length on the importance of honor. But sometimes we have to act as the hand of justice — of vengeance. And sometimes

these tasks may seem dishonorable. Such was our war against the sect of human cultists who named themselves the Seventh Generation. These monsters sought to corrupt the children of the earth to better serve the Wyrm, to breed Banes... at least that was how they told it. They hid themselves well, so that they could defile those weaker than themselves without reprisal. But nothing can remain hidden from the eyes of the Garou forever. When word came to our tribe of these atrocities, from tales gathered by our own cleverest sons and daughters and verified by the Silver Fangs of America, we had no need for discussion. We knew our path.

We did not call moots. We did not seek renown. We merely strove to hunt down and root out the evil, one perverted abuser at a time. The other tribes were startled at how carefully and deliberately we pursued the matter. We sought alliances with other tribes — and indeed other creatures — and one by one, we put the cultists to death. Their deaths were neither easy nor fast, and Seventh Generation cultists died in many unorthodox and creative ways. Some were captured and taken to the utter North of Norway, where adolescent lupus Garou were let loose to hunt these vile things down. Others were stripped, bled and allowed to die on the winter ice. But most died where they stood. Bank accounts belonging to the cultists evaporated, and proxy donations to children's charities increased. We and our allies reported the affiliates of the cult to the press and the police. And bit by bit, the cult died. It became a game. We toyed with our prey, savoring the feeble, trembling terror of these most pathetic and disgusting of the Wyrm's creatures.

While the Silver Fangs under King Albrecht destroyed the cult in North America, we cleaned house in Europe and further afield. The last cultist we found was an Irish Catholic priest — can you imagine? We found him in a prison in Belgium, where we came through the Umbra to visit him. Five Fenrir stood vigil on the last long, long, night of the priest who had destroyed the lives of so many. The prison guards found him at dawn. No one questioned what had happened. No investigations were made. No mention was made in the press. We howled that night. The horrific task was complete.

But was it truly dishonorable? To make those bastards pay before we set them free? I'll leave you to ponder that for yourself. Consider it a test.

Listen. Not all of the enemies we rooted out were outsiders. We had to set our own house in order as well. And you didn't think that we'd tolerate the damnable Swords of Heimdall polluting our name any further, did you? If their creed of skin color being some sort of indication of true strength was all there was to them, we'd have let them die out on their own. How far could they get, if they couldn't even properly figure out what makes a man or woman strong? But we found out something else — they weren't just an addled pack of cubs. They were catspaws in someone else's game. *That* angered us. *No* true son of Fenris allows himself to be *used*.

Our Theurges and some Kinfolk sorcerers searched through the occult underground for whatever force was using the Swords of Heimdall. In 1998, the answer came back: the Thule Gesellschaft. The initial assault came in Bonn, when amidst the carnage of some sort of conflict between the Leeches, the Garou of the Get of Fenris tore into one of the coven houses of the so-called Thule Society.

For fully two years we took no further action against the Thule Society. We had bigger problems.

In November of 1998, the Eye of Wotan opened in the sky. For what reason we can only dread. He is back, he is stronger than ever, and he is watching us. His red, gleaming eye mocks us, mocks our inability to stop him. Only Ragnarok and the third coming of Fenris can stop him.

In July 1999, something happened in India. Something terrible. Something woke up. No one knows how many Get may have died fighting that thing.

But in October 2001, under a harvest moon sky in the North of Canada, our Tribe took the battle one last time to the Sons of Heimdall and the Thule Society and their other catspaws, the mortal Asatru Futhark sect. The Futhark remnant had been gathered in Canada, sheltered by mortal biker gangs, awaiting a command from the Thule Society. For three days, the skies over northern Labrador rained blood and smoke and fire, as our great Tribe warred against our traitorous kin, and their magical allies. Many Fenrir fell, but when the smoke had cleared, the Swords of Heimdall, the Thule Society and the Asatru Futhark were no more. We spent that winter hunting down the remnants of these groups, and we do not believe that any survived. We were thorough.

Homecoming

On New Year's Eve, Uppsala in Sweden paid host to many foreigners, present for a convention of sorts. They were soldiers, firemen, fighter pilots, priests, scholars, policemen, writers, musicians, spies, doctors,

lawyers and explorers. They came from all over the world, from Europe, the Americas, Asia, and Africa. They were from a dozen races, colors and creeds. Curiously none stayed in their hotels that night.

Out in the black midnight, a howling could be heard. For a brief, sharp, perfect moment, the Get of Fenris had come home.

We stood under the Nordic sky, under the burning Eye of Wotan and the dance of the Northern Lights and the starry vault of Heaven and called to Great Fenris. Homid, lupus and metis stood together in praise of Gaia and the Great Wolf Father.

"Hear this," the Master of the Rite cried out so that all present could hear. "We are the Get of Fenris. We have his holy blood flowing in our veins, in strength, and wisdom, and lore and honor!

"Hear this! There is no purer blood than the blood of heroes! And that blood burns the brightest in us, Fenris' children. No matter from what land you come, you are still Fenris' children!

"Ragnarok is coming, and we shall surely fall," he cried, and it seemed the hideous Eye of Wotan burned somewhat brighter. "But our passing shall make the very sky shake, and the very earth rumble under out feet!

"Enemies of Fenris, be you Jotunn, demon, human or Svartalf, shiver with fear. Because tonight we feast!"

And most of our tribe, united for the first, and perhaps the last time, told the story of our deeds, and the deeds of our packs and the deeds of the fallen. We spoke of the hunt for the Thule Society, the Seventh Generation, for the Leeches of Bonn, for the Swords of Heimdall; we spoke of the war in Germany, and the battles in America. We spoke of the horrible hag Baba Yaga's fall, and the opening of the Eye of Wotan.

And we howled. And the howling rose up above the Earth and unsettled the dreams of sleepers for thousands of miles around. Children slept safely in their beds, the broken rested, and the evil, the corrupt, the perverted, the truly weak would never sleep soundly again. We howled and our howling echoed across the cosmos... and in the deep distance, something howled back faint and quiet, but determined and fearless.

And for just a moment, the Eye of Wotan *dimmed*.

At dawn, we parted ways, and went back to our own lives, our own wars, and our own nations. But we departed knowing one thing, one truth.

We are the Get of Fenris.

Chapter Two: Fenris' Children

A furore normannorum libera nos domine
(Oh lord, save us from the rage of the Nordic people)
— common French prayer from the 9th century

Hide-of-Iron enjoined the cub to be still, as he looked around, hoping to find the great white wolf that was the patriarch of the northern European Fenrir. Winter's chill hung in the air, but he wasn't worried. He knew he wouldn't be waiting long. After all, Thunder's Teeth had agreed to be here, and the huge wolf wasn't known for breaking his word. It was a moment later when the great beast came bounding through the forest, making hardly a sound for all of its great bulk. Even in wolf form, Thunder's Teeth was huge — he had to weigh at least 80 kilos, and that was a conservative estimate.

He approached the cub in Hide-of-Iron's custody, his breath filling the air as he looked over the cub with interest. Then he snarled, raised his huge paw, and smacked the youngster in the head, sending him tumbling into a snowbank. The cub recovered, facing Thunder's Teeth with an angry growl, which Hide suspected pleased the old wolf to no end.

"Why'd you hit me?" the cub hissed. His expression was angry, but curious. More importantly, he wasn't foolish enough to attack, which was good.

Thunder's Teeth didn't respond immediately, and instead settled down on his haunches as he gauged the cub's reaction. The cliath looked confused, but put his anger behind him and peered at Thunder's Teeth intently. The old wolf waited a moment, and then began to speak.

The World Spirit

Well then. It seems that you have learned all you can about the history of our tribe, and now have only to master its culture. That must seem an easy task, hmmm? But remember that the history you have learned was written by homids, and that we are much more than that. We are, indeed, much more than anyone gives us credit for being. Listen closely, and I will tell you who we are, instead of just what we have done. At the core of it all, we fight for purpose, for love, for laughter, for spirit, for the very essence of life itself. We fight for Gaia, the embodiment of all that is, the Mother who gave us life. She is the soul of the world, and She is in every living thing around us. She is in the natural world, too — the rocks, the sky, the sea. All of these things sigh with Gaia's breath, and they too are our reality. But made things, constructs, automatons — these no longer bear Gaia's mark. They have been twisted into things that stand on their own, apart from the whole. They are corruptions, and they are evidence that the world is being consumed. We do not hate these things, but we fight to keep them from being made. Their existence diminishes Gaia, and hence diminishes us all. Of course, we are not foolish about our opinions here; even the most jaded lupus sees the use for tools, and homes, and other such instruments of practicality. It is the excess to which we take offense, and that excess lies squarely within the territory humans call home.

Know this: Gaia *is* life. You, me, the humans, the wolves, every living thing. She is the soul of the world, and that is why we fight against the corruption we see all around us. Anything less amounts to acceptance of our Mother's destruction.

Great as She is, Gaia does not exist in a vacuum. She is the source of all life, the reason for everything, but She does not operate alone. There are three aspects to Her being, three architects which together shape the world. They are of Her, yet separate from Her. She gave them birth, but even now they war against one another, and hence do harm to Gaia. We fight to stop them, to heal them, to restore them to being. They are known as the Triat — substance, the Wyld; creation, the Weaver; and destruction, the Wyrm.

The Wyld

All things and nothing, that is the Wyld. It is untamed possibility, shapeless, formless, the stuff from which legends are made. This is where we come from, cub, where our spirits are mere ephemera, and our bodies are yet to be. Gaia takes this stuff, breathes life upon us, and releases us into the world. It is mere spirit when She lets it fly, however; it does not become real, a body, a thing, until the Weaver has given it form and substance.

The Wyld is more than simply being, however; it is possibility. It is the potential for both great good and wicked evil in the world, for love and hate, for life and death. The Wyld cares nothing for the fate of things, for it simply is; it feels no mercy, no remorse, no lust for vengeance against those who bend it into creation or rend it asunder. Alone among the Triat, the Wyld is not aware; this makes it the only pure aspect of the Triat left, unfettered in its beauty and harsh demeanor.

The Weaver

A thing is not a thing until it has a name, and it is the Weaver who names all things. It is said that she looked upon the infinite plain of possibility that was the Wyld and went mad, binding everything into her web of creation. Perhaps that is so. But in so doing, she has given form to the being that personifies the force of destruction in the universe — Jormungandr, the Wyrm. With her madness, this being became trapped in the Weaver's vision of reality, and now we all suffer as a result.

While it is true that the Weaver binds all things in her pattern web, it is also true that that web provides form and structure to the world around us. Without it, the world as we understand it would not exist. All would be the chaotic insanity of the Wyld. And so, do not think the Weaver is the sole enemy. She is the force for creation in the world, but she is also the force that traps the world in stasis. It is the job of the Wyrm to keep her in check, to shatter the foundations of her web so that it might dissolve into Wyldstuff once again, allowing her to create anew. But, sadly, things did not remain so balanced for long.

The Wyrm

Of all the Triat, the Wyrm is the one who figures most prominently in our legends and lore. Jormungandr, the great world serpent — this is the beast meant to be slain during Ragnarok, at the end of the world. In the time before time, the Wyrm was the force for destruction in the world. Not the corrupting force we know today, but rather a force for balance, bent on shattering stasis and infusing the world with a sort of dynamism, which allows for change without succumbing to the reckless allure of the Wyld. But it was not to be; the Weaver named the Wyrm, and in turn gave him substance. In doing so, she made him a being in its own right rather than a

Get of Fenris Lexicon

The Get of Fenris, like the Fianna, have a tradition of using special tribal terminology to denote things peculiar to the tribe. For example, a Fenrir might call a Get of Fenris sept a "hov," but would be unlikely to use the term in mixed company or to refer to a sept of a different tribe or tribes. The lexicon here is entirely optional, and provided for those readers who enjoy the more exotic turns of phrase.

Alf (pl. alfar) — faerie
Forseti — Philodox
Fostring — breed
Gode — spiritual leader of a sept (often Master of the Rite)
Godi — Theurge
Holmgang — challenge
Hov — sept
Jarl — sept leader (usually a Modi)
Jormungandr — the Wyrm
Jotunn —servants of the Wyrm, historical enemies of the Get
Len — bawn
Modi — Ahroun
Ragnarok — the Apocalypse
Rotagar — Ragabash
Skald — When capitalized, a Fenrir Galliard; when lower-case, a Nordic bard or talesinger
Ting — moot
Vandring — stepping sideways
Vette (pl. vettir) — Changeling
Ætling — Kinfolk

concept, or a force of nature. And when she went mad, she drew the Wyrm into her pattern web, trapping him within her strands for all eternity.

It is said by some that the world would return to its true self if the Wyrm could be freed from the binding strands of the Weaver's web. We do not concern ourselves with this possibility, for it is beyond us. What matters to us now is the fact that the Wyrm destroys all he touches with his thrashings, plunging the world into chaos and shattering the web in its entirety. Without the Weaver, the Wyld is chaos. Without the Wyld, we are nothing. No matter how the Wyrm came to be in his current state, we must fight against him if we are to preserve order in the world. We cannot free him, and we cannot destroy him — until the time of Ragnarok. Then, the world will begin anew, and all will be in balance once again.

Fenris

Long ago, before the Sundering, before there were Garou, before the world needed Garou, Great Fenris ran free in the world, glorying in the bounty of Gaia's presence. With the advent of the Weaver's madness and the Wyrm's captive agony, however, Fenris' duties in the world changed dramatically. He became a savage warrior, bent on protecting Gaia from the harmful machinations of both beings. He sired with Her the Fenrir, savage spirits bound in bodies of flesh, totally committed to wiping out any and all threats to their Mother, Gaia.

This is what you must remember about Fenris, and about yourselves. He is not interested in protecting the weak, or in healing the sick, or in righting the wrongs of man. He cares nothing for humans, or wolves, or any other being on the surface of the world, or even in the world of spirit. Fenris exists solely to tear the Wyrm's evil from the world, to keep Gaia safe from its maddened thrashings in the Weaver's web.

Fenris is a harsh master. He does not care about us, except in the most distant possible sense, and he is not interested in our own difficulties or misgivings. He fights for the safety of the world, and if we are strong enough to do that then he will give us power, and guidance, and resolve. If we are weak, he will cast us aside, for we cannot help him in his quest.

The other tribes do not understand the depths of our commitment to Fenris and, by extension, Gaia. They think we are cold and harsh, and they

are right. They are concerned with worldly things, with power and people and wolves and ideals. We care nothing for these trivialities; only Gaia matters, and our dedication to Her is absolute. Other Garou look on this and are amazed, for they cannot comprehend such ruthless fanaticism for any cause. They are not able to maintain the level of commitment practiced by Fenris' brood, and so they call us harsh and brutal to cover up their own weakness. But do not be deceived: we have righteousness on our side, and if need be we will sacrifice ourselves, our pack, our tribe — indeed, all of humanity — to safeguard the spirit of the world. This is a strength the other tribes cannot possibly understand. Be proud, child of Fenris, for yours is a greatness unknown to any other being on Earth.

Fenris' Brood

In addition to the Fenrir, Great Fenris has many other children who act as instruments of his will. They vary in form and temperament, but all have one thing in common: They are all willing to sacrifice to serve the ends of Fenris and, ultimately, Gaia.

Now, let me be clear about something here: We do not *want* to die. We are not eager to face the Wyrm in battle, and to leave our friends and children behind. I hear us caricatured as bloodthirsty monsters at moots all the time, and it sickens me. No, in truth we, perhaps more than any other tribe, want to *live*. We enjoy the very fact of our existence, and we value the love of our Kin more than words can say. But if we truly love these things, and if we are to honor them at all, we must be prepared to *sacrifice* them in the pursuit of the greater good. We cannot live and love if the Wyrm is crashing through the gates of our homes. We must fight, and perhaps die, to stop this from happening. And we must be prepared to accept 100% casualties if it means making the world safe for others. We must do these things, because we would be hypocrites of the highest order if we did not. We understand this, and so do the spirits of Fenris' brood.

First among these spirits are the Surtur, hulking giants of fire who exist only to fuel the rages of the Fenrir and to make sure we do not fall into complacency in the days before Ragnarok comes. Also of historical importance are the Norns, known as the Fates by some and the Furies by others. These are spirits of wisdom, and we hold them in the highest regard. They offer guidance to few tribes, and it is my suspicion that the Black Furies hate us so in part because we are among those chosen few, which turns the bitches' tirades against us into so much useless prattle.

Also important to us are various animal spirits, including the Fimbul Wolves, or War Wolves. These ice-colored, blue-eyed wolves — yes, pup, they look

just like me — are spirits of war and revenge, and they have claimed the icy realms of the north as their territory. I suspect they might have some connection to the Ice Pack of the Silver Fangs, but we have no way to tell.

The Hrafn are spirits of cunning, dressed as ravens and speaking to the Rotagar in preference to all others. It is in this way that the new moons gain the insight they use to torment us into becoming better fighters. Also, the Shadow Lords are jealous of our connections with the Hrafn. They like to think ravens belong to them, and it is not so.

The Cuckoo are amusing spirits whom Fenris has chosen to guard, as he was amused by their antics. They are of little use to us, but they are known as spirits of cunning. We get more mileage out of the Hrafn, but the Cuckoo are a bit more reliable.

Some spirits are less tangible. Sturms are spirits of war, who jealously guard secrets and use their great power to test Fenrir who grow too confident in their own abilities. The Shadow Lords hate us for this association as well, for it shows that their own totem favors us as well as the Lords. We do not claim possession, of course, nor would we want to; we simply find it amusing that the Lords are so irritated by our success in this regard. .

The Bragir are spirits of joy and revelry, and they serve to remind us why we fight. It is always pleasant to summon and interact with them, because they exist only to bring us happiness. For some reason, probably part of their magic, we never learn to take them for granted, and hence are continually rejoicing in their presence.

Finally, the Aegir are spirits of safe travel, and are the ones most likely to teach a young cub such as yourself how to use a moon bridge. They are humble spirits, but useful and necessary nonetheless.

Auspices

Your role in Fenrir society will be determined by your relationship to one of the most important spirits in all of creation — Luna. You know her as the moon, and the face she showed during your birth influences the whole of your life. When I was born, the moon was full and bright, and there was not a single cloud in the sky. And thus, my role has always been clear, even before I realized who and what I was. The same, you will find, is true with you, as it is with all Garou who bother to listen. Here, then, are the faces of Luna, and what they mean to us.

New Moon — Rotagar

Among most tribes, Garou born under the new moon seek to question, to challenge, and to incite. While that is true to some extent among the Get as well, the Rotagar are more often honored for their new ways of thinking, their revolutionary tactics, and their unadulterated sneakiness when it comes to battling the minions of the Wyrm. While many among us find such tactics dishonorable, Great Fenris has made it clear that we must be tolerant of such notions, so long as they further our struggle against the Wyrm. This is what makes us different from, and superior to, the Shadow Lords, who use many of the same tactics: they seek to advance their own status, whereas we wish only to destroy our enemies. A dead enemy is a dead enemy, no matter how he came to be so.

The Rotagar are valuable for other reasons as well. The clever among them have learned how to question our ways without trampling on them with disrespect. When we prepare to fight, they ask us why we are doing so, and how it serves Gaia, and how it serves Fenris. They make us think about whether or not we truly need to fight, or if there might not be a better way when all is said and done. They also challenge the way we choose to fight, and make us question our tactics; some Fenrir are remarkably banal in the simplicity of their approach to fighting the Wyrm, and the Rotagar help us to fight smarter instead of just harder. This helps us reduce casualties in the battles we choose to fight, which is better for all of us in the long run. In short, they show us the path not taken, and make us wonder if it might not be the path we *should* have taken.

Crescent Moon — Godi

The mystics of our tribe, the Godi serve as our link to the spirit world, to Fenris, and to the world spirit. Focused though they are on all manner of spiritual and arcane studies, they are often less proficient physically than are most Fenrir. Nevertheless, they are forced to become formidable fighters in their own right. They have to be, since they traffic with spirits that are not forgiving when it comes to weakness. Some have been known to scar themselves, best horrible minions of the Wyrm, and even pluck out one of their own eyes just to gain the favor of a particular spirit which might help them in their quest. Most Garou will give a spirit gifts and pretty words to curry its favor, but not the Godi. They track their spirits down and force them to take notice of us, to recognize our worthiness in the grand scheme of things. That is what separates them from the lesser Theurges we see within the other tribes.

It is easy to underestimate these werewolves, for they — like the Rotagar — do not fit our preconceptions of the warrior ideal. Such assumptions are dangerous, however, for they blind us to the Godi's true strengths, and also make us less aware of the fact that they, too, are fearsome warriors. The Godi who channels his mystical talents into combat prowess is a warrior of staggering potential, so do not dismiss his abilities.

Half-Moon — Forseti

The judges of our tribe, the Forseti remember every law, every norm, every tradition the Fenrir hold sacred. Some Garou might be content to be bookkeepers and lawmakers, but Forseti are more than this. They are *judges*. Traditions are important to them, but what is more important is the fact that they *think*, long and hard, about what is being said and done in any given situation, and they are not afraid to pass judgment on it. They give our society structure and purpose, and they remind us of why we are here and what it all means. The Skalds may inspire us, but it is the Forseti who chasten us, and remind us of who we are. Most Get find the judges to be harsh masters, but they are always fair.

Gibbous Moon — Skald

In many ways, the Skalds are even more the epitome of Great Fenris' strength than are the Modi. They laugh, and sing, and love, and yet when the time comes they fight like demons and never surrender. Where the Forseti remind us of why we are, the Skalds tell us *who* we are, and what it means, and why it is important to us. They remind us of the legends of the past, of the heroes of the future, and of the great struggles which have plagued us in the past and present both.

Skalds are most often musicians or singers, but they are also poets and storytellers, loremasters and artists. Whatever the source of their inspiration, they pass it along to the rest of us, and use it to fuel their rage at the destruction of Gaia's firmament. They give voice to the righteous fury and indignation we all feel in the face of tragedy, and they invariably give us the strength to go on when the world's gone to hell. Unlike the bards of other tribes, however, the Skalds inspire us by example as well as in principle. Rather than speak of the glory of tearing the heart from the Wyrm, the Skalds go out and do it, showing us just how glorious it is. Who could help but be inspired by such acts?

Full Moon — Modi

The greatest warriors of our tribe — and hence the world — the Modi are Gaia's rage given form, the voice of our anger and hate and fury. They are our leaders and our masters, the first ones into battle and the last ones to leave. None can fault the great courage of the Modi, nor their commitment to Gaia and the Garou who serve Her. While the other auspices perform functions within the tribe — questioning, arcana, judgment, inspiration — the Modi have but one task to perform: they must fight the Wyrm with such intensity, such fury, that we cannot help but follow them into the breech and throw ourselves against our foes with all the energy we can muster. While all Fenrir shame the Garou of other tribes with their intensity, the Modi show them how weak they truly are.

Now, I must give you a word of caution: many other Garou, including many within our own tribe, see the Modi as nothing more than killing machines. This is an error, for they are often much more than that. They are fearsome, yes, but they are also thinking beings, skilled in the arts of tactics and leadership in a way that is difficult for non-Fenrir to appreciate. This is why the plots the Silver Fangs and the Shadow Lords make against us fail so often; they think us simple brutes, when we are in fact simply focused on the real task at hand — fighting the Wyrm. We are more than capable of plotting against others, should we be of a mind to do so. Such things are simply beneath us.

The Rite of Passage

I have never known a Fenrir whose First Change wasn't traumatic. And I have never known one who didn't find his introduction to Get society many times worse... myself included. Be he human or wolf, the young Cliath is forced to make a transition from a self-absorbed, fairly mundane existence to one where he is fighting for the very survival of the world, against an immense and unyielding foe. That alone would be enough to send most people into Harano, but not the Get. No, we are made of sterner stuff than that.

Once the cub has been identified and located, he must demonstrate his competence and resilience to his pack before he can ever hope to be accepted. Fighting ability is not important at this stage; most cubs have no clue how to fight, and we do not expect miracles from them. However, he must demonstrate resolve, and commitment, and rage. He must show that he is willing to fight the Wyrm, and that he is willing to sacrifice *everything* to hold the beast at bay, and thus keep Gaia safe for that much longer. It is not an easy experience, and many aspiring Get die or run in terror from the tasks we set before them. This is as it should be: Only the strong are welcome here.

In addition to passing tests of fury and resolve, the cub must also show some glimmer of potential related to his auspice. This may be a simple as a sense of humor in the face of hardship for a Skald, or a ruthless streak in a Rotagar. Sometimes, with particularly gifted candidates, the test might be much more difficult, such as a summoning for a Godi or a great battle for a Modi. All depends on the cub, and his own innate capabilities.

Throughout the entirety of the rite, and for a good while thereafter, the cub is constantly tested by his future packmates. This testing is not pleasant; indeed, it often includes racial and sexual harassment designed to drive the young cub out of the tribe. We have lost several female members to the Black Furies due to this treatment, and this, too, is as it should be. If a cub cannot handle teasing and harassment from his packmates, how can he possibly

Women among the Fenrir

Thunder's Teeth ruminates:

In recent years, the Get of Fenris have been taken to task for their harsh outlook on life, and in particular for their practice of excluding women from many important tribal positions and functions. However, all is not as simple as it seems. First, the homids among us have been shaped mainly by human society, and this society has told them that women were weak and inferior. Thus, they exhibited a tendency to discriminate against females regardless of heritage, and in defiance of common sense. This attitude persisted among the tribes for another reason: homid females, being products of human society, were taught that they were weak and inferior, and believed they were weak and inferior, and thus were singularly unexceptional as warriors. They were taught that they could not fight, and so by the time of their First Change they believed they could not fight, and thus had nothing to offer us. These two factors reinforced one another, and although there were always females among us, for too long there were too few. The lupus among us, male and female alike, thought all of this was absurd, and they were happy to demonstrate this fact to any male homid who dared to make an issue of it. Many lupus left our tribe in disgust as this attitude began to spiral out of control, fattening the ranks of other tribes in the process (I am in fact convinced that the Black Furies were formed as a result of a particularly large exodus, but few in either tribe find the notion very plausible).

In recent years, female homids have decided in greater numbers that they are no longer willing to accept the human creed of female inferiority, and good for them! Now that they believe they are capable, they have become decent fighters once again, and the male homids in the tribe are less inclined to call them inferior. This is fortunate, as it means that we are no longer in danger of losing half of our population to the Furies on an annual basis. It helps that the homid dominion of the tribe has weakened, which led to a concurrent relaxation of the absurdly sexist practices that once plagued the tribe. The focus now is where it always should have been: Our goal is to crush the Wyrm, and to drive it back from the world. Any warrior who helps us to do this is welcome, no matter the gender.

Sophie Stoneheel retorts:

I don't want to start an argument here, but I think it's worth noting that I'm not the only child of Fenris, male or female, who's channeled the spirit of a female ancestor famous for her strength on the battlefield and off. "Decent fighters once again," my ass. "Decent fighters, like always" would be more accurate.

battle the Wyrm with any hope of victory? We want Garou that will stand up for themselves and strip the hide off those who would oppress them; anything less is just not worth our time. Once a cub proves himself to the tribe, all of the harassment stops. We still test him, of course, but it is more for his own good than for the sake of the tribe. We need to keep our warriors sharp, after all, if we are to maintain our competence in battle.

Breeds

So. Now you know of the spirits, which form and shape the world, and of those who guide our tribe. You know how we divide our tribe, and how we bring new members into the fold. What you do not yet know is where it is we come from, and that is what I will explain to you now. Fenrir are born of wolf and human, and maintained by matings between Fenrir and either species. Garou born of wolves are known as *lupus*, and have a view of the world colored by their canine roots. Those born of humans are known as *homids*, and these are essentially human in their outlook on life. There is another breed, one which is much rarer than the other two, formed when a Garou chooses to mate with another Garou. This is forbidden by the laws of our society, but it does happen from time to time. Such beings are much less common among the Fenrir than they are among other tribes, though paradoxically they are also treated better here than in perhaps any other tribe. The Fenrir have built a harsh but truly equal society, where all have a chance to prove their worth. No other tribe can say that — not even the peace-loving Children of Gaia nor the hidebound Black Furies! Here, then, is what you need to know about each of the Garou breeds.

The Wolf-born: Lupus

Though obviously the breed closest to Great Fenris' heart, lupus numbers have dropped dramatically in recent years. This is due entirely to the activities of humans, which we have been unable to halt due to our respect for the boundaries of other Garou tribes. Here in Scandinavia things are proceeding apace just fine, and we have many wolves to call Kin. It is the same in the northern regions of North America, though in that place the reason stems from the general inaccessibility of the region as opposed to any great effort on the part of Garou. Wolves are less now then they were long ago, but there are still many in the wild places of the world. There are just very few wild places left in the world, and this is a sign to many that Ragnarok is upon us.

Lupus serve many roles among the Fenrir. They are of course closer to the will of Gaia than any homid or metis could hope to be, and it is said that Great Fenris prefers the company of lupus to even the greatest homids. It is certainly said that he will only share his magics with lupus Godi; homids may win an audience with him, but they must rely on his brood for their Gifts, rather than our father himself. This, perhaps, might be why the homids spend so much time fighting in the human wars: they seek acceptance from Great Fenris, and can think of no other way to gain it than by prowess in battle. This is neither here nor there, though; Great Fenris accepts us all, and simply wishes that we all accept our roles rather than try to usurp the tasks of others.

The Human-born: Homids

Where the lupus keep their paws on the pulse of Gaia's desires, the homids serve as our link with the human world, which we are charged to police and protect in addition to the wilderness so many of us call home. Remember that humans are Gaia's children every bit as much as are wolves, and this is why Gaia, in Her wisdom, made us creatures of both worlds. Homids are of course the most populous of all Garou breeds, and their influence has been shaping the culture and structure of tribes to an ever-greater extent in recent years. While this has its advantages, the end result is us getting involved in wars not of our making, politics not of our choosing, and societies not to our liking. It was, in fact, our link to human societies which introduced the ridiculous chauvinistic streak into the weaker-minded of our tribe in recent years, and it is that same link which prompted our worthless tribemates to promote fascist and autocratic ideologies during the dark years of World War II. All is uselessness, and all is of the homid. But we should not be so harsh on them as all that, because they have contributed much to our tribe over the years.

Consider, for example, the concept of history. It seems elementary, I suppose, but it is something lupus do not comprehend, at least at first. Laws, customs, ethics — these are human things as well, and they have proven invaluable in giving our tribe structure, purpose, and meaning. It is the human aspects of the homid which make us thinking beings, capable of kindness and compassion, thought and foresight. They make us *people*, instead of mere beasts. Look at the Red Talons: for all their rage, they are inferior beings, because they have no humanity in their blood. They think this a blessing, but they are mistaken: it is a curse, and a serious one at that. They are

doomed to extinction because they cannot see beyond the beast in themselves. Remember this, before you curse the humans.

The Garou-born: Metis

The metis in the world are born of a grievous sin on the part of their parents: in forsaking the wolf and human within us, they have produced a perverted monstrosity which is unrelated to either, and in so doing have condemned themselves for all eternity. This is not, however, the fault of the metis; indeed, the child suffers as the parents never will, for a sin they committed. This is unfortunate, but it is the way of things. We do not pity them, and they do not ask for such. Rather, we give them the only thing we can: opportunity. A metis is as capable a fighter, as potent a mystic, as avid a storyteller as any homid or lupus, and you must always remember this. If they can hold their own with the rest of us, if they can do their duty by Fenris and Gaia, you damn well better give them the respect they are due. They are not abominations unless they choose that path, and the very deformities which plague them throughout life give them a resolve the other breeds cannot even begin to understand.

These truisms aside, the metis are sterile, and thus cannot contribute to Garou society in future generations. This rightly gives them a lower social status than the "pure" breeds — while they may be dedicated and potent fighters, they cannot sire children, and hence cannot truly understand what it is we are fighting for. One must be a part of life to grasp the enormity of Gaia's gift to us, and this is something forever denied them. Do not persecute them for their cursed status; it is who they are, and they have no control over this. Rather, simply accept it for what it is: an unfortunate reality in the world in which we live.

Kinfolk

The value of our Kin is incalculable. They are, in simplest possible terms, the future of our race, and the strength of Gaia's will made manifest. They comprise the separate halves of our identity, and combine with a shard of spirit to make us who we are. We cannot overestimate their value to us. More importantly, however, is the fact that they also represent the very reasons we fight — they are the ones we love and cherish, the ones that inspire us to fight on when all hope seems lost. It takes great strength to survive among the Fenrir, as we are not a tolerant people. But we are fiercely protective, and we will never allow our Kin to suffer if we can help it. Few, if any, other Garou tribes can say this with as much conviction as we can.

In addition to their utilitarian value, Kinfolk are also valuable to us in other ways. The wolves among us expand their territory whilst we are busy fighting the Wyrm, and learn secrets about the Wyld that we might otherwise miss. They are clever, thoughtful beings, and their sense of family and dedication to one another is something we can all learn from. Even if you are homid, you should invest some time in learning about the wolves around us. Their contributions to our identity are subtle, yet highly important nonetheless.

Human Kin are every bit as important to us, and perhaps moreso in many contexts. They tell us about human government and society, and teach us about laws and ethics and values. They remind us that we are more than just engines of destruction: we are people as well. When we are sick or injured, they nurse us back to health. When we are in legal troubles with human society, they help us out. When we are facing down vampires or Black Spiral Dancers, they are ready to help us with silver weapons and fiery missiles. Though they cannot feel the rage that we feel, they are numerous, passionate, and highly motivated. Without them, the Wyrm would have crushed us long ago.

With this in mind, know this: your Kinfolk are not chattel to you. They are not things. They are not currency to be traded, or toys to be used. They are living, breathing, thinking beings, and you *must* honor and respect them. If you fail to do so, you will be killed. A Fenrir who cannot protect his Kin is worse than useless; he is a violation of the future of all we represent, and all we hope to achieve. Further, there is no honor to be had in bullying a human or a wolf that is pitifully weak compared to you. You are a warrior, and you are expected to act accordingly. If you do not, you deserve all the Furies will do to you in response.

Camps

Grrrrr. And now, with some understanding of Get culture to ground you, I must tell you about those who would turn that culture on its head. These are traitors to our cause, one and all, and you would do well to avoid them. I speak of the groups known as camps, bands of Get who are not content with our efforts, and who seek to take the tribe in different directions, away from its true goal of simply fighting the Wyrm and protecting Gaia. All of them offer pitiful rationales for their existence, but do not let that fool you: they are cowards, freakish abominations that just don't understand what the Get are truly all about. This does not mean, however, that they are not a part of our tribe, nor that you may dismiss them out of hand. You must learn of them, and this is what we will now do.

The existence of the camps is not surprising, since every culture has its fringe elements. Thankfully, however, sensible Get have little interest in them. Be that as it may, the role they play is crucial, and they do much to set the political tone for our interaction with the other tribes. Do not be dismissive of such politics! The other tribes are our allies, like it or not, and we must be able to interact with them in a positive fashion if we hope to accomplish even a fraction of our goals.

The Valkyria of Freya

It's strange; in the old lands, in the old places, where Freya and the Valkyries are perhaps venerated the most, this camp does not exist. It does not exist because it does not need to exist; it serves no purpose. Here, in our ancestral home, where the blood of wolves runs strong and the wisdom of the lupus dominates our tribe every bit as much as does the mythic fire of the homids, we are concerned first and foremost with the ability of an individual to carry her weight in our battle against the inexorable pull of destiny, with Jormungandr, the Wyrm. We have no time to discriminate between male and female, no patience with arrogance or convention. We are fighting for our very survival, and we will take help from any quarter. And so, there are no Valkyria here.

Outside our borders, however, it is a different story. The world is a complex place, and in many places people place a higher priority on changing society than they do on fighting back the terrors which threaten to consume us. It is in these places

that the females of our tribe are taught that they should fight for equality with the males, that they have a right to be treated in exactly the same fashion. They are taught to expect that such things should be given to them, rather than that they should take what is their birthright by force, boxing the ears of any male who does not treat them with dignity and respect. Other tribes, particularly the Black Furies and the Children of Gaia, only encourage this attitude. The females complain instead of act, and the Jarls of these septs respond with harsh condemnation and bigotry. The Valkyria are the females' response, fighting bitches more interested in changing minds than in crushing the power of the Wyrm.

This camp disgusts me. It takes a minor issue among the Get and intensifies it a thousand times, attempting to mandate on a political level things which should be left to the interactions of pack and sept members. Can anyone deny the power of such legendary figures as Brynhyld, or Freya Troll-Breaker, or Gillian Fangs-First? Few among us deny the need for vigilance among the leaders of our tribe; it is of course obvious that warriors of comparable ability should be treated with similar amounts of respect. But this is not a problem restricted to females alone; rather, it is a by-product of a warrior culture, one where excellence and confidence are encouraged, even mandated, by those who fight alongside you. You cannot equalize the playing field without emasculating the Get on a personal and tribal level. The Valkyria create weaklings and dependents, and work in opposition to everything the Get stand for. Do not support them, and do not deceive yourself into thinking they are necessary — what is necessary is that septs take responsibility for their actions, and their members. Any problems that arise should be handled within the pack, not by some camp with delusions of grandeur.

Sophie disagrees: It pains me to speak out against one so wise and honored as Thunder's Teeth, but I cannot agree with him on this issue. He is quite correct in his assertion that other tribes worsen the very problem they seek to address; indeed, I cannot count the number of times I've been forced to defend my tribe and my honor against a delusional Black Fury, bent on maligning our way of life. But that does not mean that the Valkyria serve no true purpose. These Fenrir show us that females do have a place among the tribe, and that they are glorious, and that they are worthy of standing by their male counterparts as equals. They serve as an example, and an inspiration, to those of us who would otherwise accept the taunts of ignorant males who think women have no place on the battlefield. Thunder's Teeth is a lupus; he does not understand the depths to which human ignorance can descend. The Valkyria arose because circumstances demanded their existence. It is a mistake to conflate them with the Furies, because they serve a fundamentally different purpose in the war against the Wyrm.

The Hand of Tyr

Among the Fenrir, there are warriors and then there are the Hand of Tyr. To call these Garou extremists is an understatement; they are the most fanatical, most relentless, most savage werewolves in existence. Let us not mince words: There are precious few members in this camp, and all are executioners, hunters who seek out and destroy the enemies of Gaia that normal septs simply do not have the time or resources to deal with. Gone is the glory of fighting the Wyrm, of fighting for Gaia; the Hand have left that behind, and all that is left for them is vengeance.

For all their ferocity, the Hand has a relatively understated presence among the Get. They are quiet, watchful, and ruthlessly efficient. Do not antagonize them, either directly or indirectly. Do not think that your status among the Get entitles you to do as you will among the humans, or the Garou, or indeed any of Gaia's children — the Hand are watching, and they will destroy you if you forget your place.

The Hand of Tyr is a remarkably flawed camp, in that it has turned away from fighting the Wyrm directly and instead focuses on the horrible results of the beast's corruption of humanity. Rapists, murderers, pedophiles, and terrorists are all their

prey, and in this they have much in common with the extreme elements of the Black Furies, Shadow Lords, and even the Red Talons. While hunting these rabble may seem like a noble cause, do not be deceived! In pursuing these miscreants, the Hand turns its attention away from the Wyrm, away from our true foe. While it is good that they remind us of our place in the world, and that we ourselves are not gods, the fact remains that they scamper around like children treating the symptoms of the Wyrm's influence, and not the Wyrm itself. They are flawed because they are wasting their time, one victim at a time.

Mjolnir's Thunder

Mjolnir's Thunder is a very old camp. It was formed by Fenrir who had lost all of their worldly ties, and who then rededicated themselves to destroying the Wyrm at any cost. In modern times, it serves as an outlet for homicidal maniacs looking for an excuse to wade into battle with no thought for the consequences of their actions. The original purpose of the camp has been twisted beyond recognition, and now it is a source of shame for us all.

I can think of camps that are worse than Mjolnir's Thunder, but not by much. These warriors, thankfully few in number, have cut all ties to the world around them, living only to destroy the Wyrm. This is well and good, but the problem is that they do not care about anything, or anyone, else. They care nothing for humans, wolves, spirits, the Veil, or anything else. Killing is their meat and drink, their life's blood. They are the monsters the other tribes make us out to be, and they are abominations.

There is nothing subtle about Mjolnir's Thunder. They are glorious warriors in every sense of the word, but they are utterly lacking in that most basic of Garou virtues: common sense. Their fanaticism serves them well, but it is inappropriate in today's world. When Mjolnir's Thunder rumbles, the humans hear them and respond accordingly. The Wyrm sees them coming from miles away, and simply overwhelms them with legions of Wyrmspawn. The Get are forced to cover their tracks, so that the other tribes do not find cause to act against us and hinder our own war against the Wyrm. Despite their passion, Mjolnir's Thunder is extremely foolish, and you should keep your distance from them if you want to truly help us in our defense of Gaia.

Sophie agrees: I met one of these... *people*... once, and that encounter remains the most disturbing of my entire life. I have never met someone so cold, so ruthless, and so utterly devoid of humanity. He was a sociopath, a being with no regard for the lives of anyone beyond himself and the Get. It is fine to want to destroy the Wyrm — indeed, that is why Gaia created us to begin with — but the Fenrir of Mjolnir's Thunder have forgotten and cast off the very things for which they fight. They are as doomed as the freakish legions that make up the bulk of the Wyrm's army.

The Fangs of Garm

Like the Children of Gaia, the Fangs of Garm seek to heal rather than destroy. They would see us mend the rifts that exist between us and other Garou, so that we might stand united in our fight with the Wyrm. They are slow to anger, quick to forgive, and adept at dealing with the other tribes. Of all the camps, the Fangs show the most wisdom in their methods. These Get think in the long term, and are reluctant to rush pell-mell into the maw of the Wyrm if we can trim its claws without sacrificing the innocent.

The Fangs are growing in strength and numbers, particularly in the past ten years or so. Diplomacy is becoming the order of the day, and these Garou might be the wave of the future. They're highly organized, very open in their activities, and conscientious about not stepping on the toes of other Get. This is a smart move on their part, because it means the rest of us don't hate them, and hence automatically dismiss them.

Hans opines: While this is true, I'll add that other Fenrir wonder just how strong their commitment to Gaia is; if they spend so much time helping humans and making nice with the other Garou, how focused can the be on fighting? While we do not assume they are weaklings (they *are* Get, after all), it does seem that their priorities are somewhat misplaced. Let the humans stand on their own, and let the Garou understand our strength by watching our actions. Talk is cheap, and rarely accomplishes anything of lasting value.

The Glorious Fist of Wotan

I suppose it is inevitable that, when fighting a foe that often works through the agency of humans, some will eventually come to hate the humans. Such is the case with these Garou. They call themselves the Glorious Fist of Wotan, and that should be reason enough to revile them; our ballads of Wotan are of Fenris' greatest enemy, the one who will visit evil on the tribe for all his days. Perhaps they consider themselves cleverly ironic, like the Hand of Tyr. Perhaps they feel that evils of Wotan's magnitude are the only way to curb humanity's sins. Perhaps they are simply idiots.

In any event, if the Fangs of Garm may be likened to the Children of Gaia, the Glorious Fist may be likened to the Red Talons. Like the Talons, they

harbor nothing but hatred for humanity, and seek its destruction at every turn. Politics, peace, and foresight are anathema to them, and this has led them to conflict with the rest of the tribe on numerous occasions.

The Glorious Fist is predominantly lupus, but it has real support only in septs whose territory overlaps with that of the Red Talons. They are a secretive bunch, but they're relatively easy to ferret out once you know what to look for. They don't like humans one bit, and will always seek the road that coincidentally destroys as many of them as possible while still accomplishing the sept's goals. They are dishonorable because of this but, unlike the Talons, they are as ready to sacrifice themselves (or others) for their goals as any Get. This makes them extremely dangerous, so use caution when you suspect they may be operating in your area.

Hide-of-Iron adds: Though I am lupus, I personally find these Fenrir detestable. How can they not understand the need for humanity in the world? Humans are foolish creatures, who seem hell bent on destroying the world around them, but they are still necessary parts of Gaia's plan. We cannot destroy them without destroying a part of Her. Shame these fools into silence whenever you find them, and destroy them if they threaten the tribe or the world we defend.

The Swords of Heimdall

The Swords of Heimdall were an abomination that has been sliced from the tribe's body. At least, we believe that they have been exterminated to the last — but we thought that of the Fera, and learned otherwise.

What you should know is that the Swords of Heimdall were a throwback, an all-homid camp that thought strength was something dependent on your gender and skin color. You see, Heimdall was a legendary sentinel of the Fenrir, said to be the child of Great Fenris himself. As he safeguarded his caern against attacks by the Jotunn, the Swords claimed that they guard the Fenrir against weakness and corruption. They considered themselves the one true race of Gaia, and feel that humans (particularly non-white, non-male humans) were pathetic weaklings who must be discarded and beaten into submission. They wanted us wipe out ("cleanse" is the word they'd use) the non-European Garou, to silence the voices of every female in the nation, and to crush any tribe that fails to recognize the Fenrir as the proper leaders of the Garou Nation. They valued strength more than honor or wisdom, and so lacked the honor or wisdom to see that what they worshipped wasn't strength at all.

The extremism of this camp dragged us all closer to the Wyrm, and led us to great shame in the past. Let their example illustrate the importance of keeping your rage in check, and learning to play well with others.

Hide-of-Iron notes: These bastards even attacked the lupus among us, myself included. They were beings without honor, and preferred to bushwhack opponents using superior numbers instead of facing them one on one, as any honorable Get who has anything resembling a sense of self-worth would do. They were easily as worthless as their human counterparts, and I was thoroughly delighted to help wipe them out of existence. They were weak and spineless beings, and their loss can only help us.

Ymir's Sweat

I don't know the truth of this notion, but some Get speak of a camp of Garou who are very strange indeed. Essentially, they are American Get who were here long before the European Garou arrived, and who share Native American blood and breeding stock with the Wendigo and their extinct Croatan brethren. While my sentiments toward the Wendigo mirror those of most Fenrir, I nonetheless find this camp — more of a bloodline, really — to be a fascinating bit of speculative mythology. The theory goes that they are the result of the earliest Scandinavian visits to the Americas, and that is where the story of their existence is at its wildest. Apparently, some Get chose to stay in America rather than return home with their Kin, choosing a new life among the native wolves and humans. I suppose I can understand the appeal; the Wendigo were no doubt less revolting when they were not complaining about the existence of other Garou in their territory, and both the lands and the wolves in the north of the continent are quite striking. There's a harsh beauty to it all, and any Get would look on it with a sense of awe and wonder.

If Ymir's Sweat exists, they must be doing their level best to keep themselves hidden from outside eyes. This is no surprise, for their Wendigo brethren no doubt embarrass them greatly. I do like the idea of Get that intermingled with the native peoples of the continent, though; some of them were fierce fighters, and it is heartening to think that they might be preserved in the lineage of the Get rather than wasted on the pathetic Wendigo dogs who call themselves Garou. As I said, however, they are currently a quiet and secretive lot, so I doubt you will encounter them any time soon.

Loki's Smile

For a long time, there was talk of a secret cabal of Fenrir who controlled and manipulated the tribe,

fancying themselves leaders even though they skulked in the shadows and acted via politicking instead of open battle. They are as slippery now as they have ever been, but some of us are wise to their tricks: we know that they are most active in Eastern Europe, and that they prefer to conduct their business via messengers of the storm rather than face to face. It does not matter what such creatures call themselves; their true identity is plain for all to see, if they merely look at the facts before them.

The Litany

Yes, I know, you've heard this all before. Shut up and pay attention anyway! The Litany serves as the foundation of our culture as Garou, and it is not something to be taken lightly. No matter the tribe, or the camp, or the breed, every Garou that serves Gaia has agreed to follow these tenets, at least in theory. It is vitally important that you understand what they mean and how they work, and that you follow them to the letter. Your hide is at stake if you don't.

Garou Shall Not Mate With Garou

This is the first of the Litany's laws, and it is the most important. We Garou are not a breed unto ourselves — we are beings of spirit, and of wolf, and of human, and that balance must be maintained at all times. Fucking other Garou is a violation of the role Gaia has ordained for us, and you must never, ever forget this. Failing to adhere to your responsibilities in this regard will result in harsh punishment, for you and whomever you choose to lie with.

Though the crime of mating with other Garou is quite serious, we do not punish the progeny of that mating. Metis suffer enough from their parents' foolishness, and we give them the same chance as anyone else to prove themselves. Do not harass, or torment, or taunt the metis among us, any more than you would any other youngling to harden them. You will find that the circumstances of their birth have made them fierce fighters, and they are as deeply committed to our cause as anyone. Give them the chance to prove themselves, and you will like as not be surprised by the results.

Finally, if you are found guilty of violating this tenet, you will be forced to raise the child, to teach him about the greatness of Fenrir society, and to instill in him a desire to rise above the circumstances of his birth. You will be shunned by all in the tribe, while your progeny is given the chance to redeem your thoughtless and stupid actions. And I can assure you, if you think raising a child is difficult among humans, you have no idea what it is to raise one filled with Rage. Do not violate this law. It is the first, the most basic, of our laws for a very good reason.

Sophie observes: Some Garou believe that the operative word in this rule is "mate," and that merely having sex with other Garou is all right. This is a lie. This law exists so that we will focus our attentions on our homid and wolf Kin, not so that we might prevent the existence of metis. The metis are the evidence of the law's righteousness, not the reason for its existence. Thus, having sex with another Garou is every bit as abominable as is the production of metis.

Hide-of-Iron adds: Of course, the question arises as to whether or not it is acceptable to have sex with a Garou of the same gender as your own. Such an act is doubly damned, for the perpetrators not only turn away from their homid and wolf Kin, but also turns away from the possibility of producing offspring. We are at war! You must never forget that! Sex is not something you can afford to treat as a recreational activity. Forget your human upbringing! Among the Garou, we mate with Kin to produce offspring, not for pleasure. Find your satisfaction elsewhere, preferably in battle against the Wyrm.

Hans retaliates: It's that kind of talk that makes the rest of the tribes think we're masochistic bastards whose only joy is combat. We should savor our bonds with your Kin. Love your mate; enjoy the intimacy you have together. A loveless pairing won't help your children be as strong as we all need them to be.

Combat the Wyrm Wherever It Dwells and Wherever It Breeds

This, of course, is the portion of the Litany we most often take to heart, as we seek out and destroy the Wyrmspawn around the world. But take care, pup, for the Wyrm is not simply the father of monsters: It burrows into the hearts and minds of men, and we must combat it on spiritual and philosophical levels as well as physical ones. You must fight the Wyrm on every front, and you must never surrender.

Some would have you believe that the Wyrm is not responsible for all the evil in the world, and that men and women do evil of their own accord. It does not matter. Whether their vile actions are the result of the Defiler whispering in their ears or undertaken of their own accord, they must nonetheless be stamped into oblivion. Though the Wyrm is a physical entity, it is also a metaphor for the evil in the world, and you must fight it all.

Hans warns: This does not mean, however, that you should be rash and foolish in your battles. Indeed, to act in such a fashion will only get you killed.

Rather, you must act with forethought and consideration, choosing your battles wisely so that you might inflict maximum damage on your enemy. Sometimes, this can lead a Get down truly strange paths, as seen in the case of the Fangs of Garm. While I do not pretend to fully understand their motives, remember always that they and their kind fight the Wyrm as fiercely as do we all.

Respect the Territory of Another

This is a hard law for us to obey, because it is in our nature to destroy those who threaten Gaia, even if doing so means we must overstep the bounds of our authority. We can hardly be blamed for this; many of the other tribes are weak and foolish, and we *are* at war. We do not have time to be nice and friendly with other Garou under such extreme circumstances.

That said, we should at least make the attempt to be respectful of others when it is feasible to do so. There is no reason to generate unnecessary conflict with other Garou, to say nothing of other Fera, when a simple howl of greeting can sidestep the entire issue. Common sense and courtesy will save you many battles, so have a care when you are in unfamiliar territory. And if they do not respect you after you have been polite — none would fault you giving them a quick lesson in etiquette.

Sophie adds: Do note that the methods vary from place to place. A howl is sufficient in the wilderness, but not so much in a heavily populated city. In these places a phone call is usually more appropriate, though it's not always feasible. Mainly, you have to wait for residents to come to you under these circumstances, and if they tell you to get out do your best to accommodate them. Do not let them sway you from your path if it is righteous, though; fighting the Wyrm takes precedence over any attempts at civility.

Hide-of-Iron speaks further: If I had been the Forseti making this law, I would have added that if you can't hold a territory, it isn't yours. How many caerns have fallen because they were "held" by weaklings too busy playing at politics to learn to defend Gaia effectively? How many could have been saved if we hadn't had to "respect their territory?" As long as the other Garou remain weak, this law is flawed.

Accept an Honorable Surrender

We Fenrir are the proudest, fiercest, most disciplined Garou in the world, and as a result is it difficult for us to accept the capitulation of an enemy in battle. Our every instinct tells us to tear him limb from limb, and this is a good and just perspective to have in battle. However, when the opponent is a Garou much like us, or even another Fera, we must remember that we are all children of Gaia. We cannot simply eradicate other champions of Her cause because they have had the unfortunate lack of vision to challenge us in battle. They may be foolish, but they are still Her servitors, and we must treat them accordingly. And so, if an opponent surrenders in good faith, you must honor it.

Honor battles are an inevitable part of our lives. We are beings filled with rage, and we do not take slights lightly. But we also have a duty to consider, which means that once the battle is done, we must let it go. The victor must move on, and the defeated must accept his lot. That is the only way our society can continue to function when locked in a constant state of war.

Hide-of-Iron adds: These battles might seem strange to the lupus among us, as we tend to deal with challenges via threats and intimidation rather than through actual battle. You must never forget, however, that baring your throat to an opponent will not necessarily end the battle; more often than not he will tear it out, be it right or wrong to do so. Challenges are not a matter of mere submission: the opponent must be defeated utterly, or he will not be defeated at all. Be cautious, and mindful of your own and your opponent's limits.

Sophie comments: Sometimes accidents happen, though. We have a bad reputation among the other tribes because sometimes there was no other way to remove a weak or flawed ally than to challenge him, and then fight a little more vigorously than he could take. This law is important, but there are those who don't deserve its protection.

Submission to Those of Higher Station

This law is straightforward. We are a martial society, and cannot function without some semblance of order within our septs and packs. Listen to the words of elders, and do not oppose them without extraordinary reason. Punishment for failing to do this is severe, and you will not be able to count on your pack to help you: Lax tribes like the Black Furies might be willing to abandon their hierarchy of command during these lax times, but the Fenrir will ruthlessly punish anyone proven guilty of insubordination. We will not allow you to disobey orders, because doing so endangers us all.

Sophie warns: While this is true, many among us must be cautious, particularly the females and the lupus of the tribe. Some homids think this law entitles them to certain liberties among the "dogs and women" beneath them, and that is not so. No respectable Fenrir

would abuse his position in such a fashion, but remember that there are plenty of Get that aren't exactly respectable. We rooted a lot of them out when we annihilated the Swords, but their sentiments persist within the tribe in muted form even now.

Hans adds: While this may seem harsh, the reason for our rigorous adherence to this law stems from the fact that we are, in fact, fighting a war, and must conduct ourselves accordingly. A breakdown in the command structure cannot be tolerated, because it would throw the operations of our people into utter chaos. We can't have people going off and doing their own things, and we cannot undermine the authority of our elders if we expect to get anything done. You are not free to do as your please among the Get; that sticks in the craw of many Fenrir, particularly those from America, but that's the way it is, and that's the way it has to be. Never forget that.

The First Share of the Kill for the Greatest in Station

To the lupus, the reasoning behind this law is obvious — the leader of the pack must be strong and capable, and so he receives the greatest portion of the spoils that he might maintain his strength. Among homids, the reasoning is less clear. To them it is more about greed and possession, rather than nourishment and sustenance. In any event, among the Fenrir packs it is largely ceremonial. We don't actually eat the Wyrm things we kill, and any trinkets we seize are given to those who might make best use of them in our battle with the Wyrm. Those of lower ranks obviously must honor the law, and trust in their elders to partition wealth wisely, if not necessarily fairly.

Hide-of-Iron cautions: Be careful, as some Fenrir use this as an excuse to appropriate possessions from other pack members if they were gained in the course of normal service to the sept. This is especially true if the Get who discovered the item is lupus, as they are not supposed to "need" material possessions. That might be true, but it doesn't make the theft of a choice talen any less galling.

Sophie adds: Also, even though actual enforcement of this law is typically fairly lax, be certain to observe it at all times. If you do not, an elder who feels his authority is threatened might use it as an excuse to challenge you, whether the challenge is truly warranted or not. Such despicable beasts are thankfully fairly rare, but they do exist, so take heed.

Ye Shall Not Eat the Flesh of Humans

This is a truly bizarre law, since neither homids nor lupus have any desire whatsoever to eat humans to begin with. Wolves have no interest in humans, and humans themselves have strict cultural taboos against cannibalistic acts. So on the face of it, the rationale behind this law is difficult to fathom. That said, however, we must remember that Garou are neither wolves nor humans, but rather avenging spirits of rage and fury dedicated to the protection of Gaia at all costs. While in such a state a Garou does not think rationally, and might succumb to the urge to rend an opponent to pieces and consume him. This is to be avoided at all costs.

While the impetus for the law is unclear, the reasoning behind it is not. While the horror the humans feel for us gives strength to the Veil, it also fosters their hatred and fear of wolves, which in turn makes life difficult for our lupus Kin. To actually hunt down and consume a human only worsens the situation, so try to avoid it if possible. Most of this is common sense, but keep it in mind anyway.

Respect Those Beneath Ye — All Are of Gaia

It is of course true that we are Gaia's greatest defenders, but that is neither here nor there. The lesser tribes, and indeed all living things, are worthy of your consideration and respect, and you must never forget this. We do not defend Gaia for our own sake, but for theirs. In battling the Wyrm, we serve them. Show them respect and compassion, and when appropriate mercy as well. Do not steal from them, or treat them unjustly, or challenge their abilities or authority without ample reason. Because we are Gaia's greatest defenders we must also demonstrate more restraint, more wisdom, than the other Garou are capable of showing. This is what it means to be the greatest warriors in the world. Remember this and act accordingly.

Sophie agrees: Thunder's Teeth might seem a little over the top here, but the spirit of his words rings true. When you see a human in danger from the Wyrm, you must protect him if feasible, even if he is fearful or angered by your presence. That is our duty, the sacred trust Gaia has given us. Of course, sacrifices often have to be made if we are to accomplish our goals; no one denies this. The law simply tells us not to be arbitrary or capricious about it.

Hide-of-Iron laments: It is a pity we so often fail to observe this law; if only we had remembered it in the Amazon, the recent tragedies there might have been averted. The third law of the Litany and this one go hand in hand: do not think you are entitled to ignore a lesser's territory just because he is, in fact, your lesser. Your greatness obliges you to act with wisdom and restraint, not with the pettiness of a bully.

The Veil Shall Not Be Lifted

Long ago, we culled the ranks of the humans in order to keep them firmly under our control. Our zealousness in this regard came with heavy consequences, especially for humanity. The merest look at one of our kind whilst wearing the wolf shirt is enough to make them insane, and if this occurs in a crowded area the result is nothing less than chaos. Do not allow this to happen; as I said before, we are here to protect the humans as well as the rest of Gaia's children. Failing to do so is bad enough, but inciting a riot in the process is unforgivable.

More importantly, however, is the fact that our existence must be kept secret, to the extent possible. Humans only remember the Impergium, and as such see us as nothing less than monsters. They will try to destroy us if they learn who and what we are, and that's something we obviously wish to avoid. If you are forced to assume your war form with other people around, deal with the threat at hand and then destroy the witnesses soon after. This seems a barbaric thing to do, and it is, so make sure the situation does not present itself to begin with. Pick your targets carefully, and choose the time and place of your engagement. Anything less is irresponsible, and will be dealt with in the harshest manner possible.

Hans adds: This is especially difficult with families, presuming they are not already part of the sept. Our natural instinct is to share our true nature with them, but remember that doing so will inevitably place them in danger, and force them to cope with something they are not prepared to understand.

Do Not Suffer Thy People to Tend Thy Sickness

We Get lead a harsh life, and it shows. Few of our elders are truly old, as most Fenrir die in battle before they have the chance to age much. That is our lot, though; there is nothing more glorious than dying in battle in defense of Gaia, and you should be proud to be afforded such an opportunity. But sometimes, we are crippled, or maimed, or sickened by the Wyrm, and as such are not killed outright. This puts the tribe in an unfortunate position: we are not eager to kill our own kin and packmates, but at the same time we cannot support those who do not contribute to our war. This makes the sick and wounded a strain on our resources, and it falls to you to minimize that strain if possible.

It is an unpleasant thought, but if you cannot fulfill your duties to the tribe any longer you must bid them to release you, that you may go in peace and let us remember your contributions to our cause. None will do this gladly, even if they hate you in life. There is no glory in killing a weakened ally, but it is sometimes necessary, and merciful, and so it must be done. Be strong, should this happen to you, and go into death knowing that you will continue to serve Gaia in the world beyond our own.

Sophie adds: Remember, too, that you may serve the tribe in ways other than fighting. The few elders we have who can no longer fight serve as powerful Theurges, loremasters, or icons of our ways and traditions. Some honor the dead, even though they can scarcely move. These tasks are important, as they strengthen the tribe's resolve. If a tribe member is ill or infirm, yet can still contribute to the tribe, you must allow him to do so to the best of his ability until he has the honor to die in battle like all the rest of our tribe. We all deserve the chance to gain honor and glory in war against our enemies, so do not force this law unless you have no choice but to do so.

The Leader May Be Challenged at Any Time During Peace

We are much stricter about this rule than most other tribes. There's a time and a place for everything, and in the case of challenges that place is a moots. Do not challenge your leader during the normal course of events; doing so is disruptive, and interrupts our ongoing fight against the Wyrm.

Hide-of-Iron contributes: This isn't just a law, it's a reminder of your *duty* to challenge a weak, foolish or otherwise unfit leader. An unfit leader is a danger to himself, all the Garou who serve him, all the allies who rely on him, and ultimately to Gaia Herself. As usual, it's mostly left to us to make the necessary challenges while the other tribes are wringing their hands, and we take shit for it. Oh well.

The Leader May Not Be Challenged During Wartime

This rule is ironclad. You do not challenge your leader during battle, under any circumstances save total and complete incompetence. If your leader is taking actions which grossly violate the Litany, or which further the cause of the Wyrm, then you should kill him and assume command. But you never, ever

challenge his commands during battle. We are extremely hidebound about this particular law, so make certain you understand what it means.

Hans observes: Do not let this law prevent you from letting the leader know about problems or misgivings you have with the way things are being done. It is in our nature to submit to those of higher station, but our leaders command us by our will alone, and if they are being foolish it is our responsibility to make them aware of our displeasure. Formal challenges are one thing, but be active in the way your sept operates whether you intend to formally challenge the leader or not.

Sophie adds: This includes commentary during battle as well. We like to keep things ruthlessly efficient if at all possible, and that means keeping the chatter to a minimum when fighting. Fighting the Wyrm is serious business, so treat it accordingly.

Ye Shall Take No Action That Causes a Caern to Be Violated

Caern Warders tend to be very strict, and with good reason: Our caerns may be powerful, but they are few in number. Preserving them is essential. Obviously, we do not want the Wyrm defiling them, but this law points to more than that. It tells us to be careful about fetishes and artifacts, about corrupt humans and wolves, about battles brought to our very shores. Keep the Wyrmspawn out, even the dead ones. Do not bring trophies of your kills to the caern, as they can defile it without your knowledge. Always use caution with unknown people, places, and things, and be careful to keep the stench of the Wyrm off of your hide. This can be trickier than it looks, so check with your packmates if you have any doubts. A good Theurge can tell you if a thing will violate a caern, so this shouldn't be an issue for you.

Hans reiterates: We Fenrir value a good death because we know what a bad death is like. And if someone violates this law, they find out just how bad a death can be.

The Get Around the World

Hans Dragonbellow takes up the thread:

We Get are an adventurous lot, and because of this we can be found just about any place that has wolves and humans in relative abundance. Travel and conquest have always been a tradition among the Fenrir, and it's a favored pastime even today. Of course, this works better in some places than it does in others; the Americas just rolled over for us, giving us a second home, while

Get Migrations

Sophie pitches in:

Okay, for all you homids out there, let me clear something up right here and now: Just because there are a bunch of German folk, or Scandinavian folk, or what-the-hell-ever folk in a given area does not mean there are Fenrir hanging out with them. This is an exceedingly popular, and amazingly stupid, misconception that's gotten us into a fair bit of trouble more often than not. These are the guidelines for figuring out whether or not it's likely that Get populate any particular area:

Wolves. Hello, people! We need wolves to reproduce, you know? We aren't a bunch of fucking Glass Walkers, content to hole up in cities and restrict our mating to humans. It doesn't work that way, as the Walkers are finding out. We need wolves, or we lose our strength and vigor. This means you can forget about finding us in places that HAVE NO WOLVES! Of course, one might find Get *visitors* just about anywhere, but you won't find residents in places like Africa, South America, or freakin' Japan. There just aren't enough wolves in these places to go around, and we sure as hell aren't gonna take turns fucking the local zoo animals.

Humans. Obviously, we need human Kin just as much as we need wolves, and these Kin tend to be Germanic or Scandinavian in heritage. This is by no means a necessity, however; any Get worth her salt will fuck an Aborigine as soon as a German if he's a strong warrior and suitable Kin.

The Fera. This is key. In addition to wolves and humans, it's imperative that other strong shifters not dominate the area. Apart from the lack of wolves, this is what kept us out of Africa: the Striders don't want us there, and neither do the Bastet, or the Mokolé, or who knows what else. The Fera in Africa are tough bastards, and they don't take any lip from foreigners. North America, however, was another story altogether. The Wendigo were a bunch of pussies, and we beat the snot out of them. This told us their stewardship of the region was insufficient, and that we had to take over. If the natives are doing their job, though, we aren't gonna fuck with 'em — that runs counter to the best interests of Gaia, and we don't want that. It's of course a given that we would do the job better than they would, but that's beside the point. As long as they're not incompetent, we don't interfere with their duties.

This is all pretty basic stuff, but homids tend to forget the importance of the wolf, so it bears repeating. Get in general tend to forget that there's a division of labor among Gaia's children, so the lesson's doubly important. Know your place, and don't assume that human Kin are a free ride to dominance in a given area.

places like Africa... didn't. In hindsight, we probably deserved the thrashing we got there. Ah, well. Anyway, here's a rundown on where we are now, how we're doing there, and what this means to you, the Cliath.

Europe

This is our ancestral home, and it pretty much belongs to us. Our stewardship of the region has left a lot to be desired; most of the old forests have been hacked to pieces, and all the great wild things are gone. But, this region has been subject to more strife, and on a greater scale, than perhaps any other in the world. Mighty as we are, there is only so much we can do to control the activities of the humans. That sounds like a hollow excuse, and it is. But it's also true.

The North

There's little to say about the North, really. We stomp the hell out of Black Spiral Dancers when they show up, and otherwise keep the humans here in check. We do our jobs, so things seem pretty dull to the untrained eye. Our caerns are very strong here, and we're pretty exclusive about them; other Garou can visit for a time, but we make sure they move on before they get a chance to overstay their welcome. In non-Garou matters, though, we've had some heartening news: we found evidence of several Gurahl awakening, and after some investigation tracked them down. They were initially terrified of us (no surprise there), but we've managed to calm them down enough that we're on speaking terms. They still think we're lunatics, but it's easy to see how our dedication would instill that impression into such gentle folk. If the Apocalypse is truly on its way, as many claim, our odds of ensuring the world's survival just went up several notches.

Germany

Our presence in Germany has been all-but-unchallenged for almost the entire time that humans have lived in that portion of the world. Until, of course, the events of the last century, when we had to forcibly thin our own numbers... but damn it all, I'm sick of talking about Nazi Germany, and the Fenrir that went along with that damnable government. We won't ever forget, and we won't ever let it happen again — so I'll thank the rest of the Garou Nation to try and realize that our tribe is more than that one black spot!

Sorry. At any rate, it's an interesting time in Germany. On the one hand, there's a number of humans who are doing a pretty good job of realizing that they have to live in the world, and are doing something about reducing the amount of damage they're doing Gaia. On the other hand, there are still these ugly incidences of racial unrest and even violence, and each outbreak just feeds the local Banes all the more. The Black Forest is a shadow of its former self, and the Shadow Lords keep sniffing around to see if we're still going to call Germany one of our territories. It's going to be touch-and-go there, believe you me.

France

Our control here is quite firm, though we do have to share a number of places with other tribes. Mostly, we're stuck with the Fianna, which is irritating as hell. We'd force them out if we had some place to put them, but the only option open to us is a small, damp island off the coast, populated by people who think they're important. There's a lot of conflict there already, so we tolerate the bastards for the time being. The fact that many of our own tribe live on that small, damp island has nothing to do with it. Really.

Great Britain

Plenty of Get reside here, though Gaia alone knows why. I've never encountered a more perpetually dank and dreary place. Legend says we came when the White Howlers fell, and the Fianna fucked up the job of protecting the place from the Wyrm. Its occupants eventually fell prey to delusions of grandeur, and did their level best to take over the world. The Silver Fangs were close to the heart of that, as they typically are when royalty is involved, and we did our best to carry out their wishes. And lo, the world is conquered and finds itself in the sorry state it's in today. I know I'm not supposed to question our leaders, but I think they got just a little too power-hungry for their own (and everyone else's) good. Anyway, there are lots of British Get still in the isles, and floating around the world. None of 'em are lupus, though. Too busy fucking humans and minding bloodlines to hop a boat to the mainland and find a worthy mate among the wolves.

Eastern Europe

To the east lies the territory of the Shadow Lords, who have proven to be quite capable in maintaining their hold on their ancestral lands. We in the old land are quite familiar with their tactics, so they have learned to approach us as equals instead of pawns when seeking out our aid. With all the vampire problems in the area, such requests have become fairly common, and we are happy to honor them. No matter our feelings about the Lords, the sanctity of Gaia comes first, and we will help them expunge the vampires that infest their lands if it kills every one of us and takes ten thousand years.

Willing as we are to cooperate, however, we do have our limits. In particular, most of us are rightly skeptical of the Margrave's plans for a unified European Garou Nation, particularly with the Shadow Lords at the helm. They most assuredly do not have our best interests at heart, and so we watch them with caution and a fair amount of skepticism.

Southern Europe

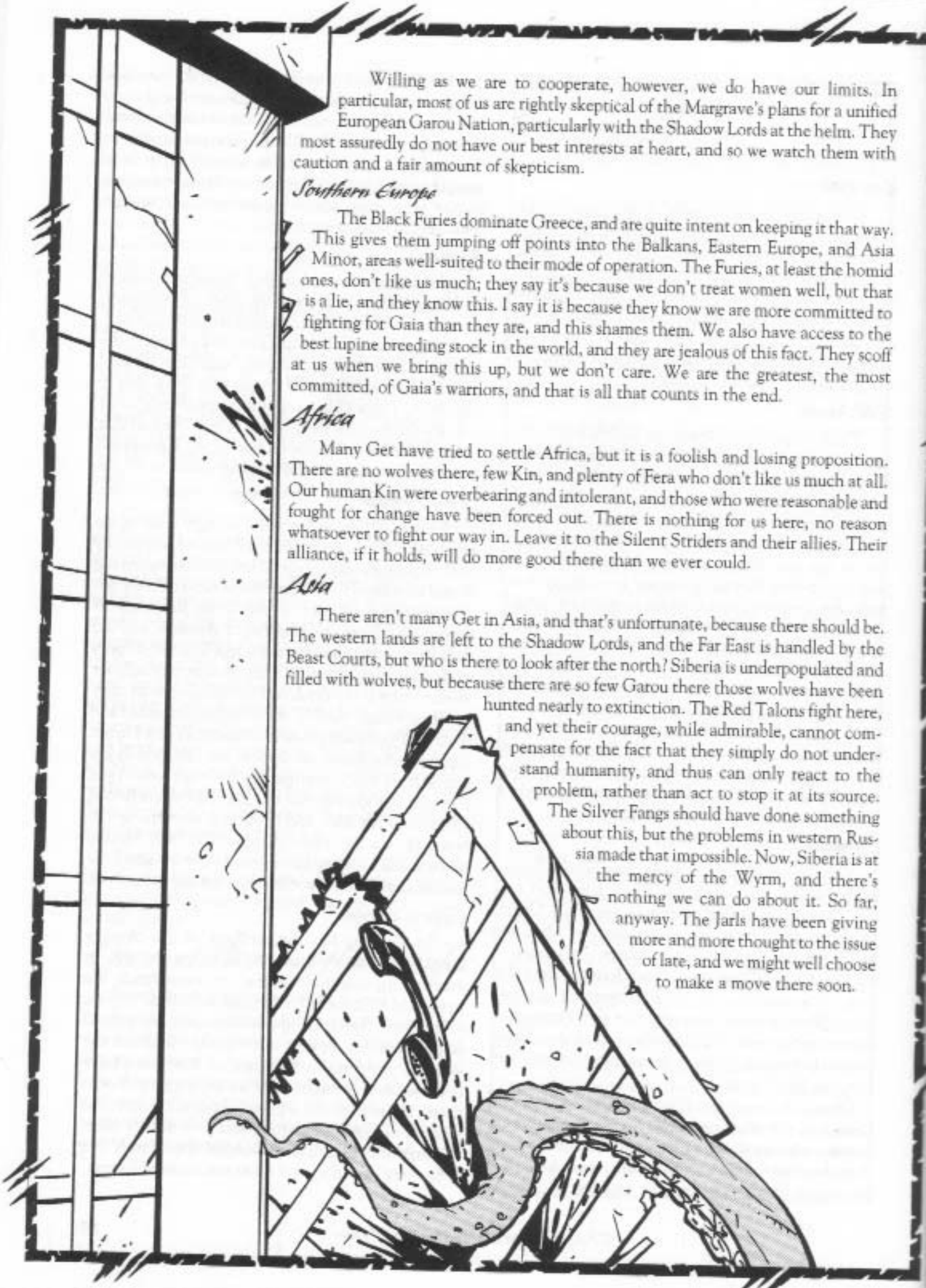
The Black Furies dominate Greece, and are quite intent on keeping it that way. This gives them jumping off points into the Balkans, Eastern Europe, and Asia Minor, areas well-suited to their mode of operation. The Furies, at least the homid ones, don't like us much; they say it's because we don't treat women well, but that is a lie, and they know this. I say it is because they know we are more committed to fighting for Gaia than they are, and this shames them. We also have access to the best lupine breeding stock in the world, and they are jealous of this fact. They scoff at us when we bring this up, but we don't care. We are the greatest, the most committed, of Gaia's warriors, and that is all that counts in the end.

Africa

Many Get have tried to settle Africa, but it is a foolish and losing proposition. There are no wolves there, few Kin, and plenty of Fera who don't like us much at all. Our human Kin were overbearing and intolerant, and those who were reasonable and fought for change have been forced out. There is nothing for us here, no reason whatsoever to fight our way in. Leave it to the Silent Striders and their allies. Their alliance, if it holds, will do more good there than we ever could.

Asia

There aren't many Get in Asia, and that's unfortunate, because there should be. The western lands are left to the Shadow Lords, and the Far East is handled by the Beast Courts, but who is there to look after the north? Siberia is underpopulated and filled with wolves, but because there are so few Garou there those wolves have been hunted nearly to extinction. The Red Talons fight here, and yet their courage, while admirable, cannot compensate for the fact that they simply do not understand humanity, and thus can only react to the problem, rather than act to stop it at its source. The Silver Fangs should have done something about this, but the problems in western Russia made that impossible. Now, Siberia is at the mercy of the Wyrm, and there's nothing we can do about it. So far, anyway. The Jarls have been giving more and more thought to the issue of late, and we might well choose to make a move there soon.



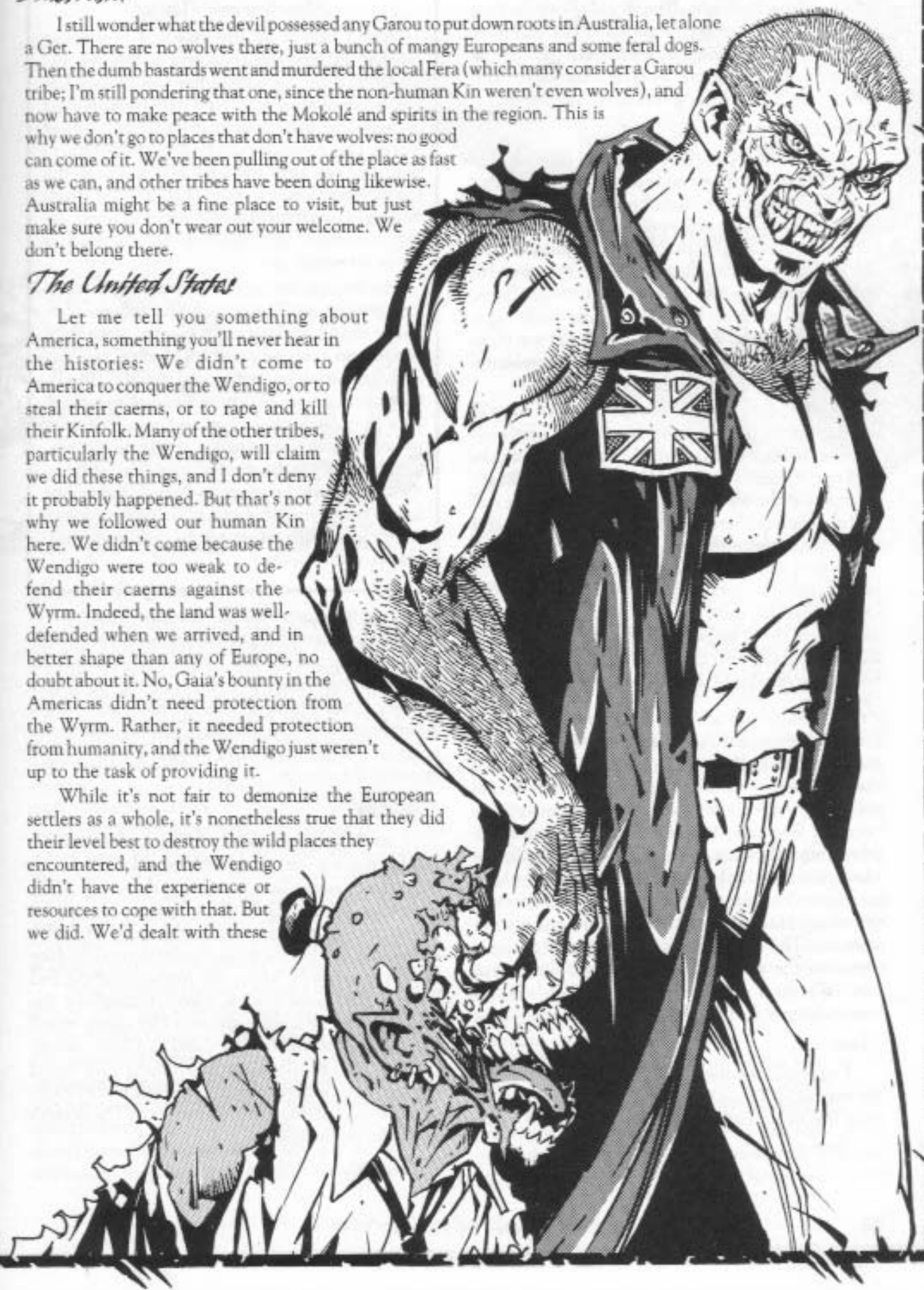
Australia

I still wonder what the devil possessed any Garou to put down roots in Australia, let alone a Get. There are no wolves there, just a bunch of mangy Europeans and some feral dogs. Then the dumb bastards went and murdered the local Fera (which many consider a Garou tribe; I'm still pondering that one, since the non-human Kin weren't even wolves), and now have to make peace with the Mokolé and spirits in the region. This is why we don't go to places that don't have wolves: no good can come of it. We've been pulling out of the place as fast as we can, and other tribes have been doing likewise. Australia might be a fine place to visit, but just make sure you don't wear out your welcome. We don't belong there.

The United States

Let me tell you something about America, something you'll never hear in the histories: We didn't come to America to conquer the Wendigo, or to steal their caerns, or to rape and kill their Kinfolk. Many of the other tribes, particularly the Wendigo, will claim we did these things, and I don't deny it probably happened. But that's not why we followed our human Kin here. We didn't come because the Wendigo were too weak to defend their caerns against the Wyrm. Indeed, the land was well-defended when we arrived, and in better shape than any of Europe, no doubt about it. No, Gaia's bounty in the Americas didn't need protection from the Wyrm. Rather, it needed protection from humanity, and the Wendigo just weren't up to the task of providing it.

While it's not fair to demonize the European settlers as a whole, it's nonetheless true that they did their level best to destroy the wild places they encountered, and the Wendigo didn't have the experience or resources to cope with that. But we did. We'd dealt with these



people for centuries, and we knew how to stop them. It took us awhile, but stop them we did — over half the land in North America is protected by law, and more and more of it is being restored every day. It's an ongoing battle, but it's one we must continue to fight, even if it requires tactics anathema to most of us.

Minnesota

The greatest wolf concentration in the U.S. is in Minnesota, and there are quite naturally a fair number of Get here. The fact that there's a strong mix of German and Scandinavian populations there doesn't hurt, either. Because of these factors, Minnesota (and to a lesser extent, Wisconsin) is the Get stronghold in North America, and it's relatively free of non-Garou supernatural elements as a result. Vampires avoid it like the plague, and Wyrm elements don't even try to gain a foothold. There are plenty of human problems, though, so the Garou there are pretty busy.

Of some note here is the island of Isle Royale, which is part of Michigan even though it's a heckuva lot closer to Minnesota and the Canadian side of Lake Superior. It's pretty small, and it's infested with scientists most of the time, but there're hearty moose and wolf populations there, and the gauntlet in the place is paper-thin. Garou involved in wolf conservation of one form or another love to go there, as it's one of the best places in the world to get in touch with the Wyld. Despite this fact, there are no permanent Garou residents there that I know of. Too much scrutiny from scientist types. On the upside, though, they do keep it from being developed, which is quite a relief.

The West

Get throughout the western U.S. haven't really stuck to ethnic lines, since wolves can be found throughout the northern states and Canada, and people are everywhere. Many have ranches in Montana and Wyoming, and they're pretty fierce about protecting Yellowstone. Get hang around the Rocky Mountains a lot, both because it's the fiercest, wildest country on the continent and because there are still wolves to be found there, human expansion notwithstanding. The amount of land devoted to national forests in the western United States is staggering, especially for a developed nation. We're working hard to keep it that way.

Texas

I suppose it was inevitable. With the larger-than-life bravado of Texas, the sheer corruption associated with the oil industry, the utter lack of any other shifters in the region, and the remnant population of Mexican wolves running around, some Get was bound to set up shop as a cowboy. This sept is primarily set up in the Dallas area, and shares strong ties with a Shadow Lords sept in Corpus Christi. I don't know whose bright idea that was; there're some really weird goings-on down there, and I think I'm better off not knowing the details.

Canada

Canada is relatively people-free and wolf-filled, making it prime territory for Garou packs. The Fenrir don't tend to settle here, though, as they find it to be somewhat boring. The lack of people means the Wyrm and its minions are hard-pressed to find a foothold in any but the most populated areas, and the Wyld can safely be left to the remnants of the Red Talons, who have several caerns throughout the country. That said, there are some Get caerns in and around Quebec and Ontario, and to a lesser extent Alberta and British Columbia. Many Get travel through the northern territories to drink in the beauty of the Wyld, but they rarely stay for long. The Wyrm's talons fester elsewhere.

Ranchers and Wolves

Don't believe all the hype you hear about ranchers fighting against wolves in Yellowstone. Truth is, there are quite a few Get or Get Kin ranchers, and they're secretly staunch supporters of environmental legislation in the western United States. They have to be careful about it, though, so that they can keep the land wild and keep the federal government from walking all over them. So long as government power is decentralized, the land can remain wild and undeveloped, which is better for everybody.

In the days before wolves were relocated to Yellowstone, wolf supporters found themselves busily trying to determine exactly when, and where, and how one could kill a wolf. The irony of this situation was not lost on them. Similarly, Get ranchers have to determine what legislation must be opposed, and when, and how, if they are to keep power in the hands of private citizens, and thus prevent the absorption of land by industry and commercial interests – where it would be lost to the Wyrm. It is a fine line they walk, but do not judge them too harshly, for things are not always as they seem.

South America

Aw, man. What a mess. Golgol Fangs-First leads the war against Pentex in the Amazon rainforest, and I think the collateral damage from that conflict was almost as bad as the damage Pentex was inflicting on the region itself. There were just too many people who wanted to be in charge, and that led to disaster. Golgol managed to force the Garou to get in line, but the other shifters just wouldn't submit to him. They had their own allegiances, and pretty much felt invaded by the people who were supposed to be helping them. The whole mess was going nowhere fast. Well, a couple months ago some Silent Striders showed up from some place in Africa, and told the Garou about the pact they'd formed with the other shifters in there. There was some pretty bad blood between them, but they managed to work it out for the greater good of Gaia.

Now, there was no way in hell Golgol was gonna follow up on that example. Too much had happened in the Amazon for that. But, the same didn't apply to the other tribal representatives in the forest. No one challenged Golgol, but they made their feelings on the subject known: they had to make peace with the other shifters, and they had to do it quickly. Golgol didn't have to give in — in fact, left to his own devices, he wouldn't have. But he's a leader, first and foremost, and a leader has to listen to the desires of his followers. He didn't like the Bastet, or the Mokolé, or whatever the hell else was skulking around down there, but his people were telling him that the war was going to fail if he didn't do something to bring the other shifters into the fold on the side of the Garou. And, with much reflection, he saw that they were right. He had to do something. If the cost of winning the war was his own pride, if the alternative was destruction, and the annihilation of the rainforest, then so be it. No matter his failings, he was a leader, and he would do what he had to do.

So, he did the only thing that he could do. He sacrificed his own pride for the sake of the greater good, and of Gaia. He tracked down the leader of the Bastet, and apologized to him for invading his territory, and binding the spirits of the forest without permission, and killing his people when they fought against him. He asked the Bastet to join the war effort, and to aid the Garou in bringing the Mokolé onto their side as well.

Well, the Garou who heard of this were astonished, to say nothing of the Bastet. Turns out the Bastet were praying for something like this to happen, and eagerly accepted Golgol's proposal. Most didn't even rub his face in it, they were so relieved. Sadly, not all of their followers agreed. There have been at least

three attempts on Golgol's life since then, and unconfirmed reports claim that one of these was successful. If so it's a great loss, but his final act might well have turned the war in the Amazon around. Pentex is hurting bad from recent strikes, and the Garou show no sign of letting up soon. I wouldn't call the accord between the Garou and the Bastet an alliance, exactly, but they don't seem to be fighting one another any more. It might be a case of too little, too late, though; the forest is all but gone, and if they don't crack Pentex soon there'll be nothing left to protect.

The Other Tribes

Thunder's Teeth picks up the narration once more: Here is where we come to a significant part of your education, pup. We Fenrir are not alone in the world, and while our rage is vast it is not endless. We need allies if we are to prevail over the threats Gaia faces, and those allies come in the form of other Garou. Opinions on their relative worth vary depending on whom you choose to believe; what follows is some general commentary, followed by my own reflections on the tribes gleaned from two decades of interacting with the Garou Nation.

The Black Furies

Sophie: Black Furies? Damn those stupid bitches! Every time I go to a moot they launch into endless tirades about how evil and fascist the Fenrir are, how horrible they are to women, and how I should leave the tribe and join up with them. Don't they have better things to do than harass us? If they put as much energy into fighting the Wyrm as they did in worrying about weaklings, we'd all be a lot better off.

Thunder's Teeth: Your anger is understandable, Sophie, but you should not be so quick to judge. The Black Furies are a tribe of fiercely vigilant Garou, easily worthy of our respect. Some of them do indeed hold nothing but contempt for human and Garou males alike, but among the more dedicated individuals of the tribe this is not the case. Indeed, the Fury elders I have met over the years have seemed to be rather embarrassed by their tribe's more radical fringe element, even if they do consider our own dedication to our cause to be a bit extreme. It is not surprising that the younger Furies attack us; our strength and passion show them their own weakness, and they lash out at us because we intimidate them. The wiser Furies accept us as superior combatants, and choose to delve into the mysticism that is the tribe's hallmark rather than compete with us in battle. It is a pity that so few of them know their place.

Bone Gnawers

Hans: What a stupid bunch of filthy mongrels. How can they call themselves Garou? They don't even care about fighting the Wyrm, or even in crushing the vampires which infest the cities! We should tear them to pieces, fair punishment for squandering their heritage and their gifts.

Thunder's Teeth: Mmm. In theory, the Bone Gnawers are in a position to be a great asset to the Garou Nation in its war against the Wyrm. They live among the refuse of humanity, and thus are among the first to learn of the Wyrm's infectious presence therein. If they were diligent in their duties, they would surely make the greatest scouts we could possibly hope to have in the cities. Sadly, however, they are far from diligent; most are unmotivated and interested only in their own comfort and survival, and those few who take it upon themselves to act do so only to comfort the humans who live in the same sorry state as themselves. This is unfortunate, but you should not dismiss them entirely; I know of at least one Bone Gnawer who has proven to be a capable battle master in our war against the Wyrm in South America, and this alone shows that we cannot be too hasty in our judgments.

Children of Gaia

Sophie: Children of Gaia my ass! Children of the drug generation is more like it. Bunch of fucking hippies, always whining about peace and acceptance and never actually putting any backbone into anything. Hell, look what happened in Russia! They and the Bone Gnawers are embarrassments to the Garou!

Thunder's Teeth: Though easy to dismiss, the Children of Gaia are in fact a divided tribe. I know of many who are utter pacifists, living in denial of the dangers we face. I do not pretend to understand how they can maintain such an ignorant attitude, but we can never underestimate the power of a mind bent on idiocy. There are others within the tribe, however, who cry out in agony at the divisiveness among the Garou, and want only to bridge the gaps between the tribes so that we might better fight the Wyrm and its minions. While this is a laudable goal, mere words cannot heal the wounds plaguing us. We need leadership, and the Children will only accomplish their goals if they work to make that leadership a reality. It will take great strength to make their ideals work. A shame none of them have demonstrated such strength to date.

Fianna

Thunder's Teeth: Ah, the Fianna. I think I have likely never encountered such a bunch of frivolous asses in my entire life. They are so eager to play, to revel, to fight, and to hate, and they care nothing for principle and everything for the trite and ephemeral. The way they treat their metis is abominable and stupid, and the way they treat their women makes the Get look good. They're staunch warriors when they put their minds to it, and entertaining enough at parties and such, but useless in nearly every other respect. I would not rely on one to save my life, and I recommend you never take them seriously.

Hans objects: I wouldn't be so hard on the Fianna as Thunder's Teeth is. What you have to keep in mind is that, like us, they place great value on life, and on living. They get what it is we're fighting for, to an extent none of the other tribes do, and that's great. The problem is that they lack discipline, and they let their emotions dictate the course of their life — which makes them contemptible. If they had that discipline, we'd call them brothers. As it is, they're just a pack of shapechanging hedonists who aren't worth much. You see them at their best when they're drinking in a bar or dancing around a fire, and what does *that* say about a tribe of Gaia's warriors?

Glass Walkers

Hide-of-Iron: They stink of the worst excesses of humans. How can they not be tainted? They always live in houses and drive cars, stinking up the planet and wrecking the wild places. Why does no one see that they are corrupt?

Thunder's Teeth: At one time, the Glass Walkers were a noble experiment. When humans lived in towns and villages, and their idea of civilization was an oversized hamlet, the Warders certainly had their place. We cannot adequately watch the humans from without, so someone had to take it upon themselves to watch them from within... particularly since our relations with the Fera have been so dismal for the bulk of human history. But ever since the Industrial Revolution... It was at this time that the Glass Walkers became swallowed by something much larger than themselves, and by that point it was too late for them to escape. Now they do their best to fight the Weaver from within, seeking a way to slow the progress of the Wyrm's corruption of the web of life that binds all creation. But they cannot possibly win, and it is only a matter of time before they fall to corruption. The White Howlers could not hold out in the belly of the Wyrm, and the Red Talons have lost themselves in the chaos of the Wyld. So it is that the Glass Walkers will become trapped within the web of the Weaver, and lost to us forever.

Red Talons

Hans: Garm's teeth, where did they get so much hate? They're good fighters, but they want to kill many of the very things we're supposed to protect. Humans are part of Gaia, too, and just going on the warpath like they do is a good way to get killed. Probably why the poor bastards are going extinct.

Thunder's Teeth: The Red Talons? There is nothing we can do for them, except offer sympathy for their pain. They are awash in unfocused rage, a doomed sect waiting to die. Their hatred for humanity has consumed them, and now they claw frantically at the humans' buildings, flailing about wildly in hopes that their talons might do some good. Honor them, for they are willing to serve the leaders of the Garou, but be warned, for they are usually unable to direct their rage toward any constructive ends. Stay out of their way, offer them assistance if they have a goal that seems realistic, but otherwise just leave them be. It's the least we can do.

Shadow Lords

Sophie: Never trust a Shadow Lord, I say. They're a bunch of backstabbing politicians, eager to play the Garou off against one another to advance their own private agendas. They lost their way long ago, and they'll destroy us if we don't put an end to their scheming.

Thunder's Teeth: Many of us Fenrir hate the Shadow Lords with a passion, and with good reason — the children of Thunder are a vicious, backstabbing lot, historically famous for being quite willing to sacrifice a pack of Garou to further their own ends. Those ends, however, are something most Garou do not understand, and as a result they see only treachery instead of the reasons behind it. In my experience, it is only the inexperienced Lords who manipulate for their own personal gain. Those who survive — those who gain Renown — have grander designs, and they fight the Wyrm and help the Garou in their own ways. Like us, they are willing to sacrifice much to defeat the Wyrm. Unlike the Get, however, their notion of acceptable losses does not begin with themselves — it begins with those they manipulate. They think of themselves as tacticians, more important than mere footsoldiers in the war against the Wyrm and hence less expendable. Listen to their words carefully, and remember that they do not lead, and they do not fight directly. They are not cowards, and they are not corrupt so often as you might guess — but that does not mean they are trustworthy. If you convince them to

view you as essential allies, they can be enormously valuable, and quite helpful. Otherwise, however, you will likely find yourself sacrificed on the altar of victory, regardless of your true value. Tread carefully.

Silent Striders

Hide-of-Iron: The Silent Striders are easily the most bizarre Garou tribe in existence. All they do is track down news on current events among the Garou and spread it to the other tribes. I suppose this is a valuable task, but it is surely a pathetic existence for a tribe of warriors. They are pitiful beings, little better than the Corax who flit from sept to sept.

Thunder's Teeth: Stripped of land and purpose, the Silent Striders serve as little more than glorified messengers within the Garou Nation. This is unfortunate, for they are our only foothold in the continent of Africa, which represents some of the greatest Wyld elements left in the world today. Even without that responsibility, however, the loss of the Striders' lands seems to have left them bereft of purpose and potency. Until recently, their use to us was purely utilitarian: you use them to get a job done, and ignore them otherwise. This has changed a bit in recent years, however. The Striders in Africa have apparently made peace with the other shifters there, and this has dramatically changed their role in the international politics of the Garou Nation. As if this were not enough, they also appear to be on the warpath, attacking all manner of Wyrm foe in fits of righteous fury, aided and abetted by their newfound allies. The Silent Striders are not mere messenger boys any longer; now they fight with a purpose, and you can bet that if they show up asking for help we'll be the first to give it to them. Give them respect, and listen to what they have to say.

Silver Fangs

Sophie: Well, they're the leaders of the Garou, so we naturally have to support them. They have a mighty totem, the ancestral honor, the right of silver... I just wish they'd get on with doing something, so that we'd have something to support.

Thunder's Teeth: Grrrrr. I grow tired of waiting for the leaders of the Garou Nation to take action. Now, the elder Shadow Lords of the Carpathians have become the major power in Europe, while the Silver Fangs lie bloodied and broken as a result of the disasters in Russia. Powerful though we are, we Fenrir are not suited to lead; we are warriors, and need a worthy lord to guide us. Try as we might, we could not make the Silver Fangs into that lord, nor even maintain the illusion of such. They have fallen, at least here in Europe. In America, however... that is a different matter. I have heard that some among them have begun to take action against the Wyrm that gnaws at the heart of their country, and I wish them good luck. That does us no good in the old country, though; here, the Silver Fangs are has-beens and idiots, and we cannot bow before them any longer.

Uktena

Hide-of-Iron: The Uktena are unclean, and they disturb me. The spirits of the Wyrm must be torn apart in glorious battle, not bound to the earth with magic and rituals. Do not trust these Garou; they are corrupt, and they will destroy anyone they touch.

Thunder's Teeth: I find it difficult to trust a tribe which traffics in the souls of Wyrmspawn, even if they do it to bind them and render them powerless. I cannot believe a Garou can maintain his spirit's purity under such circumstances, at least not for long. And yet, the Uktena provide a valuable and irreplaceable service, and must be honored for such. Their souls are strong, and we must give them what support we can, albeit only with the greatest caution. Never trust them *implicitly*, and always watch for signs of corruption. But do as they say, for their tasks are of great import to the Nation at large.

Wendigo

Thunder's Teeth: It is hard for me to find any compassion in my heart for the Wendigo. They are a worthless tribe of whining savages, unwilling to put the past behind them and accept their responsibilities as Garou. The past is irrelevant: the Wyrm threatens us all in the here and now, and any Garou who will not recognize that fact and confront the challenge it presents is worse than useless. I understand that the Wendigo's homid Kin have been oppressed. I understand that they hold our Kin responsible. I understand that there may be truth to such claims. But with all of that said, I can only reply with this: "Let it go. The past is behind us, and the future is now. You cannot regain what you have lost, so let us focus on the present situation instead of dwelling on the past." Ignore the Wendigo. They are too bitter to be useful, and too few to seriously threaten us. Let them wallow in their resentment while we do the work that needs to be done.

Hans: I find it hard to disagree entirely, but there's something that we should all remember. When the three tribes of the Americas came under attack, they each responded in keeping with their totems. The Croatan chose the path of honor and respect, and they died to the last one — they succeeded at their task, but they're not around any more to help us. The Uktena chose the path of wisdom, and started quietly reaching around for anything that would help them regain their strength — new breeding stock, new opportunities, forbidden rituals. The Wendigo chose the path of war

and glory, and they're still walking it. They may not be strong enough to accomplish that much, but I at least can't fault their loyalty to their warrior nature and their totem — cannibal bastard that Great Wendigo may be.

The Breeds

Ajaba

Sophie: Who? Oh yeah, the werehyenas. Hmmm. Never met one. All I know about them is that they have something to do with the Strider movement in Africa. Oh, and they hate the Bastet. Seems the cats annoy everyone.

Ananasi

Hans: I don't care who they say they are or whom they serve – spider freaks who drink blood and prey on humans just need to be hunted down and killed. I don't think the War of Rage was a good idea, mind, but come on – with shifters like this running around, maybe the herd needed to be thinned out a bit. Avoid these things when possible, and kill them if they interfere with your duties. It will be no great loss to Gaia, of that I'm certain.

Bastet

Thunder's Teeth: I know little about the Bastet, save for the fact that they are complex and moody, fearsome and secretive, and generally useless when you need them, just like any cat. I cannot believe that all Bastet are quite so frivolous, but the few encounters I've had with them have done nothing to challenge the stereotype. I've heard that some Garou packs have found them useful, so keep that in mind if you encounter one.

Corax

Hide-of-Iron: Talk, talk, talk. That's all the Corax seem to do. They pry into everyone's business, blab every bit of gossip they uncovet to all of creation, and irritate the hell out of everyone around them in the process. They are dedicated beasts, I'll give them that, and our pacts of friendship go far, far back. But I just can't help snapping at their heels whenever I run into them; it's the old game of wolf and raven at its finest, and I bet they love it as much as I do. Listen to what these pests have to say, but don't cut them too much slack. They'd stop coming around if they thought we were getting soft.

Gurahl

Thunder's Teeth: I have never seen a living Gurahl, though I hear there are some waking up in Scandinavia. We need their kind, desperately; they are Gaia's healers, the ones who bring solace to the wounded and who protect the very land around them. Their passing was what convinced us how wrong we were to persecute the other Fera, no matter how the Bastet and the Ananasi and the others might have provoked us. I am heartened by the fact that some survived, and are returning to the world even now.

Mokolé

Hans: It is said that the Mokolé were the ones who prompted the Garou to make war on the Fera, on account of their mere appearance. I find this somewhat difficult to believe; since when do crocodiles live anywhere near the Garou? I must admit, however, that they do look an awful lot like the Wyrm, and that's enough to make anyone nervous. Their ways are alien to us, and if you happen to encounter one I recommend just giving them a wide berth and going on about your business.

Nagah

Sophie: All I ever heard about these beasts is that they were fierce fighters, peerless hunters of other shifters, and ultimately eradicated during the War of Rage. I know it's terrible that so many breeds died during the War of Rage, most by our own hands, but I'm not sure the passing of the Nagah was such a bad thing. The few stories we have make them out to be some kind of dancers or something; why exactly did Gaia need dancing snakes, anyway?

Nuwisha

Hans: Most Get have never seen a Nuwisha, which is for the best; those that have tend to think they're an infuriating lot. As far as I can tell, they don't take anything seriously, and legends abound of them playing cute little "jokes" on those they deem lacking in wisdom. I guess you could say they filled the same general role as the fox did in European mythology. Whether that's true or not, I don't think we lost much with their passing. Tricksters who are like the Rotagar but less useful are something I think we can do without.

Ratkin

Hide-of-Iron: I've had several Bone Gnawers tell me that the Ratkin are still around, and important in the cities to boot. I've never seen one of the little vermin, so I wouldn't know. But as far as I can tell, the best way to describe them goes something like this: take the filthy demeanor of the Bone Gnawers and combine it with the ruthless backstabbing of the Shadow Lords, and wrap it up in a scrawny, diseased little package with no regard for anyone or anything, and you'll have a Ratkin. These are vile beasts with downright despicable habits, and I recommend avoiding them if at all possible. You'll be tempted to slaughter them otherwise.

Rokea

Sophie: When I first heard about the weresharks, I think my first reaction went something like this: "Wha... ?" That still sums up my opinion of them pretty well. I just don't get the point; the shifters exist to control humanity, and to protect the world from the Wyrm. But... there are no humans beneath the sea, so what purpose can the Rokea possible serve? Perhaps it is because I am a lupus, but I just don't see the point.

Stargazers

Thunder's Teeth: The Stargazers have always been Garou who are not Garou. They are strange, contemplative, philosophical folk, never terribly keen on fighting the war Gaia has set before us. I would mourn their passing, if not for the fact that they never *did* anything while they were with us. Perhaps they will find a destiny better suited to them among the Beast Courts.

The Beast Courts

Thunder's Teeth: It seems discussion and cooperation are becoming the order of the day in our new world: the Beast Courts is apparently an alliance of sorts among the shifters of the East, to which the Stargazers defected last year. These shifters are not our enemies, but they are not our allies, either. We and they are like oil and water; we do not mix, and do not interact much. We simply operate in different worlds, and leave it at that.

The Others

Hide-of-Iron closes the lesson:

Cub, you're going to learn that more monsters live in the world than all the fairy tales of your childhood combined could prepare you for. Our Rotagar and Godi will teach you about the fomori, the Black Spiral Dancers, the Banes from the lowest Scrag to the Maeljin Incarna, and even the Jotunn. You'll find out about beasts like Skull Pigs and Thunderwyrms. You'll hear legends that you swear can't be real, like the Zmei, and stories that none of us can prove are real, like the Vhujunka. And you'll learn the best ways we've found of tracking those beasts down, isolating them, and killing them as brutally and efficiently as possible. But first I want to warn you: some of the monsters out there used to be human, and were changed by something other than Wyrm-spirits. Always keep your eyes open.

Vampires

The vampires — the old legends use the word *draugr*, and it's a good one — all but own the world, infesting the human cities with their vile touch and bending the human masses to their will. The Glass Walkers seek to fight them "on their own terms," but they will fail. Pentex competes with them, but even that evil entity is likely subject to the Leeches' machinations. Do not give these vile beasts quarter, ever — they are the enemies of the Garou, of humanity, of everything that lives in the world. Destroy them utterly, and always remind them that for all of their unholy power there are still beings in the world that can make them wish they'd never been born.

Mages

I suppose I should be open-minded. I suppose I should acknowledge the fact that these warlocks are not born corrupt, and that they can work to serve the ends of Gaia. I suppose I should remember that they are part spirit, as we are, and that some have deep ties to the Umbra, as we do. I suppose the fact that they are a diverse lot is relevant, and that I should not judge them so hastily.

...

I suppose the lot of them should rot in hell. Wipe them out. All of them. Humans are stupid, foolish beasts, and they should not be wielding the power mages hold within them. That is for the spirits of Gaia alone.

Wraiths

Don't fuck with ghosts. If you encounter one, it means that the poor bastard can't rest for some reason. *Fix that.* Drop whatever you're doing and make things right, so that the honored dead can rest. The Get don't care much about things outside the tribe, but this is an exception to that rule. Now, that said, some ghosts come from people who really deserved to die, and who don't deserve peace. But that is not for us to decide, so just make sure the dead stay dead, and go where they're supposed to go. Keeps them out from underfoot.

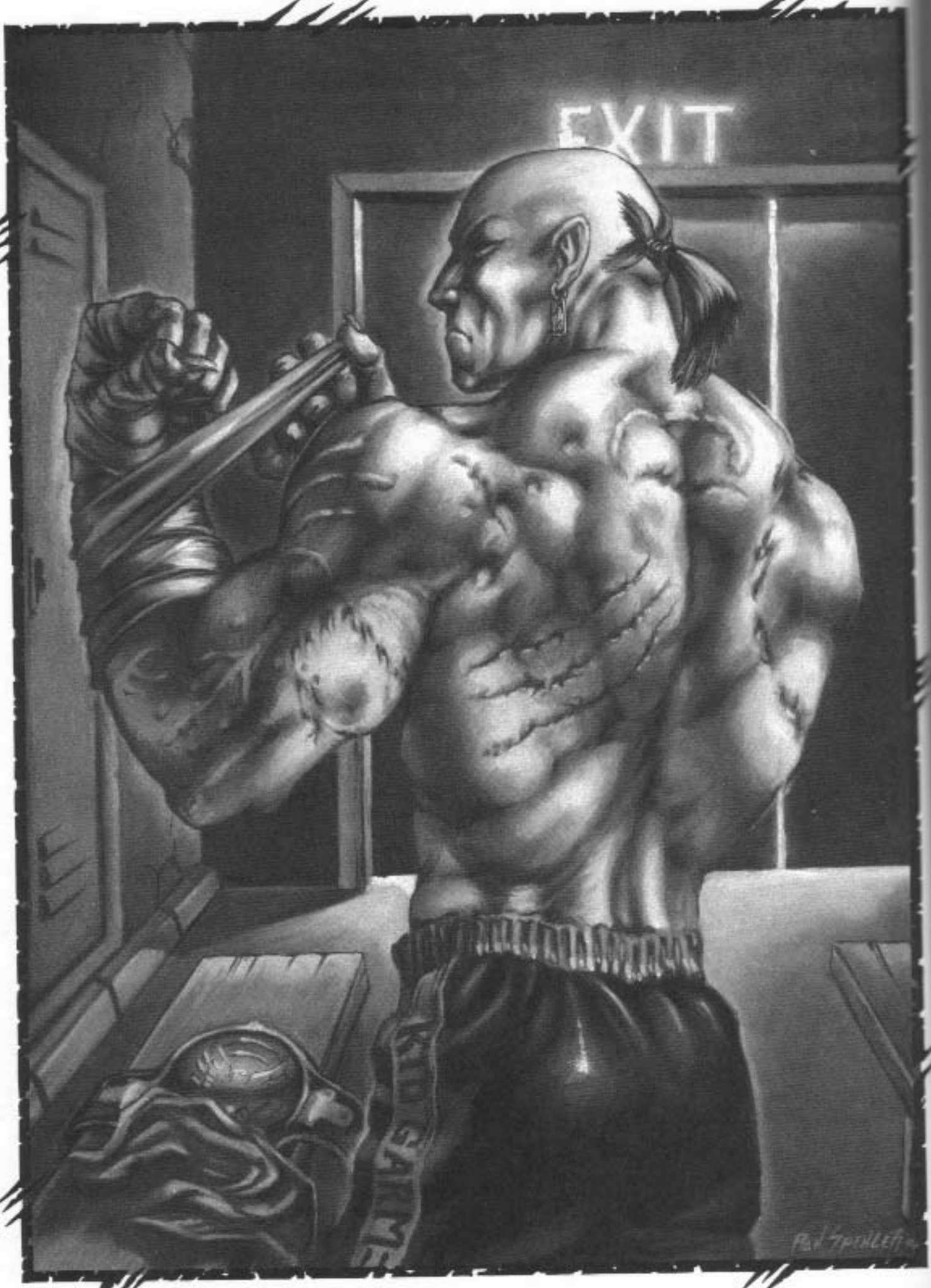
Now, with that in mind, you should know that there are apparently ghosts running around and animating physical bodies. This, in simplest terms, is just unacceptable. These beings are as bad as vampires, and must be destroyed whenever possible.

Fae

I know next to nothing about the Alfar. They associate with the Fianna, and have been the cause of much mischief, but they are neither numerous enough nor dangerous enough to be worth our notice. Perhaps it is because they have always known better than to cause trouble in our territories. In any event, they are no concern of ours. Kill them if they prove to be an annoyance, but otherwise just ignore them.

Hunters

Rumor has it that there is a new force on the scene, humans with limited supernatural abilities who have taken it upon themselves to hunt and kill non-human beings at every opportunity. Unfortunately, this includes Garou. The tales place their first sightings shortly after the Eye of Wotan opened in the sky; I'm not inclined to call it coincidence. Thankfully, none of the rumors paint them as strong. More of a pathetic lot — but they have the resources of humanity at their disposal, and thus they could prove quite dangerous. Just be careful; an idiot with a silver bullet can claim the life of the finest warrior of Gaia, if he's lucky and the warrior doesn't see him coming. Better to presume the rumor is true and be ready for false adversaries than to presume it's false and be caught napping.


EXIT

Chapter Three: Blood-Magic and Stone-Might

The Rule of Strength

The Get of Fenris' focus on becoming the strongest of Gaia's warriors isn't a simple philosophy of bodybuilding and martial training. Strength is where you find it — an iron will, a clever mind and the swiftness of a hare are all strengths worthy of praise. Although the stereotype is that all Fenrir characters spend the majority of their dots in Physical Attributes and combat skills, that isn't the case at all. A Godi without the wit and insight to wrangle a spirit to his will is as useless as a warrior who gets tired easily and can't outfight a weak human without shifting form.

That said, strength is defined in how you use it. The Get of Fenris who has cultivated speed and agility over strength and endurance is praised if he uses his speed to great effect in battle — he is reviled if he uses it to run from fights. A shaman needn't be as powerful a warrior as a skald or Modi, but if he isn't even trying to fight well, there's a weakness in him. Great Fenris accepts that his children have flaws, and can be forgiving — so long as those flaws don't rule them.

Backgrounds

Allies

It's a popular Get adage that a friend who won't watch your back in the worst places isn't a friend at all. The Get of Fenris, if they make mortal friends at all, try for Allies. The stereotype is that of military connections, but Get of Fenris can have allies in all sorts of places; if there's a common connection at all, it's that the Fenrir tend to respect stubborn, principled humans more than their colleagues. Thus, a Get with an ally defined as "lawyer" is far more likely to befriend a crusading district attorney than a gold-hearted criminal lawyer.

Supernatural allies are considerably rare among the Get of Fenris. The Fenrir hate vampires with all the millennia-old passion their ancestral feud can bring to bear, and have little better to say about wraiths or mages. Few Get are willing to trust a supernatural ally; the other supernatural beings have much less reason to put their lives on the line for the Mother, so what use can they be?

Ancestors

The classic temptation is to decide that a Get of Fenris character's ancestor-spirits are largely Viking marauders. However, this doesn't do justice to the full range of Fenrir roots. Famous ancestors might hail from the Holy Roman Empire, from Germania around the time of the Roman Empire (or its fall), from Saxon England, and even from farther removed splinter bloodlines. And not all of them will be warriors first and foremost, of course; skalds, seers, Jarls, tricksters, hunters and crafters will all run in a character's blood.

Selecting a group of ancestor-spirits is a wonderful way to showcase the tribe's diversity, to say nothing of a character's storied heritage.

Contacts

For the most part, the Fenrir cannot maintain the sort of casual relationship that qualifies as a Contact. Get of Fenris are not particularly friendly people, and aren't the best at inspiring trust and friendship from normal humans. Some can't be bothered with the time and effort at all; almost none of them find a loose acquaintanceship worth pursuing. However, a player may, with Storyteller permission, purchase the Gregarious Merit (page 86) to offset this limitation at least a little.

Fetish

The Get of Fenris make their fair share of fetishes, as do the members of other tribes, but it's generally considered poor form to rely on fetishes rather than one's own innate strengths. Of course, the ability to craft fetishes is one of the strengths given to the Garou — but the Get who goes into battle dripping with fetishes of all shapes and sizes runs a real risk of being derided by his allies for needing all those "toys."

Fetish weapons are nonetheless popular among the Fenrir, who treat such items with great reverence. To the Fenrir philosophy, a fetish weapon is in a way your battle-brother; the weapon that serves you as well as your own claws and fangs deserves your respect. The Get are particularly harsh on tribe members who lose their fetish weapons without exceptionally extenuating circumstances; such an act is not as dire as leaving an actual packmate behind on the field of battle, but it is the mark of a poor or untrustworthy warrior all the same.

Kinfolk

The Get of Fenris are one of the tribes with a more proactive interest in their Kin's welfare. This doesn't mean they're inclined to pamper or spoil their Kin — far from it. A Get/Kin marriage is often cold to most outsiders' eyes, with few displays of public affection and less romance. In truth, most Get are very tender and loving with their spouses and children, but never excessively so. The realities of a lifetime at war demand that, should the Get fall in battle, the family be able to carry on without him or her. No Get of Fenris has ever had anything good to say about a codependent relationship.

While a high Kinfolk rating can usually mean contact with Kin who aren't all blood relations, most of the Kin a Get can call on will be family. Blood runs thicker than water, after all, and a Fenrir tends to trust a small, intimate group more readily than he does a large one.

Mentor

The Fenrir approach to mentoring reflects the tribe's philosophy — for a cub to become strong, he cannot be coddled. Mentor is a rare Background among Get of Fenris — most cubs are taught by the community — and when an elder does take a cub under his wing, it's not a gentle experience. Get of Fenris characters can expect to receive harsher words and less overt assistance from their Mentor Background than other characters might receive. It may be unfair, but it builds character.

Pure Breed

The Get of Fenris are very conscious of Pure Breed, both of their own tribe and of others. Even if they violently disagree with a Black Fury from strong stock, they will respect her for her Pure Breed. Some say that their respect for proper bloodlines is the only thing that keeps them loyal to the Silver Fangs. However, the Get do not rate Pure Breed as an effective measure of a werewolf's worth. As always, strength comes first. As a result, in modern times many Get of Fenris come from ethnic groups very far removed from the Scandinavian and Germanic tribal homelands, or from very different wolf stock.

Those Get of Fenris with high Pure Breed tend to be lesser shadows of their totem; gray-furred, and built taller and stronger than the wolves around them. The purest-bred Fenrir may have blond, red or black hair and their features are most frequently European.

Resources

Fenrir are not necessarily born disadvantaged, and their strong Kin networks can often ensure that even a warrior who spends most of his time on the battlefield has a crash space waiting for him. At the same time, though, the Fenrir care little for luxuries, and have never bothered trying to establish ties with the wealthy — too much wealth makes one soft. It's typical for a Get of Fenris character to have between one and three dots of Resources, although far more have no Resources at all than have four or more dots.

Rites

The Get of Fenris often surprise outsiders with their wealth of ritual lore; they are as spiritual as any other tribe, even if they spend more time making blood-offerings to their totems than they do contemplating their navels. Fenrir tend to practice their rites in slightly more vigorous form, however; a ritemaster may make an offering of his own blood, down several tankards of alcohol, and howl until his throat goes hoarse all in the same night. Group rituals are just as physical, which is often an unpleasant surprise for

guests at a Get sept. Theurges are of course the masters of ritual among the tribe, but each auspice is expected to know at least one or two rites; ignorance is another manifestation of the hated trait of weakness.

Totem

The stereotype would seem to indicate that Fenrir prefer totems of War, but most Fenrir are just as happy to venerate totems of Wisdom or Respect. Those totems friendly to Fenris' brood are preferred, of course, and Pegasus refuses to take any Get of Fenris as his children (not that the Get really care). But apart from that, the Fenrir will follow any totem they deem worth their while — a criterion that eliminates many of the more gentle and pacifistic totems, but that leaves plenty of room for choice.

When a pack has chosen a totem, it's usually a sure bet that the Get of the pack will be supporting the totem strongly, be it with experience points or outright service. A totem is family, and deserves the consideration that other family members receive. A Fenrir's relationship with his pack totem reflects well on him in Great Fenris' eyes, and that's all the motivation most need.

Gifts

• **Safe Haven (Level One)** — Few Garou are as territorial as the Get of Fenris. This Gift enables a Fenrir to keep a close supernatural watch on his territory, becoming instantly aware of any trespassers marked by the Wyrm. Owl-spirits teach this Gift.

System: The player must spend one Gnosis to establish this early warning system, and one Gnosis per day to maintain it. Whenever a Wyrm-tainted person or creature crosses into the Fenrir's territory, if the werewolf is at home or within a mile, the player may roll Perception + Occult (difficulty 7) to detect the intrusion. The more successes, the more accurately the werewolf pinpoints the intruder's location. Note that this Gift may be used to protect only that territory that the Fenrir can rightfully call his own; this Gift cannot, for instance, protect a shared caern unless used by the caern Warder (who can be considered to "own" the territory for the purpose of this Gift).

MET: Spend one Gnosis to create the barrier, and one Gnosis per day to maintain it. If something Wyrm-tainted crosses the barrier, the Fenrir makes a Mental Challenge with a Narrator (retest with Occult) to receive the warning. *Safe Haven* does not identify the creature, only that it is Wyrm-tainted. This Gift is only applicable to the Fenrir's own territory, such as a single-family house and the surrounding lands. Territory may only be as large as a single Fenrir can patrol in one night, and must be established as his own (through a land deed, territorial marking, combat, etc.). Apartment buildings or condos may not be protected with this unless the Fenrir owns the building. This Gift may be used at a Fenrir-only caern, but few Fenrir can agree on who "owns" the land.

• **Snow Running (Level One)** — The Fenrir have spread far and wide, but their home is in the North. This Gift has served them well in their homelands, allowing them to run over snow or ice as if it were solid ground without sinking in or leaving footprints.

System: The player spends a Gnosis point. The effects last for a day.

MET: Spend a Gnosis Trait to walk on top of snow or ice without leaving footprints or sinking. The effects last for one session/day.

• **Sense Guilt (Level Two)** — This Gift is particularly popular among the Hand of Tyr camp, but is by no means limited to them alone. By staring into the eyes of his chosen target, the Get can sense any deep-seated guilt that she might harbor for past offenses. The more perceptive the Fenrir, the more detail he's able to discern. This Gift is taught by a crow-spirit.

System: The player rolls Perception + Empathy, difficulty 8. One success detects the presence or absence of regret. Three successes reveal general facts about the offense in question; an adulterer might project a sense of "betraying my wife" into the Get's mind. Five successes reveal specific facts about the matter; the Get could pick out the adulterer's partner's name, the time and place of the indiscretion, and possibly even more intimate facts.

Note, however, that this Gift requires personal feelings of guilt to work. If a Fenrir were to use this Gift on a vampire that regularly feeds on young children and kills them afterward, the Gift would work only if the vampire feels guilty about its sins. If the Leech felt that it was perfectly justified in its actions, the Fenrir would be able to detect nothing. Similarly, the Gift might lead its user to believe a person's crimes are worse than they are, if the subject feels guiltier than the offenses merit — although with enough successes, the Fenrir might be able to discern that the subject's shame is misplaced.

MET: Make a Mental Challenge (retest with *Empathy*). Success reveals the presence or absence of guilt or regret with an incident. To discover more, spend Mental Traits on a one-for-one ratio to dig into the subject's feelings. The Garou may use this Gift to detect feelings regarding a specific incident by bringing the incident up in conversation or interrogation, but beware a rush to judgment — this Gift only reveals the *presence* (or lack) of guilt or regret, not whether the

suspect actually committed the deed. Further, this Gift only works if the subject feels guilty about the deed in question; someone who felt justified in his action would not be affected by this Gift.

• **Troll Skin (Level Two)** — This Gift allows the Fenrir to draw on the power of earth for protection, just as the legendary trolls and even Jotunn were able to do. When the Get activates this Gift, her skins grow tough and thick, covered with warty knots of hard, armored flesh. This Gift is taught by an earth elemental.

System: The player spends one Gnosis point and rolls Stamina + Primal-Urge (difficulty 7). For each success, the character receives one extra die on her soak roll. These extra soak dice cannot be used to soak silver damage; the Gift lasts for one scene, or until the Get chooses to dismiss it. Troll Skin is, alas, quite disconcerting and unpleasantly pungent. While the Gift's effects last, the difficulty of all Social rolls is increased by 1.

MET: Spend a Gnosis Trait and make a Physical Challenge (retest with Primal-Urge). For the rest of the scene (or until the Get dismisses it), the character's hide is thick and warty (not to mention strange-looking and smelly), and the character receives three bonus Healthy health levels. The character also suffers a one-Trait penalty on all Social Challenges (except those relating to intimidation).

• **Wearing the Bear Shirt (Level Two)** — Fear is for cowards; Rage is for warriors. The Fenrir who learns this Gift hardens himself against fear, even on an instinctual level. This Gift is taught by a bear-spirit.

System: No roll is required; once this Gift is learned, the effects are automatic. The Fenrir who learns this Gift never enters fox frenzy; instead, he enters a berserk frenzy, regardless of the stimuli. In addition, the player can make a Willpower roll to resist any Gifts or other supernatural powers that incite fear, even if a resistance roll is normally not allowed.

MET: Once learned, the Gift's effects are automatic. The Garou with this Gift never enters fox frenzy, but *always* goes into berserk frenzy, regardless of circumstances. The Get also receives a single retest against Gifts or supernatural powers that incite fear (the results of the retest must stand).

• **Loki's Touch (Level Three)** —This Gift is rare among the Get of Fenris, although the Rotagar find it an appropriate weapon in battle. With just a touch, the Garou may cause a target to go into uncontrollable fits of laughter. In peacetime situations, the Gift may also be used to defuse a dangerous situation. This Gift is taught by any trickster-spirit (most often Ratatosk, the Squirrel).

System: The Garou must touch an opponent and roll Manipulation + Empathy (difficulty equal to the Rage plus the Rank of the target; maximum difficulty of 10). The fits of laughter will last for one round per success, during which time the target may not take any offensive action, although he may defend himself if attacked. The laughter is genuine in at least one respect — if no harm comes to the target as a result of the Gift's use, he is likely to appreciate the laugh just as if the Gift-user had told him an excellent joke.

MET: To invoke this Gift, the Garou touches her opponent (or makes an appropriate Physical Challenge to do so), and makes a Static Social Challenge against a difficulty of the target's Rage + Rank (retest with *Empathy*). With success, the target spends the next three rounds in fits of roaring laughter, during which time he may not take offensive action but may defend himself if attacked.

• **Glory-Scars (Level Four)** — Fenrir are proud of their scars, even those that have maimed them permanently. This Gift allows a werewolf to overcome her old injuries for a brief period of time, acting as though her body was never injured. The Fenrir's scars blaze with silver light, and any missing extremities are replaced with temporary substitutes made of the same cold, bright energy. Any war-spirit of Fenris' brood may teach this Gift.

System: The player spends a Rage point and rolls Rage, difficulty 5 + the number of Battle Scars her Garou has acquired. The Gift's effects last for two turns per success. As long as the Gift is in effect, the Garou may ignore wound penalties and the debilitating effects of her Battle Scars; even those that have lost a limb may fight as if whole. Extremities temporarily restored by Glory-Scars function as normal, causing no extra damage. This Gift cannot restore lost abilities in any other sense but that of combat; a Fenrir who has received the Battle Scar: Gelded cannot use this Gift to sire offspring, for instance.

MET: Spend a Rage Trait to activate the Gift, plus one for each Battle Scar. The Gift lasts for four turns. While the Gift is active, you suffer no wound penalties or debilitations from your Battle Scars, including missing limbs (which function normally while the Gift is active). This Gift only restores combat-related abilities.

• **Strength of the Ancestors (Level Five)** — This Gift allows a Fenrir to call upon his greatest ancestral heroes for assistance. It is only used in dire situations, when the lives of more than one Garou are endangered. Calling on the strength of one's ancestors allows a Get to increase his physical might, wisdom or even sense acuity substantially, albeit for a limited time. These ancestral heroes come to the aid of a Get only in times of great peril, and punish any Fenrir who attempts to call on them without need. This Gift is taught by an ancestor-spirit.

System: Only Get with at least one dot in the Ancestors Background may learn this Gift. The player spends one Rage point and rolls Charisma + Rituals (difficulty 10); he may subtract one from the difficulty for every dot he has in Ancestors. During the casting of this Gift, he must carve the specific runes of his ancestors into his flesh. For each success, he may add one dot to any Attribute; these dots may be split among different Attributes, or all applied to the same one.

If the Storyteller believes this Gift has been used inappropriately, his hero-ancestors still give assistance, but then turn on their descendant, permanently removing a number of Attribute dots equal to those they granted. There is no appeal.

MET: The Garou must have at least one level of *Ancestors* to learn this Gift. Spend a Rage Trait and make a Static Social Challenge (difficulty of 10 Traits minus one for each level of the *Ancestors* Background possessed). The Garou must carve the runes of his ancestors into his flesh while invoking this Gift. Success grants as many extra Attribute Traits as he has in the Ancestors Background. These Traits may be split up among the Attribute categories or applied to the same one. Once the crisis has passed, the Traits depart. Using this Gift frivolously rouses the Fenrir's ancestors' enmity, and they will strip the same amount of Traits granted from their foolish descendant.

• **The Good Death (Level Five)** — No true Get of Fenris fears death—only dying poorly. This Gift is Great Fenris' final blessing to his children; the Fenrir who activates this Gift intends to die with her foe's heartsblood on her claws. The werewolf calls on Great Fenris to aid her and sets herself against her foe. The Fenrir continues fighting long after she should be dead, and doesn't fall until her enemy (or enemies) dies with her. The avatar of Great Fenris himself teaches this Gift.

System: The Fenrir concentrates for one full turn and spends all her Gnosis in calling for Fenris' favor. Once the Gift has been activated, the Garou suffers no wound penalties whatsoever, and will not fall until her foe is dead, at which point she dies immediately. This Gift works only if the named enemy is already on the battlefield with the Fenrir; it cannot be used to hunt down an absent enemy. Once the battle is won, an avatar of Fenris descends on the battlefield to devour what's left of the hero and her worldly possession. For obvious reasons, this Gift can be used

only once, most likely when the character is out of all other options. Improper use of this Gift (such as attempting to use the Gift to slay an old rival rather than a "true enemy of Gaia") angers Fenris, who strikes the unworthy Get dead on the spot.

MET: Spend a full turn in concentration and spend all Gnosis in calling on Fenris' aid against the foe she names (you may not name an entire army — pick *one*). When the *Good Death* is activated, the Garou suffers no wound penalties and will not fall until her foe is dead, whereupon she dies immediately. This Gift can only be used against an enemy that is on the field of battle. This Gift is considered a last resort, as an avatar of Fenris will devour what is left of the hero after her death.

• **Call Great Fenris (Level Six)** — As the ultimate expression of the pact between tribe and totem, the greatest Get heroes may summon the war-avatar of their tribal totem to aid them in their hour of need. The avatar joins in combat, slaying all that are not Get of Fenris or under their protection. However, Great Fenris demands a sacrifice for his intervention — usually the left hand of the summoner. It's said that if the war-avatar is called for no good reason, it will devour the summoner entirely before departing — but there are no concrete tales of any Get of Fenris wise and mighty enough to attain this Gift yet foolish enough to abuse it. This Gift is taught by a wolf-spirit.

System: The player spends one Gnosis point and rolls Stamina + Occult (difficulty 6). Success summons the war-avatar of Great Fenris, who will fight at the Fenrir's side for the duration of the scene. At the combat's end, the summoner automatically gains the Battle Scar: Maimed Limb (**Werewolf**, pg. 190) as the war-avatar claims Fenris' due; even if the Garou already possessed that Battle Scar, he gains it a second time as Fenris devours another limb.

MET: Spend a Gnosis Trait and make a Physical Challenge (retest with Occult). Success summons the avatar of Fenris. At the end of combat, the avatar devours the summoner's left hand in payment (or devours a second limb if the Garou's left hand is already maimed), and the Garou gains a Battle Scar.

Camp Gifts

Those accepted into a Get of Fenris camp, thanks to blood or fervent belief in the camp philosophy, may sometimes learn certain Gifts as if they were tribal Gifts. These camp Gifts are not shared immediately after joining a camp, and are not advertised; no camp wants members who have joined only to learn a special trick. The following camp Gifts may be learned at the usual in-tribe cost of 3 x the Gift level.

• **Valkyria of Freya:** Coup de Grace (Level Three Black Furies).

Fenris' War-Avatar

Few spirits short of Incarnae themselves are as frightening and dangerous as the war-avatar of Great Fenris. The avatar of Fenris Wolf appears as an enormous wolf, 10 feet tall at the shoulder. His eyes burn with rage and his jaws drip with the blood of countless enemies. His coat is a deep gray that seems to shimmer from black to red and even to white as the light shifts across it. The war-avatar of Fenris is not as powerful as the Incarna himself would be, but it still defies the usual limitations of spirits, and has Traits even more powerful than Nexus Crawlers.

Willpower 15, Rage 20, Gnosis 10, Essence 80

Charms: Airt Sense, Armor, Blast (thunderbolt), Dreadful Presence*, Materialize, Re-form, Savage*, Swift Running (as Swift Flight), Tracking

• **Dreadful Presence:** This Charm is available only to Incarna avatars, and is constantly in effect: All spirits hostile to the Incarna avatar lose two dice from all their dice pools while they remain in the avatar's vicinity. (**MET:** Any spirits hostile to the avatar suffer a two-Trait penalty in *all* challenges while in the avatar's presence.)

• **Savage:** By spending one Essence, the spirit adds two dice to all damage rolls for the remainder of the scene. (**MET:** The spirit spends an Essence and gains a Simple Test. With any successful strike, the spirit makes a Simple Test; with success, he inflicts another wound.)

• **Hand of Tyr:** Sense of the Prey (Level Two Ragabash).

• **Mjolnir's Thunder:** Clenched Jaw (Level Four Ahroun).

• **Fangs of Garm:** Strength of Purpose (Level Two Philodox).

• **Glorious Fist of Wotan:** Beastmind (Level Two Red Talons).

• **Ymir's Sweat:** Call of the Early Frost (Level Three Wendigo).

MET: See the appropriate Gift entry in **Laws of the Wild**.

Rites

The rites of the Get of Fenris are bloody, savage affairs; few are ever performed without retribution or punishment in mind. Fenrir are prone to shed their own blood in rites as a sacrifice to the spirits and an example of their duty (and willingness) to shed blood in the Mother's defense. Undoubtedly much of the "Get as masochist" stereotype has arisen from visitors at Fenrir moots mistaking the Fenrir's devotion for pleasure.

Mystic Rites

Rite of Heritage

Level One

This genealogical rite is a favorite of Skalds and Forseti alike, albeit for slightly different reasons. Some Fenrir use it to verify the identity of a hero's descendants before passing on an inheritance; others use it to identify the father of a metis cub if none is forthcoming. The ritemaster draws the blood of the subject with a silver knife and sings a long paean to the ancestor-spirits of his tribe and any others that might be watching over the subject. As he completes the song, the ancestor-spirits whisper the subject's heritage into his ears.

System: The ritemaster rolls Wits + Rituals, difficulty 7, as normal. Success reveals the subject's true heritage for one generation back per success (for example, two successes would reveal the subject's heritage as far back as his grandparents). In addition, the ritemaster receives the answer to one specific question about the subject's heritage per success; e.g., "What was this cub's paternal grandfather's profession?" or "Does the blood of any other tribe run in this cub's veins?" The answer will be accurate, as long as the answer can be found within the number of generations revealed; if the ritemaster gained four successes, for example, he could not ask "Is this child descended from Frode?", but he could accurately tell if the child's great-great-grandfather claimed descent from Frode or not.

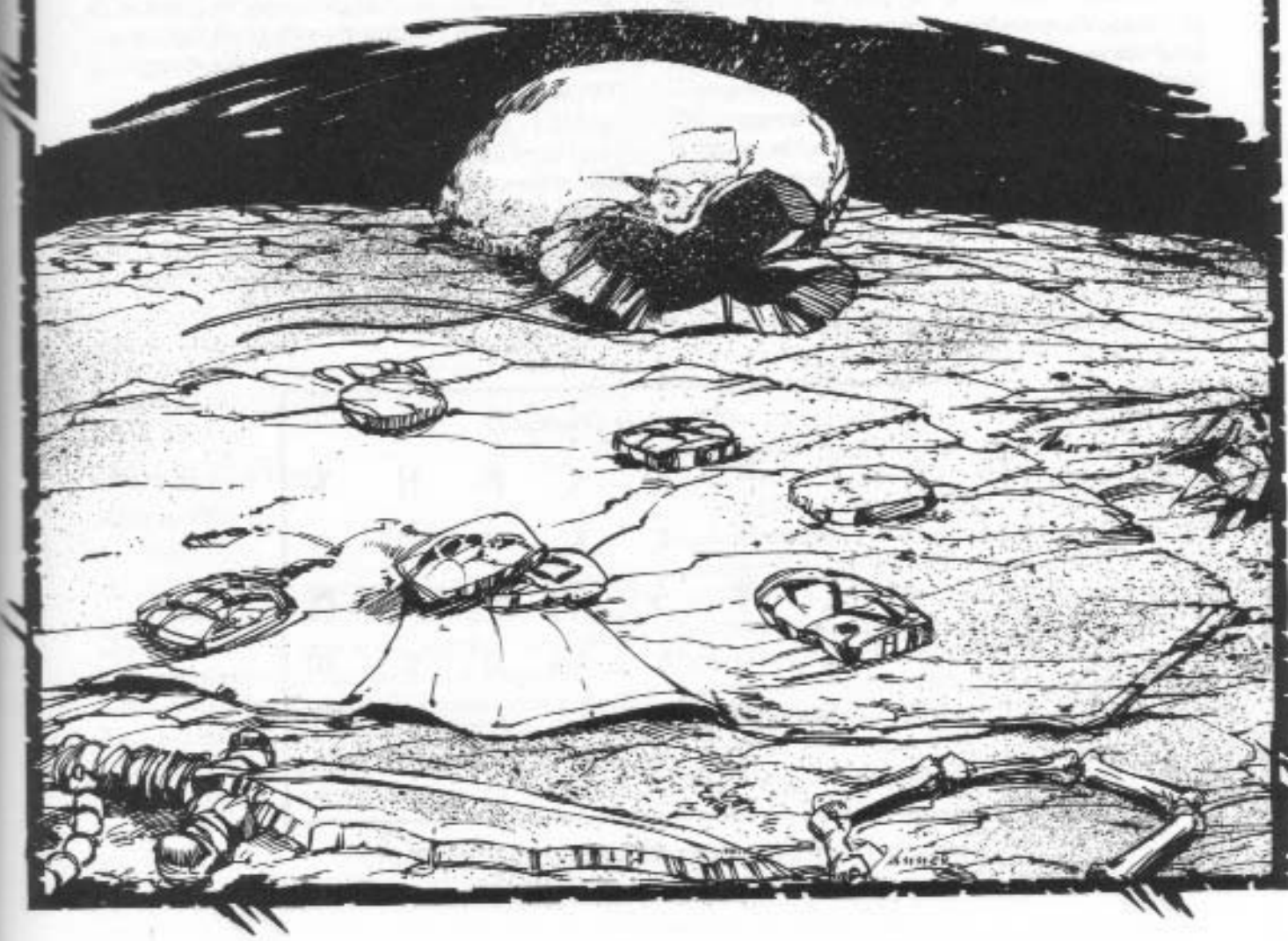
The Rite of Heritage works just as well with humans or wolves (although wolves, lacking names, are harder to accurately identify), even non-Kin or magi. It does not, however, work on the undead or on fae.

MET: Make the standard challenge for a ritual. Success reveals the subject's heritage for one generation (his mother and father), plus grants a single answer relating to the subject's heritage. Further Mental Traits can be spent on a one-for-one basis, with each Trait going back one generation. This rite works on humans and wolves, whether they are Kinfolk or not, or even magi, but not on vampires or changelings (their transformations change their heritage too much for accurate answers).

Rite of Rune Carving

Level One

Get of Fenris Crescent Moons learn early on to respect and appreciate the power of the written rune, whether it takes the form of Garou glyphs or of runes of human origin. This rite is a prerequisite to the Rite of Rune Casting (below); it is with this rite that the rune-seer creates her talismans. The runes must be carved into the bones of enemies slain in battle, but



may take whatever form is most spiritually relevant to the ritemaster. Most Fenrir choose Garou glyphs or the Futhark runes of the Norse, but a few Get have been able to make rune-bones carved with the Cherokee alphabet and even I Ching trigrams function.

System: Standard roll; the rite lasts for eight hours of carving and ritual empowerment. At the rite's completion, the Garou must spend a Gnosis point to "charge" the runes. The runes are commonly stored in a bag, and drawn forth just one to three at a time.

MET: Standard challenge for rituals. Due to the length of time required to carve and empower the runes, this is best run during downtime between sessions. A Gnosis Trait must be spent to charge the runes with successful completion of the rite. Players are encouraged to create and use their own rune sets if they wish.

Rite of the Lodge House

Level Three

The Fenrir are well aware of the dangers of letting their tempers get out of hand. Although a visitor or rival might deserve to be ripped limb from limb, it is neither honorable nor prudent to slay other Gaian werewolves in a fit of frenzy. Fenrir often bolster their self-control at formal moots with this rite, which soothes the Rage of participants so that they can avoid "diplomatic events."

To enact this rite, the Get must be inside a house pleasing to the spirits in some respect; the lodge-houses, longhalls or other structures within a Get caern are ideal, but any building that has been marked as open to the spirits of Gaia will suffice. The ritemaster opens each door and window in turn, inviting in the spirits of wisdom and granting the spirits of Rage permission to leave if they see fit. If the rite is performed correctly, those within the lodge are much less likely to lose control of their Rage until the meeting ends.

System: Standard roll; if successful, the rite's effects last until the first person leaves the lodge. While the rite's effects are in place, any shapeshifters within the lodge are calmer than usual; the difficulty of any Rage roll made within the lodge has a difficulty of 9 (although Rage may be spent without restriction).

MET: With a successful standard challenge, the rite lasts until the first person leaves the lodge. Any shapeshifters in the lodge gain three Traits to resist frenzy, although they may spend Rage (such as for Gifts or to shift forms).

Rite of Rune Casting

Level Three

This prophetic rite enables the rune-caster to see hints of the future in the patterns the runes form as they fall. At the climax of the rite, the ritemaster casts a few runes from her personal rune-bag onto a hide skin or other sacred cloth, studying the patterns there to see what the spirits mean to tell her.

System: The rune-caster must use her personal set of runes, created by the Rite of Rune Carving (above); the roll is Wits + Rituals, difficulty 8. Success reveals an accurate, but vague prophecy; the ritemaster may roll Intelligence + Enigmas (difficulty 8) to make more sense of the casting, but prophecy is by nature never crystal-clear. The Storyteller is encouraged to use symbolic language to create the runes' warnings; "you will encounter an obstacle" is rather bland, but "warrior-rune reversed, against ice-rune — Ymir's prison walls may sap your strength" is considerably more interesting.

MET: The caster must create her own set of runes with *Rite of Rune Carving*, then make a Static Mental Challenge against eight Traits (retest with *Rituals*). A second Mental Challenge (retest with *Enigmas*) may grant some further insight into the casting, but prophecy is rarely clear, and the Storyteller is encouraged to couch the reading in symbolism.

The runes (Futhark):

Punishment Rites

The Coward's Brand

Level Three

The Get of Fenris have very little use for cowards. Where other tribes are content to use punishment rites to punish cowards socially, the Get often do so physically. This rite is used to punish those whose cowardice endangered their packmates or Kin without actually causing their deaths (those cravens whose cowardice killed a packmate are more often subject to the Hunt, or worse). Although the Get primarily use this rite to punish other Fenrir — werewolves of other tribes are not expected to live up to the Fenrir's high standards — they have been known to give the Coward's Brand to Garou of other tribes whose cowardice endangered several Get of Fenris.

As the rite begins, the ritemaster repeats a litany of names, names of Garou who lost their lives from being abandoned by cowardly packmates. She then ritually names each packmate or Kinfolk that the accused werewolf abandoned, and anoints the accused with blood drawn from each. At the conclusion of the rite, the ritemaster brands the sole of the offender's foot with a heated silver brand. The brand is permanent, an encouragement for the offender to never show his heels to his loved ones again.

System: Standard roll. At the culmination of the rite, the offender takes two levels of aggravated damage, and loses five Glory and five Honor Renown. The brand cannot be removed by healing Gifts, even those that remove Battle Scars. Legend holds that a Fenrir who received the Coward's Brand managed later to atone with deeds of great valor. His reward came when Great Fenris appeared and bit off the branded foot, leaving him crippled but his honor fully restored.

MET: Standard challenge for rites. When branded, the offender suffers two levels of aggravated damage, and the loss of five temporary Glory and five temporary Honor. The brand cannot be removed by supernatural healing abilities.

Renown Rites

Rite of War

Level Two

Although the Get are not, as some werewolves joke, "a tribe of Ahroun," it's true that the Get's Full Moons are held to an exacting standard. This rite is a clear illustration of the Fenrir's lofty expectations. After a Modi has successfully challenged for Rank Two, but before she has been formally awarded that rank, she must undergo ritual combat with two fellow Ahroun. She may use no weapons but her natural body, while her attackers are allowed to use weapons if they choose (die-hard traditionalist septs always arm the attackers with silver). If for some reason, there aren't two Get Ahroun available to fight with the aspiring Fostern, the ritemaster may substitute Get of other auspices, or Ahroun of other tribes if no other Get are available. (If no other Ahroun or Get can be found, the rite is waived; combat against non-Ahroun of other tribes is simply not considered sufficiently impressive.)

The young Ahroun need not win against her two combatants (if the other two are of higher rank, she's not even expected to stand a chance); she must merely put up a good fight. The ritemaster paints the wounds achieved during the rite with dyes made from various plants, and the scars become permanent reminders of the Ahroun's success.

System: Standard roll. If the challenger actually wins against two Get Ahroun, even if they are both Rank One, she gains three Glory for her outstanding performance.

MET: Standard challenge for rites. If the challenger wins against her opponents, she gains three Glory.

Rite of Challenge

Level Three

This rite is the most formal of challenges, most often the challenge for leadership of an entire sept. Although a would-be Jarl need not know this rite to challenge the current sept leader, this rite is accepted as the most formal and proper way to do so. Proper performance of this rite marks the challenger as one well-versed in Fenrir ways and worthy of facing the Jarl in challenge, and therefore adds extra weight to his claim to the position. Get of Fenris may also perform this rite to formally challenge rivals of other tribes or positions; the rite has less binding power in such occasions, but still (if performed properly) carries great weight.

The challenger must be the one to perform this rite. He must confront his opponent and formally recite his lineage, deeds and strengths, each one a ritual declaration of his worthiness. He then calls out each of the reasons for his challenge — which must be carefully done, as the accusations must be strong enough to win the onlookers' support, yet not so bold as to provoke the challenged party to frenzy. With the final accusation, he formalizes the challenge. If the rite is performed properly, the challenged party must accept or lose significant Renown.

System: Standard roll of Charisma + Rituals. If the rite is failed, the challenged party may refuse to

meet the challenger (and if both were Fenrir, it would be a disgrace to acknowledge a challenge so poorly made). If the rite is successful, the challenged party cannot refuse the challenge without losing Renown (1 Glory for non-Fenrir, 2 Glory for Get of Fenris, 5 Glory if a Jarl).

The ensuing combat may be to first blood, submission, or even to the death, at the Master of the Challenge's decision; the more successes, the more likely the Master of the Challenge is to choose duel terms in keeping with the challenger's wishes. No weapons may be used during the combat.

If the Fenrir uses this rite to challenge someone who is clearly not his equal in battle, he promptly loses 1 Glory and 2 Honor, and the challenged party may decline without fear of Renown loss no matter the result of the roll. The only exception is if the challenged party is a Jarl; a Jarl who is clearly inferior to his challenger is an affront, and should be replaced as quickly as possible.

MET: Standard Rituals challenge is made. Only a successful rite cannot be refused without Renown loss. A failed rite need not be answered. The *Rite of Challenge* is followed by the usual combat for leadership, overseen by the Master of the Challenge. Using this rite to challenge someone who is clearly an inferior foe causes Renown loss to the challenger, and the challenged party may decline without loss of Renown, no matter what the results of the rite. If that inferior foe is a Jarl, however, most see it as a sign that he should be replaced and quickly.

Rite of Conquest

Level Five

This is one of the rarest of Fenrir rites, performed whenever a Jarl has gained his rank by slaying his predecessor in fair combat. The rite was more popular in olden times, but in these days the Get of Fenris don't have the numbers to permit many lethal challenges for the post of Jarl.

The rite acknowledges the history of both the fallen sept leader and the new Jarl. The ritemaster guides the new Jarl through the steps of establishing his new rank. The new Jarl must devour the heart of his predecessor, thus symbolically gaining the wisdom to rule his sept properly. The fallen leader's possessions are turned over to the new Jarl in accordance with the Litany, but relatives with a claim on weapons or fetishes are allowed to challenge the new Jarl for their possession.

System: Standard roll. If successful, the new Jarl gains instant knowledge of one of the fallen leader's Gifts (Storyteller's choice; higher-level Gifts are more likely, even if the new Jarl is still not yet of the rank to use them).

MET: This ritual is performed after a successful challenge for the post of Jarl, using a standard test for enacting a rite. With success, the new Jarl gains knowledge of one of the old Jarl's Gifts (Storyteller's choice; higher-level Gifts will "wait in trust" if the new Jarl is not yet of the Rank to use them.)

Totems

Totem of Respect

Snow Queen

Background Cost: 4

The Get of Fenris recognize many winter-spirits as their allies, and find themselves at odds with many more (those of Wendigo's Brood). One of the most peculiar of their allies is the Snow Queen, an embodiment of the chill, silent winter nights. She favors Fenrir who can carry themselves with grace as well as strength, who are hardy enough to sleep outdoors on a long, freezing winter night and still be cheerful in the morning.

Traits: The Snow Queen teaches her children to move as silently as a snowfall, and to hold themselves as regally as nobility. Her packs gain three dice of Stealth and two dice of Etiquette, and may call on three additional Willpower points per story.

Ban: Children of the Snow Queen must be courteous to their hosts, so long as their hosts do not break the laws of hospitality.

MET: Snow Queen's children gain *Stealth* x 3, *Etiquette* x 2 and an extra Willpower Trait per session.

Totems of War

Firedrake

Background Cost: 6

Firedrake is an aspect of the fiery nature of Dragon; he is a potent, if not over-mighty, spirit of flame and battle. He is largely a European totem, and is allied to Great Fenris thanks to their common zeal for devouring their enemies. He is a guardian of hidden treasures, a manifestation of the fire that destroys and renews, and a patron of destructive battle. He gladly serves as patron to packs who swear to leave their foes' houses in ruins, and is particularly sought after by Fenrir who make a habit of fighting Leeches.

Traits: Firedrake's packs can call on an additional four Rage points per story, and receive two extra dice of Brawl. Firedrake teaches each of his children the

Gift: Master of Fire, and each pack member gains an extra die to Crafts rolls that involve shaping metal.

Ban: Firedrake, like many draconic spirits, is avaricious; his children must sacrifice gold to him each month by hurling it into a potent fire such as a furnace.

MET: Firedrake's children gain an extra Rage Trait per session, two levels of *Brawl* and a level of *Crafts: Metalwork*. They also learn *Master of Fire*.

Seadrake

Background Cost: 7

Seadrake is the cold, cruel sister of Firedrake. She catches her foes in her coils and crushes them to death, or drags them deep beneath the waves to drown. She is the patron spirit of seas yet uncharted, and the manifestation of the ocean's ability to kill. She loves Gaia and the majesty of the sea, but is a wrathful spirit, and therefore one of Fenris' favorite allies.

Traits: Each member of Seadrake's pack gains two extra dots of Stamina whenever immersed in the ocean, and one extra die to Athletics rolls. Her packs may use the Gift: Spirit of the Fish, and can call on five extra Willpower points per story. Uktena Garou react well to Seadrake's children, but followers of compassionate totems like Unicorn might be less enthusiastic about their presence.

Ban: Seadrake demands the offering of living foes bound and hurled into the ocean to drown. Her packs must sacrifice a foe to her in this way once each season at the least.

MET: Seadrake's children gain the Physical Traits *Robust* x 2 whenever immersed in the ocean. They gain one level of *Athletics*, the Gift: *Spirit of the Fish* and an extra Willpower Trait each session.

Totems of Wisdom

Hrafn, the Raven

Background Cost: 5

Hrafn is the aspect of Raven known to the Get; he is a trickster-spirit and spirit of wisdom, and many lupus honor him. Hrafn plays with cubs, teases adults and mocks the over-proud. He is always hungry; in fact, he is the hungriest of all the totem creatures. In his aspect as a totem of prosperity, Hrafn often leads wolves to prey, though he lacks the strength to kill the animal himself, and contents himself with what is left of the carcass after the wolves finish eating. He makes sure the wolves want for nothing and always have the resources they need.

Traits: Hrafn teaches his packs Survival 3, Subterfuge 2 and Enigmas 2. Each pack member gains a bonus of one temporary Wisdom. The Corax, the raven-shifters who sometimes associate with the Get, favor Hrafn's children.

Ban: Hrafn asks that its Children carry no wealth, instead trusting in Hrafn to provide.

MET: Hrafn's children gain *Survival* x 3, *Subterfuge* x 2 and *Enigmas* x 2, plus a temporary Wisdom.

Ratatosk

Background Cost: 4

Ratatosk, the clever squirrel, sees and hears all from his secret pathways up and down the trunk of the World Tree. While he is small and puny, he knows much and teaches his Children craftiness.

Traits: All children of Ratatosk learn Subterfuge 2 and two dots in any Knowledges of their choice. Lupus children of Ratatosk can even choose Knowledges normally restricted to them upon character creation. Children of Ratatosk will always gain one fewer Honor Renown point than usual (they must gain at least two points on any occasion to get one), but they get an extra point of Wisdom Renown every time they earn Wisdom.

Ban: Children of Ratatosk become skittish and jumpy. They will always enter fox frenzy rather than a berserk, and they may not learn the Gift: Wearing the Bear Shirt.

MET: Ratatosk's children gain *Subterfuge* x 2 and two levels in one of the following: *Academics*, *Computer*, *Enigmas*, *Investigation*, *Law*, *Linguistics*, *Lore*, *Medicine*, *Occult*, *Rituals* or *Science*. They gain one fewer of any Honor Renown award, but always gain an extra Trait of Wisdom Renown when they earn Wisdom. They always enter fox frenzy, and may not learn *Wearing the Bear Shirt*.

Fetishes

Dagger of Retribution

Level Two, Gnosis 5

This particular fetish, an ugly iron dagger, was devised as a means of tracking down stolen possessions and the thieves responsible. The werewolf concentrates on the lost item while holding the dagger; the weapon gently tugs in the direction of the item until the Garou reclaims it. If the fetish's owner knows the face or name of the thief, he may use the dagger to locate the thief as well. The fetish is treated as a knife in combat (Strength damage, difficulty 4); the damage may be lethal or aggravated, at the Garou's discretion.

To create such a dagger, a werewolf must bind a vengeance-spirit inside.

MET: With successful activation and a turn of concentration on the lost item or the thief's name or face, the dagger gently pulls the werewolf toward the item or the thief. Only one thing at a time may be sought. The dagger inflicts lethal damage in combat.

Spearskin

Level Three, Gnosis 6

One of the more unusual possessions of the Get of Fenris, this fetish appears to be the cured hide of a large boar. Those septs with a spearskin in their possession typically use it to fortify their septs in times of trouble. To activate it, the owner must shake it out as if it were a rug or blanket. As he does so, a number of stout oaken spears equal to the number of successes on the activation check tumble out. The spears may appear with or without iron heads; those without are quite effective for fighting vampires. The skin may be used as often as the owner likes, although if the activation roll is botched, the skin ceases to function for a week. Spears created by this fetish vanish at the next sunrise.

A werewolf must bind a spirit of war, iron or oak into the skin of a boar to create such a fetish.

MET: Shake out the spearskin and make the usual challenge to activate it. With success, the spearskin produces as many spears as the owner has permanent Gnosis. The owner may spend Gnosis (at a one-for-one ratio) to produce spears with iron spearheads. Spearskin can produce up to 20 spears per session.

Ironhammer

Level Four, Gnosis 5

Lesser versions of the mighty Jarlhammers, these one-handed hammers are potent war fetishes in their own right. They are forged of silver-laced iron, with spirits of war bound within. An Ironhammer inflicts Strength +2 damage, and the damage is aggravated; Garou can soak these wounds, as the silver content is overwhelmed by the iron. A Get may hurl an Ironhammer up to 10 yards for every point of Strength; the hammer returns to its rightful owner after each toss.

MET: Ironhammers inflict one aggravated wound with each strike; Garou may soak this damage as usual. A Fenrir can accurately throw an Ironhammer for ten yards per Strength-related Trait.

Jarlhammer

Level Five, Gnosis 6

These mighty two-handed hammers are the pinnacle of Get craftsmanship. Like the lesser Ironhammers, they are forged from silver-laced

iron and cooled in the blood of freshly slain enemies; however, the Get bind spirits of war and silver alike within. Each hammer inflicts Strength +3 damage and causes aggravated wounds; the damage counts as silver damage, and is thus unsoakable to Garou. Only a Garou can throw such a weapon accurately, and only to a distance of 5 yards for every dot of Strength. Whenever a blow from a Jarlhammer slays its target, the hammer resounds with a powerful thunderclap; this has no game effect, but announces to friend and foe alike that another enemy of the Get of Fenris has fallen.

There are seven of these hammers; some are wielded by powerful Jarls, while at least one has been lost. Each one has its own name and secondary power:

• Forge-Crusher blazes with fire when activated, and inflicts an additional health level of fire damage with each blow. (**MET**: Vampires must make a Courage Test as for fire when confronting Forge-Crusher. Forge-Crusher inflicts two aggravated wounds with each successful strike.)

• Grinding-Tooth can smash any stone into powder, obliterating a cubic foot of rock or concrete with every strike.

• Spear-Chaser flies three times as far as its siblings when thrown, and the thrower never suffers any penalties for range.

• Troll-Eater pulverizes bone and smashes armor; opponents lose one die from all soak pools to resist its damage. (**MET**: Powers that allow for reduced damage suffer a one-Trait penalty for any related tests.)

• Bright-Arm shines with the light of sun and moon alike; opponents who rely on sight to target opponents lose two dice from their dice pools when attacking its wielder. (**MET**: Bright-Arm does not channel actual sunlight, but vampires must make a Courage Test against five Traits when they first see the hammer. If they succeed, they can resist the urge to flee for 10 minutes; failure means they enter Rotschreck, a vampire equivalent of fox-frenzy, and must immediately flee the area. Any opponent targeting by sight or in direct combat with Bright-Arm's suffers a two-Trait penalty due to the extremely bright light.)

• Hag-Talon is fortified against the magic of enemies, granting its wielder three additional dice to any Willpower roll made to resist mind-manipulating powers. (**MET**: Hag-Talon grants the wielder three extra Willpower Traits to spend or use in ties to resist powers that affect the mind, such as the vampiric Discipline of *Dominate* or mage Sphere magic. This has no effect on emotion-affecting powers like *Presence*.)

• Pain-Eagle leaves wounds that throb with agony; those wounded by the hammer suffer double the usual dice pool penalties for their wounds. (**MET**: Pain-Eagle inflicts double any Trait penalties suffered for damage.)

MET: Jarlhammers inflict two aggravated wounds with each strike; Garou suffer this damage like silver. Only a Garou in Crinos can accurately throw a Jarlhammer, for five yards per Strength-related Trait. Foes slain by Jarlhammers are announced with a resounding thunderclap.

Watcher's Shield

Level 5, Gnosis 8

This small wooden token, shaped like a shield, is worn around the neck. When activated, the shield adds five dice to the wearer's soak roll, but only against cowardly attacks. Only one opponent per round will have a direct shot at the wearer; for all other attacks, from behind or from cover, the wearer receives the extra five soak dice.

To create such a fetish, the crafter must bind a turtle-spirit or spirit of vigilance within.

MET: This fetish protects the Garou from cowardly attacks from behind or from a foe behind cover. When activated, the fetish grants one of the following — five bonus Traits to defend against attacks from behind or made from cover, *or* five Traits that can remove an attacker's bonus Traits (such as Traits for cover) on attacks from behind or under cover. Frontal attacks are effective as normal.

Merits and Flaws

The following Merits and Flaws are intended to showcase aspects of the Get of Fenris as a whole, and to offer interesting variant options for character creation. At the Storyteller's discretion, players may take tribal Merits or Flaws for their characters even if their characters are not of the appropriate tribe; however, as with the base concept of Merits and Flaws themselves, Storyteller permission is absolutely necessary.

Alcohol Tolerance (1 point Merit)

The Fianna pride themselves on their brewing, but the Get are still able to show the Fianna a thing or two about drinking. With a successful Stamina roll (difficulty 7), a Garou with this Merit can shake off the effects of intoxication, suffering no coordination penalties that might normally affect a drunken fighter. This Merit works against all natural intoxicants, though not against poisons. Naturally, a werewolf with this

level of tolerance has a much more difficult time getting drunk, which may spoil her fun a bit.

MET: Spend a Stamina-related Physical Trait to shake off intoxication.

Gregarious (2 point Merit)

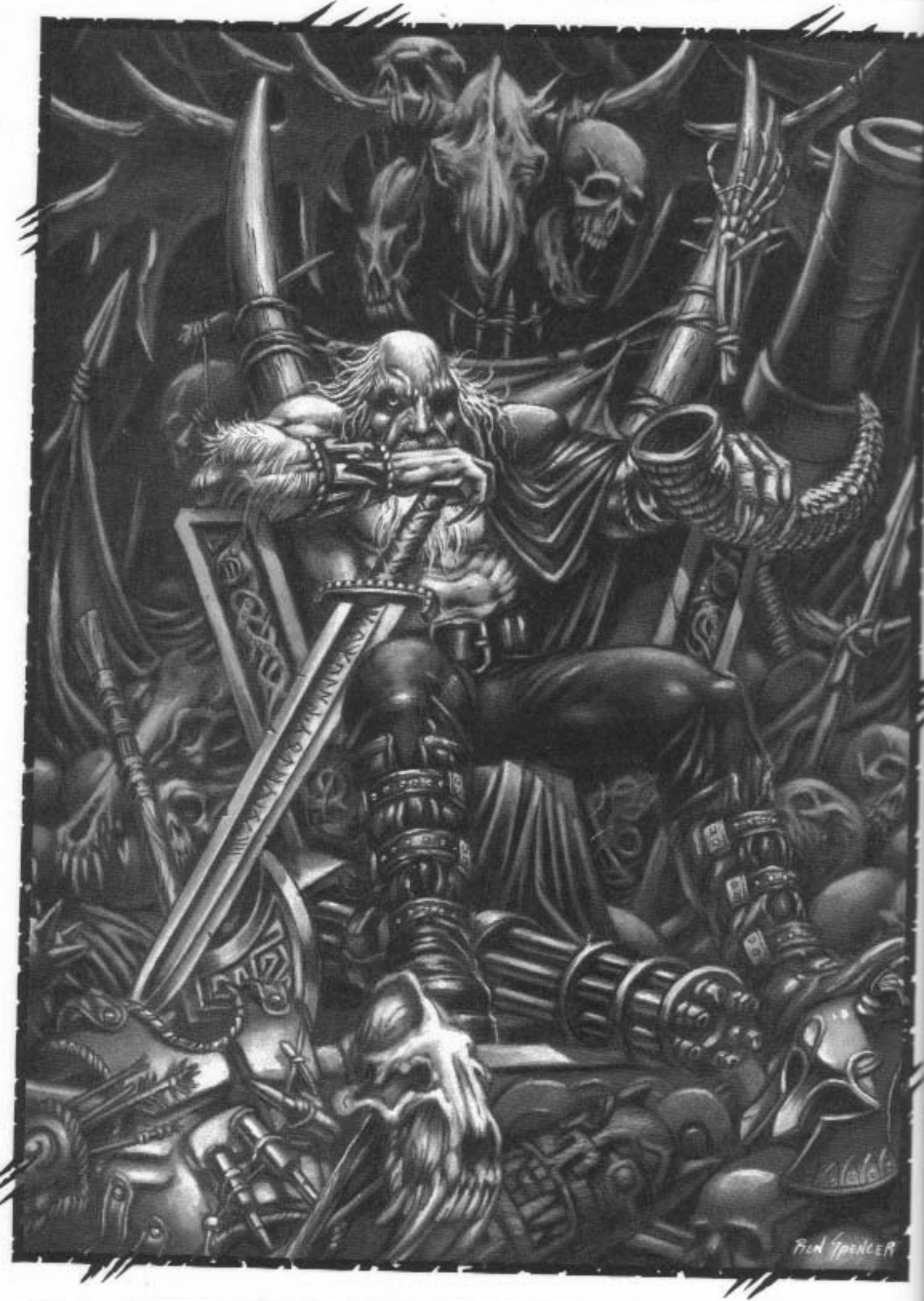
Although most Get of Fenris cannot purchase the Contacts Background, you are somewhat more outgoing than your tribemates, and have managed to make a few connections and acquaintances here and there. You have a small number of minor contacts, as described in the **Werewolf** rulebook (pg. 121); whenever you need to get in touch with one, you may roll three dice, difficulty 7, to locate the person you need. This Merit does not, however, provide any major contacts.

MET: When seeking out these minor contacts, make a Social Challenge to determine if you can locate your person of choice. On a win, you find exactly who you were looking for. With a tie, you find someone, but not necessarily the person you wanted.

Wotan's Curse (2 point Flaw)

The curse of Wotan has fallen on your bloodline, and has unluckily manifested itself in you. You are vulnerable to the powers of the walking dead, the servants of One-Eye. Whenever a vampire, wraith or other undead entity attempts to affect you with one of their supernatural powers, the difficulty to do so is reduced by one. This curse makes you somewhat of a liability in many operations, which may affect your standing among fellow Fenrir.

MET: Wraiths, vampires, Risen and walking dead gain a single free retest when attempting to use a power that targets you. The second test's results must stand.


RON SPENCER

Chapter Four: Warriors Born

The Get of Fenris share a common confidence that borders on arrogance. However, they have a valid reason for their confidence. It's a point of tribal pride that the Fenrir are, one and all, strong — not a statement of opinion, a statement of fact. Great Fenris would no more accept a weakling into his tribe than Griffin would accept a homid or Falcon a mongrel, and so the Fenrir know beyond a shadow of a doubt that they *are* strong. Can any other tribe boast the same standard?

Of course, there is a difference between being strong and being strong enough to resist everything the world (and the Wyrm) has to throw at a young Get. Some Get of Fenris succumb to temptation and fall to the Enemy. Others push themselves farther than they should, and break when their strength, however great, runs out. The strength of the Get of Fenris is not perfection — if it was, then the world would not be in the shape it's in today.

In spite of their flaws, the Get of Fenris persevere. They see the final battle of the Apocalypse as one that the Garou are not likely to survive — and yet they fight on, in the hope that their strength will be enough to make the difference. In their own way, they may be the greatest heroes the World of Darkness has ever seen — they are the only ones willing to accept 100% casualties in the name of the greater good, of saving the Mother Gaia so that She may create anew. No other living tribe is as intimately familiar with the prospect of sacrificing themselves to save the Mother — and the example of the one other tribe to accept that burden proves that it *can* work. When the Final Battle comes, it just might be the Get of Fenris that save the world itself by spending their lives for the greater victory.

The following templates and heroes are just a few examples of the Fenrir warrior spirit, and the many forms it takes. Some of these children of Fenris are already undergoing the greatest test of their character; others have faced all odds and won. Whether allies or rivals, the Get of Fenris always prove themselves strong and worthy. Great Fenris asks nothing less.

Troubled Trickster

Quote: *Don't tell me you have answers. There are no answers, only questions.*

Prelude: Your brother was a famous Fenrir Ahroun, but he was much more than that to you. He was your idol, your greatest inspiration; your hero. You wanted to grow up and become like him, to be a hero and a warrior. You didn't really know everything about Garou society, but you picked up bits and pieces eavesdropping on your parents talking about sept business.

Finally, your wish came true; you *did* Change! You hadn't seen your brother for many years, and you knew that you now would have the chance to fight beside him, be with him, and be *like* him. As a Garou and no longer a mere Kinfolk child, you started learning the *real* stuff about the Get of Fenris and the Garou. You were blown away by the immensity of what you learned — there was a whole world of changes for you, especially your perspective.

But that was another thing; no one seemed to know where your brother was anymore, and they didn't seem to want to talk about him either. Not even your parents. You trained valiantly and mastered the Rite of Passage, and eventually approached the sept leaders asking for answers. They wouldn't tell you anything, and when you continued to ask, you were punished for your insolence.

Hurt and angered, you ran away to search for your brother. You had learned a few tricks as a Ragabash, and tricked a tribemate into telling you where your brother had last been heard from.

Your search eventually bore fruit when you encountered the wake of your brother's actions. You soon learned that he had fallen to the Wyrm and was waging his own private war against the Garou. You were devastated. Your brother, your idol, your hero, your *everything*!

What were you to do now?

Concept: Heartbroken and devastated, you've been left in the biggest moral quandary of your entire life: Follow in your brother's footsteps and be like him as you always wanted to be, or fight him and go against the only hero and role model you ever had? In one way, the ultimate test has been thrust upon you, even though you are the one who is supposed to test others.

Roleplaying Notes: Your sept and pack aren't the comfort to you that they should be. You are indecisive and troubled, and have lost most of your ability to trust others — a flaw that must be corrected for the good of your pack. You are constantly wrapped up in private thoughts and have difficulty focusing. You're on a one-way train to premature Harano and you don't know how to get off it.

Equipment: Backpack, flash light, map, a little money, bowie knife, combat boots, picture of your family including your brother.

Spirit Junkie

Quote: *Come on, it's not dangerous. They'll show you things and teach you pleasures you didn't think possible.*

Prelude: Ever since your First Change you have felt the presence of the spirits. When three older boys ambushed you on your way home from soccer practice, you knew that you didn't have much chance of escaping them — but you tried anyway. And it worked.

As they grabbed you, the spirit of Great Fenris manifested in your blood, and you underwent your First Change on the spot. Although your first instinct was to *kill*, something else took precedence. You suddenly found yourself in a strange new place. You had unknowingly stepped sideways, even though you were completely ignorant of the spirit world at the time.

You walked around, exploring all you saw, taking in all the strange sensations and feelings for hours. At first what you saw was terrifying and hostile, but when you found your way to a small park you found a wholly different world within the otherworld. You were so wrapped up in these new impressions that you failed to see the huge wolf sitting on a tree stump before almost walking into it.

The wolf spoke to you, and caught you off guard, but it told you where you were. *What* you were. It told you of your tribe, the Get of Fenris, of your heritage, the Apocalypse, and your role in it all. Even if you had actually *had* a choice, you would never have hesitated a second before accepting.

Concept: You are every inch as confident as other Fenrir, and constantly seek to test and increase your own strength. However, where they seek to improve their combat skills, you test your strength in the spirit world. You pride yourself on being able to wrangle even hostile spirits into doing your bidding, through chiminage or outright domination. If a spirit demands a blood-price, so be it; you have plenty of blood. But everything has a price; by bargaining with spirits so frequently you keep placing yourself further and further in their debt. Your tribemates are beginning to worry about your obsession, and for good reason.

Roleplaying Notes: Never hesitate to step sideways; you know that anything can be acquired in the Umbra, and you know where to find it. Carry yourself with the courage of your convictions; you love the spirit world, and love getting it to work for you even more. Someday, you hope to contact Great Fenris and even Gaia Herself, so that you can thank them for making you what you are. Sometimes you wonder if your deteriorating relationships with other Garou and your Kinfolk are too much of a price to pay — but the feeling always passes.

Equipment: Staff, incense, rune stones, pack of talens-under-construction, bag of bones, knife

Harbinger of the Apocalypse

Quote: *The end is nigh. Night is here — but still young.*

Prelude: In the dark, wild and hostile woods you were born, last of a litter of seven, and the only one with the blood of Great Fenris in your veins. Only one of your siblings survived to adulthood along with you; you suspected all too early that your pack was too small, that there were too few of your kind in the world. When the Get of Fenris came to collect you, you found out how right you were.

In a world where most lupus Garou have disappeared through human arrogance, you find yourself at somewhat of a juncture in the fight against the Apocalypse. It is coming, no matter how hard one fights against it, so why not embrace it and make the best out of it?

You found the road you must take painfully obvious. The decline of the wolf population is the clearest sign of the Apocalypse approaching rapidly; how could Great Fenris want this? As a Forseti, it is your task to even the scales. The genocide that the Red Talons advocate is not the way — but there are ways to hinder human expansion without resorting to mass murder. When the Apocalypse comes they will be the first to fall anyway.

Concept: You are both an advocate of lupus and wolves and a harbinger of the End Times for humanity. Whenever you can, you put your skills to work at redressing the imbalance between wolf and man, as best as a young Forseti such as yourself can. In your brief time as a cliath, you have sabotaged laboratories producing human fertility drugs, sent what money you could make (or take) to wolf conservation groups, and argued for the merits of slaying homid and metis Black Spiral Dancers while taking their all-too-precious lupus to Erebus to be cleansed. As soon as you can find the time, you intend to do your part by bearing a litter of wolf cubs yourself — but time is in short supply, and it is always easier to tear down what humans have built than to build for the wolves anew.

Roleplaying Notes: Carry yourself with a stern, serious, proud bearing. Carefully evaluate your every action, speaking only when you need to, but saying the right thing every time you do. You appear wise beyond your years, and dangerous for that very reason. Most whisper behind your back that you are an extremist, but they just don't understand.

Equipment: Stolen human wallet, scavenged human clothes, pack full of whatever tools may be useful for your latest errand.

Tribal Reunionist

Quote: *One tribe, one fate.*

Prelude: Your parents knew nothing of the Get of Fenris or the Garou, or of Gaia and the War, and you knew nothing of those things, either. You grew up on a block in the middle-class part of downtown, and here you lived all your life, without ever seeing the lush green of the wilderness, only reading of it in books. And this you did to a great extent: You loved to read, you loved to listen to music, you loved to write poetry. The kids at school mocked you and said you were gay, but you didn't pay them any attention. You had the strong soul of an artist.

You started writing about the things you saw around you. Your family, your neighborhood, your school. You saw how the kids at school were divided into gangs and cliques and factions dependent on whether they belonged to a specific race or creed, their interests, or simply breeding. You saw all this, and you thought that this was very, very wrong. You saw how some groups "waged war" on other, preferably weaker groups (even if it was just schoolyard games and politics), and you saw how the other weak groups stood by and watched instead of helping and teaming up against a larger "foe." On the small scale of the school or the larger world of the newscast — it was all the same.

You started writing more and more about how unity makes strength and together the weak are not weak. Your poetry was quite remarkable, containing ideals and philosophies unheard of for a kid. Unfortunately, no one ever got to read them.

When you Changed, it was a horrifying experience for you. But luckily, *they* were there. They called themselves the Get of Fenris, and they said you were one of them. They trained you and taught you of their culture, and they showed you how to put your talents as a Skald to use.

Get of Fenris

Name: Breed: Homid Pack Name:
Player: Auspice: Galliard Pack Totem:
Chronicle: Camp: Concept: Tribal Reunionist

Attributes

Physical: Strength ●●○○○ Dexterity ●●●○○ Stamina ●●●○○
Social: Charisma ●●●●○ Manipulation ●●●○○ Appearance ●●●○○
Mental: Perception ●●○○○ Intelligence ●●○○○ Wits ●●●○○

Abilities

Talents: Alertness ●○○○○ Athletics ●●○○○ Brawl ●○○○○ Dodge ●○○○○ Empathy ●○○○○ Expression ●●●●○ Intimidation ●●○○○ Primal-Urge ○○○○○ Streetwise ○○○○○ Subterfuge ●○○○○
Skills: Animal Ken ○○○○○ Crafts ●○○○○ Drive ○○○○○ Etiquette ●●○○○ Firearms ○○○○○ Leadership ●●●○○ Melee ●○○○○ Performance ●●●○○ Stealth ○○○○○ Survival ○○○○○
Knowledges: Computer ○○○○○ Enigmas ●○○○○ Investigation ○○○○○ Law ○○○○○ Linguistics ●●○○○ Medicine ○○○○○ Occult ○○○○○ Politics ●●○○○ Rituals ●○○○○ Science ○○○○○

Advantages

Backgrounds: Allies ●○○○○ Fetish ●○○○○ Kinfolk ●○○○○ Resources ●●○○○
Gifts: Persuasion; Call of the Wyld; Visage of Fenris

Rank: Glory ●●○○○○○○○○ Honor ○○○○○○○○○○ Wisdom ●○○○○○○○○○
Willpower: ●●●○○○○○○○
Rage: ●●●○○○○○○○
Gnosis: ●●○○○○○○○○
Health: Bruised ☐ Hurt -1 ☐ Injured -1 ☐ Wounded -2 ☐ Mauled -2 ☐ Crippled -5 ☐ Incapacitated ☐
Tribal Kinship: INTOLERANCE
Rank: 1

Concept: You are a crusader for tribal unity, and work to strengthen the ties between all Get of Fenris in hopes that one day *all* the tribes will follow their example. You have gotten off to a good start; you attended the Uppsala tribal moot, and so large a portion of the tribe was gathered there that you found many people willing to listen. United we stand, divided we fall; *that* is honor, *that* is glory, and together you will be the greatest scourge ever to ravage the forces of Darkness. You just have to convince enough others to do so....

Roleplaying Notes: Lead by example, even in situations where you aren't the leader. Try to show your packmates and fellow Garou what they have in common, and how their strengths complement each other. Inspire your packmates with tales and anecdotes that show the strength of unity. You have something important to prove: that compromise and alliance isn't weakness, but the greatest strength of all.

Equipment: Ritual dagger, harmony flute, incense, pen, notebook.

The Big Bad

Quote: *You call that muscle? THIS is what I call muscle!*

Prelude: You were born into the tribe of ultimate warriors, where strength is the first and foremost. Unfortunately, you weren't blessed by nature with the full power of Fenris. No, your fate was much crueler. You were born with a fragile body, and had to submit in any conflicts for fear of your life. This made you very small in the eyes of the others, they had no respect for you, and thought you a weak coward. Not only were you metis, but you had a coward's heart. You tried to train your body, you really did! You were born under the Full Moon, and therefore you weren't permitted to train in other disciplines — they wanted you a warrior or they wanted you dead. You suffered abuse, beatings and worse. You just barely survived your Rite of Passage, and still they spat on you for being a weakling, for just squeaking by rather than excelling.

You couldn't take it anymore, and you fled to live on the streets of the city. Of course, there was no honor in that, and you'd be thoroughly punished if you ever returned. Probably killed. But perhaps you could come back a hero, the warrior Fenris had intended you to be? But how!

Your hopes increased when you saw an ad for a groundbreaking miracle program, consisting of vitamin treatments and nutritional supplements. You were desperate enough to give it a try — and to your delight, it was astonishingly effective. An amazing thirty days later you were suddenly three times the man you were earlier! Not only were you muscled like a little Sherman tank, but you were dead certain that you were more handsome and attractive to boot! Courage flowed in you like a forceful stream, and you felt great. Great! Now it was time to get out there, kick ass, and show the others that you could be as strong as anyone!

You decided to wait for a spell to go back: after all, even you could see that becoming a hulk in thirty days could not be right. But it feels so good! Can anything that feels this good possibly be wrong...?

Concept: Years of mental abuse and beatings left you an emotional sponge, and you embraced everything that made you feel safe. But with the drugs you took, you earned a false security and a feeling of control. As long as you continued taking them. And it was legal, so it couldn't be wrong... right? You fight to prove yourself a hero, and you won't let anyone stop you now! The drugs have left you with a bit of Wyrm-taint, which you cannot sense yourself, but others certainly can. Still, they have to answer to your iron fists first....

Roleplaying Notes: You are slightly off-balance, thanks to the influence of the far-too-effective drugs you've been taking. Your greatest ambition is to return to your sept in glory, but you know that your new body will cause too much suspicion — so you get into fights whenever possible, in hopes that your reputation will grow so that they'll have to accept you. If you ever learn of your mistake, the quest for redemption may become your new obsession — but first someone has to get through to you and show you the truth.

Equipment: The clothes you walk and sleep in, a workout manual, a jar of special Magadon "nutritional supplements," and a slip for ordering more pills.

The Sky-Throat

The Fianna claim that all the finest Galliards who ever lived were of their tribe. The Fenrir, however, scoff at that claim. In answer, they point to the tales of the most legendary Fenrir Galliard of all time, the Sky-Throat.

The Sky-Throat lived some time before the Common Era, just after the Germanics had expanded to the continent from Scandinavia, among the Gothic tribes of humans. Nobody knows what name she had before she earned her great deed-name. But the Sky-Throat is a legend for all *skalds*, not just Fenrir. Her voice was said to echo like the gentle trickling of a brook, and crash like the powerful thunder of a cascade. She is said to have sung bad kings into turning good, and a particularly harsh and lingering winter into pleasant spring. But her greatest achievement is undoubtedly how she brought Luna down to the Earth.

The Fenrir had been fighting the Fianna for some time over rights to a caern. At first it had been a matter of simple challenges, but as each challenge was made, each side accused the other of cheating. The first blood had already been spilled, and it looked as though the two tribes would all but exterminate each other in this area. But before the fighting could erupt into total war, a great Fianna Galliard made one final challenge: a contest of the voice, instead of a battle to the death.

The Get of Fenris claim that the Fianna were afraid of the superior Fenrir warriors, and that the Galliard's challenge was their last-ditch attempt to fight the Fenrir on their own terms. The legend holds that the Fianna even taunted the Fenrir recklessly, to attempt to infuriate the Fenrir into accepting a challenge that they couldn't win. But they did not reckon on the Sky-Throat, who accepted the challenge with the blessing of her elders.

The two Galliards were great indeed. The challenge was not to craft the sweeter song, but to achieve the more wondrous feat through the power of their voice alone. As the Fianna began, his enchanting song rolled through the valleys and seeped into the earth. And everywhere his voice could be heard, a great forest grew out of the ground, covering the caern. It was a magnificent accomplishment indeed, and the Ahroun of the Fenrir grew even more dubious of the wisdom of accepting the challenge.

But then the Sky-Throat stepped forward, and she sang the most beautiful song ever heard. All who listened were sure from the very first note that this was the voice used by Gaia when she created the world. But the Sky-Throat's deed was not yet done. She called a great mountain to rise up around the caern and the

forest. And then she called to the moon, and Luna in all her glory descended from the skies and bathed every Garou present in her blessed light. What mortals witnessed on that day, was that the moon actually sank out of the skies and landed somewhere deep in the mountains, and later rose up again.

The Fianna awarded the Sky-Throat victory with all respect, but because of Luna's influence, the Fenrir offered to share the caern with the Fianna. To this day, the Sept of Luna's Forest Glory is the strongest tie between the Fianna and the Get of Fenris, all thanks to the songs of two Galliards.

Stefan Blood-Moon-Child

In 235 a terrifying omen broke the skies over Germania: The crescent moon rose red as blood. Under this omen a Fenrir cub was born, son to a local warchief.

The Fenrir feared that this omen would lead the cub into the hands of the Wyrm, for the elder Godi swore that Luna's hue was blood from the bite of the Wyrm, and that this surely must have poisoned the soul and spirit of the cub. Only in the most dire of times did the moon run red with blood, and all agreed that great peril lay in the future of the land, and in particular

the fate of the boy. And so there was many a heated debate of whether the child be killed or brought up, for after all, some argued, it could mean that he would become a valuable tool against the Wyrm instead of a minion of it.

Stefan was the child's name, and he was abducted by the Fenrir and brought up in the safety of the inner grounds of the Sept of the Harrowing Sky in the west of modern day France.

As he Changed, the young Godi proved to have a coat the same hue as the blood-red moon of his birth. Another bad omen, thought the skeptics, and they petitioned again for the destroying of the cub. The leaders would not have it, and instead they chose to bring the young Godi into isolation on a high mountain top until he one day would be tested and his fate decided.

Ten years passed. When Stefan returned to the sept, the Elders tested the youngling as rigorously as Fenris tested his own wife. Passing all tests with grace, Stephan underwent his Rite of Passage. The Elders congratulated him and subtly showed signs of appreciation of his achievements, but others were not as convinced. Wards-the-Dead, an Adren Rotagar, was certain that Stefan was an agent of the Wyrm, and although he could not voice such accusations without severe reprimands and punishments, he made it his sole purpose to test the Blood-Moon-Child in particularly cruel ways.

Much to the dismay of the Rotagar, Stefan instead proved to be an incredible asset to the sept, an honorable and wise shaman with a remarkable affinity for dealing with the spiritual. His renown spread far, and it is likely that he was one of the most spirit-wise Fenrir ever. He traveled far into the spirit world on many a sacred quest, and even discovered Realms and Zones that are now important to the Get of Fenris.

Alas, Wards-the-Dead remained hateful, and eventually this hatred and mistrust in his fellow Fenrir drove him mad; ironic as it was, he opened his mind to the machinations of the Urge-Wyrm of Hatred's agents, and became what he himself suspected of his tribesman. For years the tumor of hatred grew in his mind, screaming out ever stronger for the destruction of the Blood-Moon-Child. The seasonal Great Hunt set the stage for the manipulations of the cunning Rotagar, and Stefan was lured into a trap, slain together with the quarry of the Hunt.

Great sorrow overtook the sept. Consumed in his madness and hatred channeled from Abhorra, Wards-the-Dead was unable to conceal his misdeeds. Friendly spirits affiliated with the Blood-Moon-Child pointed him out to be the offender, and the sept slew him for his treachery, sending out word that both a wise tribemate and a traitor had been killed in the War against Jormungandr.

Unfortunately, the Wyrm subsumed Wards-the-Dead's spirit, and he became a powerful servitor of the Maeljin Incarna of hatred. In this guise, his avatar led a great alliance of Black Spiral Dancers in a vendetta against the Sept of the Harrowing Sky, his goal to eventually destroy the entire Tribe of Fenris.

Many moons later, the sept was in grave and dire times. Then a young Changer-raven approached the sept with rumors that a powerful wolf-spirit had been spotted in the mountains where the Blood-Moon-Child had been living in solitude. A pack was sent to investigate, and were astounded to find the Blood-Moon-Child himself there. Due to his devout connections with the spirit world and the Earth Mother, he had been allowed to walk the earth as an ancestor-spirit. He taught the members of his former tribe many great Gifts. He guarded the sept against the fiendish hive of Wards-the-Dead. During a final stand against them, the Blood-Moon-Child himself disappeared together with his nemesis. Most of the sept perished, and with them the knowledge that the Blood-Moon-Child had given them. However, the hive of Spirals was now

obliterated and the remainder of the sept, and its future, was finally safe.

To this day the Sept of the Harrowing Sky in France celebrates Stefan Blood-Moon-Child as, in their eyes, the greatest Fenris-child that ever lived. A festival to his honor is held annually, though constant attempts to call on his spirit have failed.

Tarjei Hardrule

Tarjei lived just prior to the Viking Era, and was one of the greatest Norwegian Fenrir of that time. Born of a poor family of the valleys of the eastern parts of the country, Tarjei saw his kin slain by a large band of foreign raiders taking advantage of the political turmoil of Scandinavia. He Changed at the unheard-of age of five to lay down his wrath on the murderers, tracking them across half a continent before he had extracted his vengeance. Three years it took him, without the guidance or aid of any other Garou, nor the knowledge of any other of his kind. When he returned to Norway, he was met by other Fenrir, who had followed his progress and welcomed him as though he had passed a test.

The next ten years saw the Rage-filled young Garou becoming a fearsome warrior, a child prodigy of combat and vengeance, and other, much older Garou treated him as an equal. He soon became leader of his pack, and joined his brethren in claiming caerns in Britain. The mighty Forseti became the youngest Jarl of several hundreds of years, Jarl of the Sept of the Valiant Hammer of Vengeance on the Faeroe Islands.

Tarjei was an extremely strict leader, and laid out severe punishments for any crime or failure, no matter how trifle. No one dared oppose his leadership out of fear for the reprisals should their challenge fail. His extreme discipline soon became his undoing, as his sept was constantly filled with wounded warriors, victims of Tarjei's harsh judgements. In 803, his sept was destroyed and his caern taken by a different contingent of Fenrir; the battered sept was unable to defend themselves effectively. Tarjei himself killed more attackers than any other in the battle, but was overcome as his own packmates and subjects chose to side with the attackers.

However, even though the defectors were welcomed, they lost all their Renown and Rank. In death, Tarjei retained the glory he'd earned as a legendary hero and warrior, unmatched in combat. It was said that even as he lost his limbs in the battle he continued attacking until all he could do was sprawl on the ground snapping and biting off his enemies' legs with his powerful jaws, his arms and legs severed from his body.

His head was placed on a stake until ravens had picked it clean, and then crafted into a powerful fetish, the Head of Hardrule, a helm that grants the wearer unmatched discipline in combat and resistance to pain. To this day, it is a sacred relic of the Fenrir, proof that whatever else a warrior's faults, his strength will make him immortal.

Golgol Fangs-First

If there is one Get of Fenris alive today so legendary that his name alone inspires awe, it is Golgol Fangs-First. His mother was a mighty Fenrir warrior who fought her foes even as she carried him; Golgol was born on a World War II battlefield, and orphaned before his first drink of his mother's milk.

Golgol grew up among the Get who stood against Germany in the conflict. He learned that war was the way of the warrior, and he found that the glory of battle and the annihilation of an enemy were the only ways to sate his taste for blood. He fought for no other reason than for the pleasure of it in the years that followed, in Vietnam, the Balkans and Afghanistan. But despite his taste for battle, he never let his bloodlust master him; he learned tactics and strategy, and a cold discipline unmatched by any Ahroun.

Despite all his previous achievements, Golgol's real renown stems from his time spent fighting the war for the Amazon. When he arrived to join the Garou effort there, he challenged for the leadership of the war effort almost immediately — and won. Although he made few friends in his first weeks commanding the struggle, the other Garou quickly learned to respect the mighty Modi's skills. After his first few offensives, even the bitterest Black Furies found themselves grudgingly wondering how they'd gotten along without him.

The most recent tales to come out of the Amazon are more surprising than any, and they frequently disagree. "Golgol has made peace with the Fera that still live there." "Golgol has been slain by the Fera." "Golgol has handed his command to an underling, and is coming home to die." "Golgol has made a pact with the other tribes, and will be taking command of a new war." No matter how far apart they may be, each Get of Fenris sept awaits the latest word of their great hero with bated breath. His legend grows more and more with each year; even now he is rumored to be a 13-foot giant in Crinos from, with great fists of iron that smash trees to toothpicks with a thunderous crash. He is the pride of the Get of Fenris, and some even say that Golgol will be the one to lead the final charge when the last battle begins. Skeptics point out that he might not survive that long, but the response is usually laughter — if there's anything in the world that could kill Golgol Fangs-First, it must be chained up and waiting to slip its bonds at Ragnarok, or else it would have wiped out entire tribes already.

Thunder's Teeth

In the wastes of Northern Scandinavia and Finland there are rumors of a giant, snow-white wolf-god, son of the Fenris-wolf, who roams the wilderness in search of his prey. They say he is huge and ferocious, capable of devouring a whole man in a single mouthful. He is a myth, a legend — and he is also very real.

Thunder's Teeth is the informal leader of the Finnish Get of Fenris. Informal because he has never been chosen, has never challenged anyone for leadership, and has no real interest in politics. But he has always been there, always been respected and feared, and never questioned.

He abhors infighting among the Garou, something he sees as the height of absurdity. Those Get who know of him are well aware that they had better have a very good reason to challenge Thunder's Teeth; the old lupus looks very poorly on young warriors wasting their energy on battles to massage their egos rather that fighting the *good* fight. He makes this perfectly — and

brutally — clear whenever someone does work up the courage (or foolishness) to challenge him; the beatings his challengers have taken are all but legendary.

Image: Thunder's Teeth is immense; the magnificent old lupus might even pass for a small polar bear in dim lighting. His white fur is full of braids and other marks of his valor, his eyes are old and wise, and his stance is that of ever-present alertness, as if ready to spring into action at the break of a twig or the blink of an eye.

Roleplaying Notes: You have nothing to prove; you've earned your rank fairly and held onto it honorably, so there's really no point to swaggering or boasting. Your deeds speak for you, which is as it should be. You typically remain quiet, preferring to listen, but you aren't above offering advice to a cub if the young one shows enough potential to make it worth your time.

Breed: Lupus

Auspice: Forseti (Philodox)

Rank: 5 (Elder)

Physical: Strength 4 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 5 (7/8/8/7)

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3 (2/0/0/0), Appearance 3 (2/1/3/3)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 2, Brawl 5, Dodge 4, Expression 3, Intimidation 4, Primal-Urge 4, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Animal Ken 3, Leadership 4, Melee 2, Stealth 4, Survival 5

Knowledges: Enigmas 3, Occult 4, Rituals 5

Backgrounds: Pure Breed 4, Ancestors 3

Rage: 6; **Gnosis:** 7; **Willpower:** 8

Gifts: (1) Hare's Leap, Heightened Senses, Razor Claws, Resist Pain, Sense Prey, Scent of the True Form, Spirit Speech, Truth of Gaia, Visage of Fenris; (2) Halt the Coward's Flight, King of Beasts, Scent of Sight, Sense the Unnatural, Snarl of the Predator, Strength of Purpose; (3) Catfeet, Might of Thor, Wisdom of the Ancient Ways; (4) Beast Life, Gnaw, Roll Over, Hero's Stand, Scream of Gaia; (5) Song of the Great Beast, Horde of Valhalla, Fenris' Bite

Rites: Thunder's Teeth is a rank five Philodox who has seen many years come and go. If he doesn't know a rite, he can most likely find someone to teach it to him.

Fetishes: Thunder's Teeth carries no fetishes, preferring to let them go to the hands of those who have need of them.

Karin Jarlsdottir

The name of Karin Jarlsdottir has recently spread among the Get of Fenris of America and Europe alike, and for good reason. She is the most remarkable Jarl to arise among the Fenrir in many centuries; the stereotypical Jarl is a veteran with cubs of his own, not a young woman not yet out of her twenties. And yet, in a tribe where only the strong can lead, she has led for a year, and shows no sign of weakening.

Karin is the firstborn and only Garou child of Magni Mountain-breaker, Jarl of one of the stronger Fenrir septs in Northern Europe, the Sept of Anvil-Klaiven. Magni clearly favored her as his successor from the moment that it was determined she'd bred true — a fact that disturbed some members of the sept. Magni had repulsed all challengers to the post of Jarl, and it was clear that if he endorsed a particular claimant to the post, many of his loyal followers would back his decision. So the would-be Jarls began to hate Karin for her status, and as their jealousy became disturbingly evident, Magni grew concerned for his daughter's safety. So while Karin was still a young girl, he sent her and her mother to the United States to keep them safe.

Karin grew up surrounded by American Get, who respected her father's deeds but were unwilling to cut her any slack for them. She grew strong and hardy under their care, and upon her Rite of Passage, she was given the Garou name "Jarlsdottir." She proved herself a capable Forseti and a natural leader, excelling even under the considerable pressure placed on her by her tribemates.

Not long after her 25th birthday, Karin received word that her father had died, and that it was his final wish that she return home, to the Sept of the Anvil-Klaiven. Dutiful to the last, she did so — only to find upon her arrival the second part of his dying request. Her father had demanded that she challenge for the rank of Jarl, and lead the Anvil-Klaiven Garou as he felt she should. Somewhat overwhelmed by the idea, she nonetheless issued her challenge — and won.

Today, Karin Jarlsdottir is a controversial figure among the Get of Fenris. She is a link between the American and European Fenrir, but some argue that she is not "truly of" either one. She has proven herself a capable and vital leader to date, but some fear that her youth is a potential flaw (and a few harbor prejudices against female leaders). Still, Karin has yet to show the flaws that would prompt her removal. Even today, she continues to wear the name "Jarlsdottir" with honor, although now all but her detractors call her "Jarl" instead.

Image: Karin is in many ways the archetypal daughter of Fenris — tall, strong-featured, and athletic. She wears her ash-blond hair in a long braid, and is in phenomenal physical condition. She favors informal clothing, usually jeans or other outdoor wear, along with an American leather jacket that reminds her of home. She also wears a small "Thor's hammer" pendant, more from a sense of humor than anything else. Her demeanor is stern but not authoritarian; as a Forseti, she sets fairness before lesser concerns such as vengeance or mercy.

Roleplaying Notes: You've been in a very dangerous position ever since you returned to the Sept of the Anvil-Klaiven, and you know it. Any show of weakness brings on an inevitable challenge, although you also have to be careful not to be unjust — a cruel leader is just as unworthy as a weak one. Still, you're determined to see your task through to the end, and part of you is secretly delighted to find that you've been up to every challenge thus far. You know that as a Get of Fenris, you are obligated to be the best; it's vindicating to do just that.

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Forseti (Philodox)

Rank: 4 (Athro)

Physical: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 4 (6/7/7/6)

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 2 (1/0/0/0), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 1, Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Expression 2, Intimidate 3, Primal-Urge 2

Skills: Drive 2, Etiquette 2, Firearms 1, Leadership 4, Melee 4, Stealth 1, Survival 3

Knowledges: Investigation 1, Law 3, Linguistics 3 (English, German, Norwegian, French), Medicine 1, Politics 3, Rituals 3, Science 1

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Pure Breed 3

Rage: 5; **Gnosis:** 4; **Willpower:** 7

Gifts: (1) Aura of Confidence, Persuasion, Resist Pain, Truth of Gaia, Visage of Fenris; (2) Call to Duty, Snarl of the Predator, Staredown, Strength of Purpose; (3) Might of Thor, Wisdom of the Ancient Ways; (4) Hero's Stand

Rites: Greet the Moon, Rite of Cleansing, Rite of Ostracism, Rite of Summoning, Rite of the Opened Caern, Rite of Wounding, Stone of Scorn, The Great Hunt, Voice of the Jackal

Fetishes: The Jarlhammer Troll-Eater (see page 85); assorted talens as needed.

Get of Fenris™

Name:	**Breed:**	**Pack Name:**
Player:	**Auspice:**	**Pack Totem:**
Chronicle:	**Camp:**	**Concept:**

Attributes

Physical

Strength ●○○○○
Dexterity ●○○○○
Stamina ●○○○○

Social

Charisma ●○○○○
Manipulation ●○○○○
Appearance ●○○○○

Mental

Perception ●○○○○
Intelligence ●○○○○
Wits ●○○○○

Abilities

Talents

Alertness ○○○○○
Athletics ○○○○○
Brawl ○○○○○
Dodge ○○○○○
Empathy ○○○○○
Expression ○○○○○
Intimidation ○○○○○
Primal-Urge ○○○○○
Streetwise ○○○○○
Subterfuge ○○○○○

Skills

Animal Ken ○○○○○
Drive ○○○○○
Etiquette ○○○○○
Firearms ○○○○○
Melee ○○○○○
Leadership ○○○○○
Performance ○○○○○
Repair ○○○○○
Stealth ○○○○○
Survival ○○○○○

Knowledge

Computer ○○○○○
Enigmas ○○○○○
Investigation ○○○○○
Law ○○○○○
Linguistics ○○○○○
Medicine ○○○○○
Occult ○○○○○
Politics ○○○○○
Rituals ○○○○○
Science ○○○○○

Advantages

Backgrounds

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Gifts

Gifts

Renown

Glory
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Honor
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Wisdom
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
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Rank

Rage

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
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Gnosis

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
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Willpower

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Health

Bruised		☐
Hurt	-1	☐
Injured	-1	☐
Wounded	-2	☐
Mauled	-2	☐
Crippled	-5	☐
Incapacitated		☐

Weakness

INTOLERANCE:

Attributes: 7/5/3 **Abilities:** 13/9/5 **Gifts:** 1 Level One from breed, auspice and tribe; **Backgrounds:** 5; **Freebie Points:** 15 (7/5/2/1)

Get of Fenris™

Homid

No Change

Difficulty: **6**

Glabro

Strength (+2)_____
Stamina (+2)_____
Appearance (-1)____
Manipulation (-1)__

Difficulty: **7**

Crinos

Strength (+4)_____
Dexterity (+1)_____
Stamina (+3)_____
Appearance **0**
Manipulation (-3)__

Difficulty: **6**

INCITE DELIRIUM IN HUMANS

Hispo

Strength (+3)_____
Dexterity (+2)_____
Stamina (+3)_____
Manipulation (-3)___

Difficulty: **7**

Lupus

Strength (+1)_____
Dexterity (+2)_____
Stamina (+2)_____
Manipulation (-3)__

Difficulty: **6**

Other Traits

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Fetishes

Item: _____ ☐ Dedicated Level ____ Gnosis ____
Power_____

Item: _____ ☐ Dedicated Level ____ Gnosis ____
Power_____

Item: _____ ☐ Dedicated Level ____ Gnosis ____
Power_____

Item: _____ ☐ Dedicated Level ____ Gnosis ____
Power_____

Rites

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Combat

Maneuver/Weapon	Roll	Difficulty	Damage	Range	Rate	Clip

Brawling Chart

Maneuver	Roll	Difficulty	Damage
Bite	Dex + Brawl	5	Strength +1†
Body Slam	Dex + Brawl	7	Special
Claw	Dex + Brawl	6	Strength +2†
Grapple	Dex + Brawl	6	Strength
Kick	Dex + Brawl	7	Strength +1
Punch	Dex + Brawl	6	Strength

† These maneuvers do aggravated damage.

Armor: _____

Get of Fenris™

Nature: **Demeanor:**

Merits & Flaws

Merit	Type	Cost	Flaw	Type	Bonus

Expanded Background

Allies

Pure Breed

Kinfolk

Past Life

Resources

Pack Totem

Possessions

Gear (Carried) _____

Equipment (Owned) _____

Sept

Name _____
Caern Location _____
Level _____ Type _____
Totem _____
Leader _____

Experience

TOTAL:

Gained From: _____

TOTAL SPENT: _____
Spent On: _____

Get of Fenris™

History

Prelude

Description

Age_____
Hair _____
Eyes_____
Race_____
Nationality_____
Sex_____

	Height	Weight
Homid		
Glabro		
Crinos		
Hispo		
Lupus		

Battle Scars _____

Metis Deformity _____

Visuals

Pack Chart

Character Sketch